

MCCALL'S

TEN CENTS

JULY 1925[★]



IN THIS ISSUE

THE CIRCUS LADY

A GREAT HUMAN DOCUMENT



The floor brings out this room's hidden beauty

Today decorators and thoughtful home planners are using floors of color and design to add new vivacity, new cheer, to rooms that might otherwise be sombre and dull

THE furnishings of a sleeping porch are necessarily limited. Wall space gives way to windows, which let in not only silvery rays of moonlight but sudden, driving rains as well.

Such a room oftentimes is not easy to decorate. Common sense dictates inexpensive hangings and but few pieces of furniture that will stand exposure to wind and weather. How, then, can such a room be saved from drab, uninteresting bareness?

"Let a gay flair for color have full sway," recommends Hazel Dell Brown, the decorator who revealed the possibilities for beauty in the sleeping porch you see here, "and let the color start with the floor, the largest single area in the room, and the logical foundation for any room's color scheme."

So a joyous color scheme based on a rich, varicolored floor of Armstrong's Handcraft Tile Linoleum lifts this sparsely furnished sleeping porch to a refreshing and easily accomplished beauty.

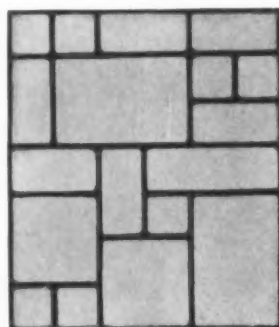
*Practical floor beauty
that lasts for a lifetime*

Today, in new homes as well as old, linoleum floors of color and design are bringing a new beauty to decoration.

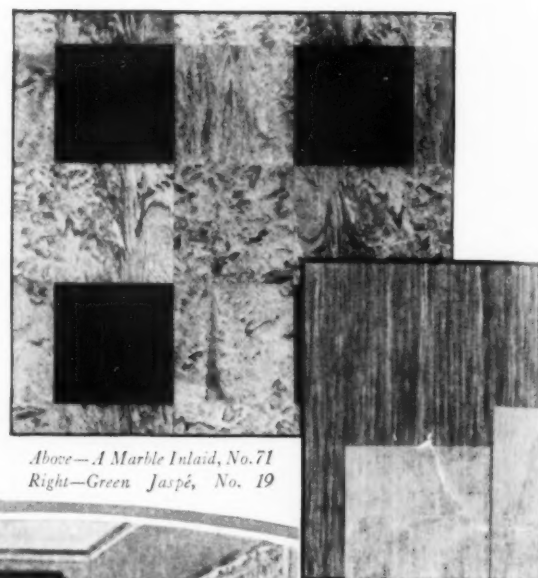
But beauty is only one reason why decorators, architects, and home planners are using modern linoleum when planning floors for practical service.

For example, the linoleum floor in this sleeping porch sheds water like a duck's back. This floor is not tacked down, but is firmly cemented in place over a heavy lining of builders' deadening felt, its seams and edges tightly sealed with waterproof cement.

Furthermore, its smooth, polished surface offers not a single lodging-place for wind-blown dust and dirt. This surface is stain-proof, too. Heels can't bruise it. Walking feet won't scratch and track it. A dust mop quickly wipes up surface dirt. And, waxed once or twice a year, this Armstrong's Linoleum Floor should retain its original beauty for a lifetime of the heaviest wear.



Left—One of the attractive interlined tile designs that will add cozy charm to your breakfast nook or sun room. It is Pattern No. 3041



*Above—A Marble Inlaid, No. 71
Right—Green Jasper, No. 19*



There is no secret to the charm of the sleeping porch you see here. Its cool, quiet restfulness is directly the result of a color scheme based on a patterned Armstrong Floor. Under the spell of lamplight and moonlight, the blended Handcraft tile design tempers and softens the whole scene. And when the morning sun streams in, such a floor lends a touch of gay brightness to a room you'll love to wake in!

Help for home decorators

Decoration is never easy. And two heads are better than one. So if you will explain your decorative problems to Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, she will be glad to offer practical suggestions. She will also send you samples of modern linoleum patterns that are specially suitable for your decorative needs.

In the meantime, visit a good furniture or department store and see with your own

eyes the many smartly correct pattern floors now offered in Armstrong's Linoleum. There are colors and designs for every type of home, for every kind of room, within the purse of all.

Write for this new book

"Floors, Furniture, and Color" is filled with workable suggestions for furnishing and decorating all kinds of modern interiors. Every idea is based on the practical experience of Agnes Foster Wright, formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, and an authority on interior design. This book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 872 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

*Look for the
CIRCLE A
trade-mark on
the binding back*



Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house

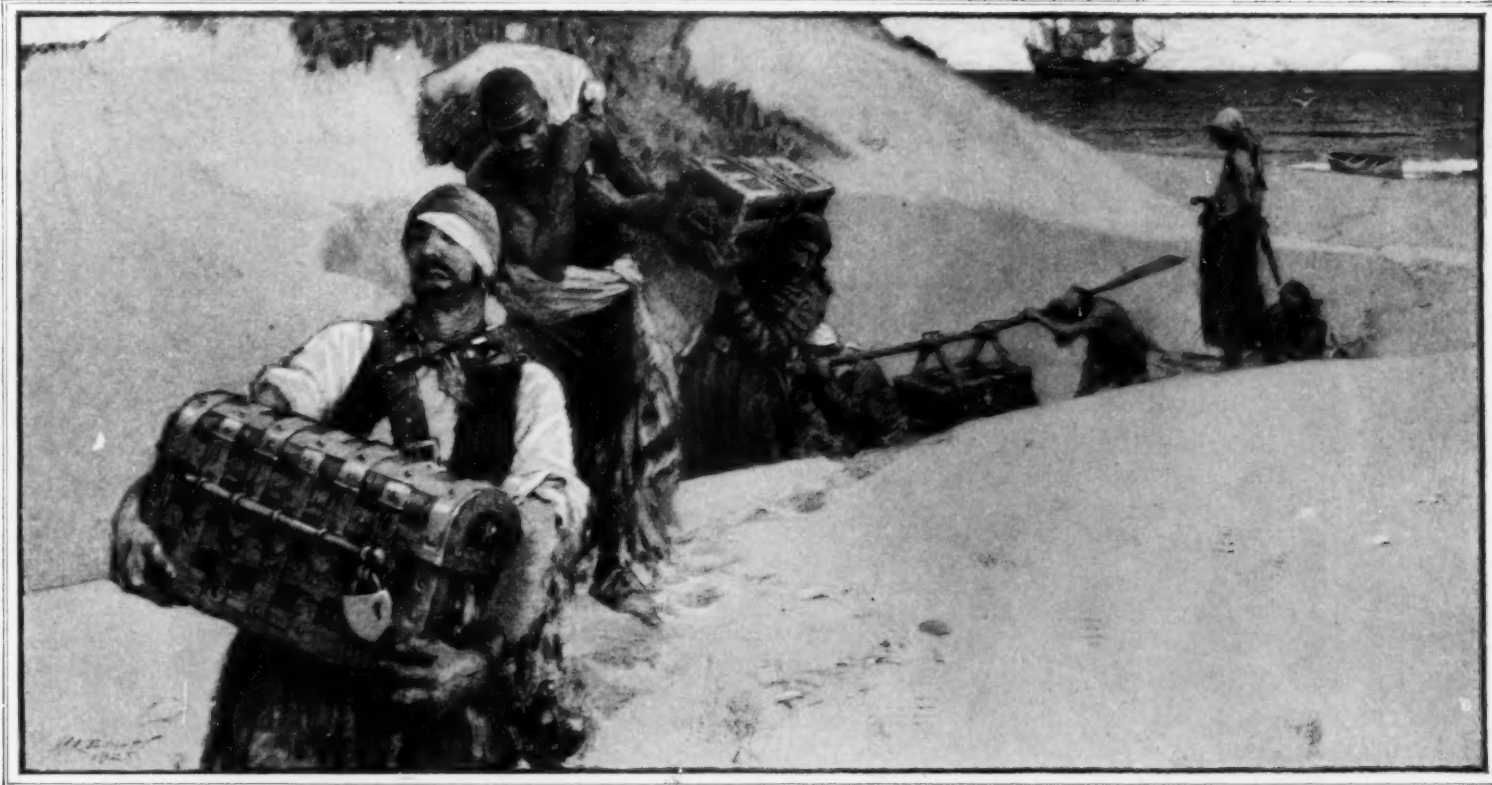
V
favo
you
perf
incl
sum
min
othe
T
the
vent
Mar

Is It
AN
GET

WH
M
JOH
O
KEE

FAS
ORI
FRO
SER
TH
PRA
THE
ANS

Copy
Unit
class
York
Addi
Ohio
Des
la, a
bany
Wis.
reser
Publ
at D
our 2



"The Gay Tyrant" was after all a pirate lured by the ghost of treasure—soft Indian gold and pieces of eight

VACATION hours—the golden time of all the year—are almost come again. Stretched on silver sands along some summer sea, or curled in a favorite chair in the corner of a breezy porch far from the madding crowd, you will soon be wanting only "a rattling good story" to make your pleasure perfect. This will be yours—and more, besides—if you will not forget to include in your travel bag the next issue of McCall's—our August "Midsummer Fiction" number. This is being prepared with our vacationists in mind, and will contain a fine array of complete novelettes, short stories and other very special vacation features.

There will be featured a long novelette, for instance, printed entirely in the one issue, called "The Gay Tyrant"—a thrilling recital of love and adventure on the high seas. It concerns a great English beauty, the Lady Mary Nash, who, kidnapped from a fashionable watering-place by pirates,

is held captive aboard the sinister vessel—alone and unprotected by any weapon, but still shielded by her beauty and by her disdain. It is the work of Theda Kenyon, noted young American poet and writer—and is one of the most vital stories McCall's has ever printed.

This is only one item on the menu of our midsummer fiction feast. There will be also an intensely interesting short story of modern life by the famous novelist, Robert W. Chambers, and a really lovely romance of middle age by the favorite, Ruby M. Ayres, in addition to novels by the most famous of all our American novelists—Gene Stratton-Porter and Harold Bell Wright. There will be, too, other stories and up-to-the-minute articles by names famous in America.

This issue will be an issue that, McCall's feels sure, will much enhance the glamorous hours of dwellers on McCall Street who are on pleasure bent.

❖ SPECIAL ARTICLES ❖

- IS IT GOOD TASTE TO DISPLAY CHINA, SILVER AND GLASS?..... RUBY ROSS GOODNOW 41
- GET IN THE DAILY DOZENS!..... 47
- VIRGINIA KIRKUS
- WHAT CAN YOU DO TO EARN SOME EXTRA MONEY?..... MARY HARDING 49
- JOHN ADAMS AND ABIGAIL, HIS WIFE—A CUT-OUT..... MEL CUMMIN 50
- KEEP YOUR NEW CAR NEW..... 56
- MARY L. TENNERY

FASHIONS

- FASHION OUTLOOK..... ANNE RITTENHOUSE 65
- ORIGINAL PARIS STYLES..... 64
- FROM THE FRENCH ATELIER..... 65
- SERVICEABLE STYLES FOR MISS TWO-TO-FOUR-TEEN..... 71
- PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR SMALL BOYS..... 72
- THE VOGUE IN SHEER EMBROIDERED APPAREL..... 75
- ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL
- ANSWERS TO WOMEN..... WINONA WILCOX 80

JULY CONTENTS 1925

COVER DESIGN: AS A DEBUTANTE SHE MAKES HER BOW TO SOCIETY
SEVENTH OF A SERIES "THE MILESTONES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE"
BY NEYSA MCMEIN

FICTION

- ALICE CARPENTER..... JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER 5
- BILLINGS' CORA..... VINGIE E. ROE 10
- A SON OF HIS FATHER..... HAROLD BELL WRIGHT 15
- IRMALEE AND THE MID-VICTORIAN AGE..... VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON 16
- THE KEEPER OF THE BEES..... GENE STRATTON-PORTER 19
- RED ASHES..... MARGARET PEDLER 23

❖ SPECIAL ARTICLES ❖

- PATRIOTISM OR POLITICS?..... 2
- GENE STRATTON-PORTER
- THE CIRCUS LADY..... 7
- JOSEPHINE DEMOTT ROBINSON
- THE MYSTERY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN..... 12
- THE REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN
- THE STORY OF WOMAN THROUGH THE AGES..... 22
- W. L. GEORGE
- MARRIAGE AND A HAPPY ENDING..... 28
- SARAH FIELD SPLINT
- A WISE YOUNG MOTHER CONSULTS THE DOCTOR..... 30
- CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
- FOR OUR WEEK-END GUESTS..... 32
- RECIPES PREPARED IN MCCALL'S KITCHEN LABORATORY
- SOUP MILK—A PROTECTIVE FOOD..... 36
- E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
- GOOD THINGS MADE WITH SOUP MILK..... 39
- LILIAN M. GUNN



McCALL'S MAGAZINE

July, 1925

Volume LII, Number 10

\$1.00 Per Year

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Main Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 40 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London, W. 1, England

WILLIAM R. WARNER G. B. CAPEN ROBERT CADE WILSON H. P. BURTON
President and Treasurer Secretary Vice-President Editor

Copyright, 1925, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter August 5, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, at San Francisco, Cal., at Seattle, Wash., at Des Moines, Ia., at St. Paul, Minn., at Council Bluffs, Ia., at Harrisburg, Penn., at St. Louis, Mo., at Albany, N. Y., at Lynchburg, Va., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Galesburg, Ill., at Utica, N. Y. All rights reserved. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our New York Office.

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed. McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE MCCALL COMPANY.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



There are still some noble souled men and women patriots left—of the heroic breed of those great figures of Revolutionary days

Patriotism or Politics?

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG",
"THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK HOFFMAN

ONE thing that causes me the utmost concern and over which I grow provoked to the point of open rebellion, is the thing our politicians speak of as "playing politics." I hate the term "a politician" to begin with. We elect men to fill the offices we think necessary for the conduct of our Government, and by this act we make them officials. The more important the office, the higher the official who fills it.

Owing to a wonderful thought on the part of Mr. Harry Chandler, owner and publisher of the "Times" of Los Angeles, more people in the United States became acquainted with the Constitution of the United States during the past year than had ever before known anything about this very great and wonderful document—the foundation stone upon which our Government is built. And now that we have lived to know our Constitution thoroughly, why not lay hands on the great document and really put it into practice? Why should we elect men to office and send them to Washington to spend their lives thwarting the wishes of the people who send them? Not all, but many do.

What we have been doing in this country for a long time past is to divide our citizenry into two and sometimes three groups which we are pleased to call political parties. It is not necessary to go into the details of the primaries and elections that put men in office. Some one party has enough strength to elect a Presi-

Shall patriotism, that fearless love of country which burned like a white flame in the hearts of such noble women as Molly Pitcher, Betsy Ross, Martha Washington, and Dolly Madison, be degraded into mere playing politics? Here, in one of the last and most pertinent editorials which Gene Stratton-Porter wrote for her great McCall Street audience only a short time before her tragic death, this great hearted American discusses the place of women in the national life of today.

dent, and usually the Presidents who are elected in this country are men of sufficient brain power and experience to hold the office creditably to themselves and to the country. Where they are not such men, where they are men who have stumbled into the office through a political accident, it is usually the case that a Cabinet can be gotten together that can hold the Executive and steer him in such a way as to keep up appearances and not make his tenure of office a discredit to his party.

But the thing that has occurred regularly every four years ever since I can remember, is for one political party to elect a President. He surrounds himself with a Cabinet, and he is supposed to be in power, but nine times out of ten it so happens that he is hampered by the Senate, by Congress, by other officials we have elected and put in high places supposedly to carry out our wishes in the operations of our Government. Our President is deliberately so hampered and frustrated in whatever he may undertake to do in carrying out his pre-election pledges and promises to the people, that it is quite impossible for him to fulfill any promise he has made, any vision he has had for the welfare of a people he might honestly desire to serve. To put the situation in plain, unadulterated English, this is what we are doing in the United States today, and have been doing for a generation or two past: We elect a man on a plat-

[Turn to page 42]

Hard to believe

MAYBE you won't believe what we are going to tell you right now. If you don't, we invite you to make this test for yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on some Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

That's the kind of a deodorant you have in Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

And that's why so many men and women are now using Listerine as a perspiration deodorant. Just apply Listerine clear when you don't have time for a tub or shower. Note how clean and refreshed it leaves you feeling.

Also, it is non-irritating and will not stain garments.

We pass this along to you as another important use for Listerine we thought you'd like to know about.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

Please remember—Listerine is never sold in bulk. Always in the original brown package—14 oz., 7 oz., 3 oz. and 1¼ oz.



LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritation.—25 cents.

Is this what happens to your lovely silk things?

Even after one or two wearings, while not obviously soiled, a silk garment which comes into contact with the skin has in it enough perspiration acid to injure its delicate fibres and colors. And hamper-dampness keeps the acid moist and active.

If only everyone realized how quickly silk things are faded, streaked—yes, actually *destroyed*—when allowed to lie huddled in the hamper with soiled linens and other household laundry, surely a lovely silk blouse would never find its way there!



This simple method protects delicate fabrics

A quick tubbing in Ivory suds as soon as possible after wearing will prevent acid action and premature wear by perfect cleansing.

IVORY Flakes For a very special need— a sample, FREE

If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. We shall also send you a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments", which is a veritable encyclopædia of laundering information. Address a letter or postcard to Section 14-GF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your personal laundry

Below are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman.

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings,* silk lingerie*
silk nightgowns*
silk blouses,* sweaters
scarves, dresses
handkerchiefs
ties
cuffs and collar sets
sports shirts
silk negligees

* The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.

THIS takes but a few minutes, and Ivory cannot hurt fabrics or colors, no matter how often they are washed, provided they can stand the touch of pure water. Yet think what it means if you take care of your silk things this way!

They wear longer. You have the luxury of fresh garments daily. You can manage beautifully on a very few fine garments. They come out unstained and unfaded. They are entirely free

from soapy odor. They are safe from the dangers of carelessness.

If it were not for the purity and gentleness of Ivory you might think twice before subjecting your fragile garments, or even your hands, to such frequent tubbings. But with Ivory, you don't have to worry, for millions of women use Ivory on their faces, and a soap fine enough for your face is fine enough for the most delicate garments.

Procter & Gamble

IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE

CAKES



FLAKES

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?

Alice Carpenter

By

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

AUTHOR OF

"J'AV A HEAD," "CYTHEREA,"
"BALISAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES DEFEO



This is another study of Joseph Hergesheimer's "dream-women"—those lovely heroines whom he has never quite brought to life on printed page and made protagonists in some moving drama of his fancy, but who perhaps would prove even more fascinating than those that rove his novels, were they thus privileged to posture at full length. This dream-woman, Alice Carpenter, is surely one of the most haunting of the six exotic creatures he has captured for a fleeting moment or two, in six of the most unusual creative masterpieces of the year.

A dogwood tree in a garden made a vaguely pale blur on the dark. Alice Carpenter's hooped skirt brushed against me. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "to be here, in this still green night, with a dress like mine."

DAYS before she reached West Chester I wondered how, there, she would seem. It was a wholly strange surrounding for her, and while, undoubtedly, Alice could lose but little of her attractiveness anywhere, she might not like the country where I lived, and that must lessen her interest, and her vividness, in whatever she met. Her own accustomed setting was a hotel in New York where, at lunch, there was a crackle of wits—I wasn't actually a part of that, but I had heard the fulminations exploding over the tables—and a very considerable show of beauty. There were as many lovely girls, probably, gathered daily into the dining room as it was possible to see anywhere at one time.

They were, principally, connected with the stage and the screens of moving pictures, so they were never totally forgetful of the impressions, the effects, they conveyed; there

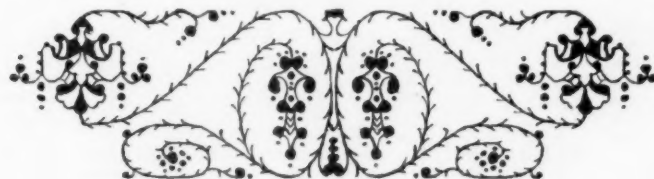
weren't, among them, many unstudied or careless gestures, their voices seldom left the middle of silvery and charming keys; and, irrespective of their several beginnings in comparatively rural parts of America, there was an accent of London, an aspect of the cosmopolitan, in all that they

deliberately said.

However, I don't mean that Alice Carpenter came unretouched as a rose into the noon sound and show. Already she knew as much, I was confident, of the mechanics of appearance as any gilded lily on the stage, and she used them, at times, to the best of her knowledge. Alice would lay bright shades on her lips, correct imagined faults in her eyebrows, inhale, as it were, to breathe back again the synthetic perfumes of France. And, with

all the elaborate advantage of clothes, framed in wide hats or sharply emphasized in hats no more than bands of what was seasonable, she would be as richly impressive, as carefully decorative, as anyone present.

What, occasionally, I had to remind myself, was that she was young—it was all so studied at that hotel for youth; the qualities youth possessed—mainly a simplicity of blos-



soming—were there more aimed at than owned; they were almost desperately appreciated . . . as things priceless and almost past. Alice was, of course, under her elaborations, authentically young; and what, more than anything else, showed this was the fact that she clearly regarded them as a game to be played at, a state never quite real. But it wasn't alone the game of appearances in which she had a place—the explosions of wit were, as well, conducted with her assistance. Alice had not allowed her intellect to be obliterated by a lip stick, or, rather, an intellectual curiosity hadn't permitted her the comfort of a life of surfaces, perfect or perfected. She was young, charming and . . . intelligently restless. Alice Carpenter asked questions in a tone that was a challenge, she was prepared to disbelieve all answers, or, at most, to admit them only after a relentless and personal scrutiny. She had inherited, perhaps even added to, a specially considerate good manners—at least where such aged men as I were concerned—and I had to imagine what, in the company of the young and the intellectual, she was like, but that wasn't impossible.

Her opinions, there, her objections and inquiries, would resemble strings of fire crackers, the more expensive Canton fire crackers in particularly fine paper. And that, naturally, engaged me—her combination of head and grace; about her heart I knew nothing. All that, however, in New York, was one thing; but how would she reflect the old green peace of Chester County? Would she like the hills falling away one behind the other, softened by the ploughs of generation on generation? Would she be even momentarily contented in a little town of red brick with streets that were long galleried reaches of maple trees? Would she be happy, entertained, in a strong selfishness of interest that marked provincial conversation and manners? I didn't know, it was an experiment; but both Alice Carpenter and I were willing to undertake it. And, after all, she wasn't going to stay forever in West Chester; she would be there three nights at most; and she might dance, discuss the youngest school of letters, do exclusively all the things to which she was accustomed. The country, where I lived, was no longer . . . shall I say, obtrusive; it was retreating from the country club. There would be no real need for Alice to exist without what refreshment of sophistication her habit demanded.

In New York, I was forced to reflect, I had had very little experience of her; I had a deep friendship for her family, and, largely because of that, I had accepted her and she accepted me. Usually she was leaving the apartment in the hotel where the Carpenters lived as I was entering it; but once, together with two patently nice boys, she remained; and, on an evening when Hugh Walpole was with me, she talked to us—but principally listened—for an hour or more. That, and an excursion to the theatre was all that I actually knew of her. But we had gone to see the Moscow actors in The Cherry Orchard. I had been able to see Alice in the presence of a great artistry, and she was singularly satisfactory.

I tried, it seems to me now, to explain too much to her in the entr'actes, too much, perhaps, and something that was unnecessary, for she was as abrupt as her innate and inescapable politeness would allow; aside from that she was entirely receptive. There was very little that she missed; but more than the rest Alice appreciated the moments of humor—the humors of character more than those of speech. She wasn't, the truth was, a girl to joke with; no, her really delightful laughter was saved for what

she considered to be worth its while.

In this I held her to be specially modern, for it was as a modern girl that, so far, she invited my interest. It was her aspect of complete modernity that challenged me—I wanted to understand it, yes, more than her, as thoroughly as possible. Alice Carpenter was a possible menace to me in my position as a member of an older, and, of course, a

circumstances of her existence would have emphasized in her what was so widely but dormant in other girls; she was more attractive than most, far more intelligent; Alice had, in larger degree, all the qualities that made the current—so immensely superior—girls what they were, and I was as anxious for her to arrive as I was appreciative of my own fortitude. * * *

She was, after the usual blunder at the train where she was to have been met, late, and at once she went up to her room to dress for the costume dance that was the ostensible reason for her being there. With the most charming good will she mistook where I was temporarily living for my home, radiated a cheerful approval which must—in view of things promised—have hidden a measure of surprise, if not actual disappointment; and, as an example of the wholly modern, she vanished. When she reappeared, almost on time, all that I had looked for, expected, had gone, for Alice was dressed in the hoopskirts and flat ruffles of eighteen sixty.

However, it wasn't simply that she was dressed in a past mode—she was saturated with its spirit. Her face, that, in New York, had been so—so immediate was, now, Victorian . . . and lovely. Yes, it was more than a trick of clothes, of an arrangement of her hair; and it wasn't—as it might legitimately have been—conscious acting. The spirit of what she represented had stilled, changed her, with its magic. The skirt floated airily about her chaste ankles, her face was a little pale and her eyes serious. I made her sit down, to discover how she would manage the hoops, and, instinctively, this she did faultlessly; they settled smoothly about her, made a setting for her slender waist and gave her bare shoulders a marble-like fineness.

There were, immediately after, more people and cocktails—the green bottles of Ron Bacardi and fresh limes hardly less green, crystal sugar and ice in a silver bowl and small glasses on stems; there was Scotch whiskey in rectangular bottles and tall glasses, old Scotch yellowed with rectitude, that poured thickly like syrup; but Alice Carpenter would have neither it nor the cocktails; she told me—but I realized that I had known it—that she seldom drank. She didn't drink, in this narrow sense, and she didn't smoke; and I grew a little doubtful of her as a faithful model of the young feminine present.

But her dress, and her air of exactly suiting it, bewildered me more than any negation that might, after all, be only temporary and local. I literally couldn't go on with the investigation of what was modern, current, in her. I couldn't! A glimpse of her profile, with an implied curl; her back turned gracefully against the billowing skirt; her arms in repose in her enormous lap, all stopped my questions and search. She filled the rear of an enclosed motor car, there was a short run in the dark, and I launched Alice Carpenter into the whirl of colors and voices that marked the beginning of dinner. There were, mostly, reds and greens and a great number of legs made persuasively visible for that evening; there was a glitter of tinsel and gilt, of silver paper and silver cloth, and of jewels, paste and real. The music hadn't begun, but already the air was tense with emotion, excited with laughter; there was an atmosphere of pervading fever; and Alice instinctively stopped for a second, as if she were surprised, bewildered, out of motion.

She wasn't, as, soon after, her dancing made plain; but, pausing, she seemed to have come, by an act of magic, a little breathlessly, out of the actual past. And in such circumstance I could be only a part of her amazement at what she saw . . . at

[Turn to page 35]



*She knew as much of the mechanics of appearance as any gilded lily on the stage, and she used them, at times—she would lay bright shades on her lips, correct imagined faults in her eyebrows * * **

different, time. The difference, though, wasn't great; and for that reason alone I wanted to discover it less. I didn't care to realize that the new generation had privileges and resources not only denied to me but beyond my comprehension. I wished for myself the dignity and experience of the past together with the sparkle of the present, and hoped that Alice wouldn't, in the brutal lucidity of her years, show me that I was only absurd.

Yes, there was a great deal, I told myself, to be learned from her; she would be a mirror both for my mind and appearance; gazing at her I could recognize what was happening to me as well as to youth in general. The special



Josie, at the age of fourteen



Josie DeMott



Josie, at the age of three

THE CIRCUS LADY

BY JOSEPHINE DEMOTT ROBINSON

Here is the first article of this remarkable confession of one of the world's most famous bareback riders, Josephine DeMott Robinson, whose family has long been celebrated in circus annals. Her history, beginning with a French grandmother who rode before the great Napoleon, and extending almost to the present day, reveals at first hand the hardships and triumphs in the life of a circus queen.

I COME from a family of circus stars. The white tent over my head, the sawdust ring under my feet, were the most familiar things in my life, as they had been in the lives of my people before me. Weary hours of exercising, traveling day after day, with always another stand ahead, peril of death always near—these were my inheritance as well as the applause from crowded benches, the joy of difficult feats well done, health and grace won by hard work. There are so bewilderingly many laws in the Outside World. We of the circus know only one law—simple and unailing. *The Show must go on.* For youngest and oldest, for the bareback queen and the canvas man—this is the cardinal law. There are no amendments. There is no need of any. For always, despite rain or cyclone, despite train wrecks, despite life itself and even death, this law is obeyed by everyone.

A world of its own, the circus. Like the Outside World, it has its births and deaths and marriages, its pains and joys, its jealousies and fears. But to us who are born under its surging canvas, it has one thing more. There is a fraternity there, that we of the circus who have ventured into the Outside World, never find there—a fellow feeling that transcends money and position, that applies the Golden Rule and practices it.

The lure of the circus is for the Outside World to feel. They see the spangles gleaming as the bareback rider flies by, balanced to meet her horse's motion. Fascinated by the spangle shimmer, the circus is to them all whirling magic. But we of the inside world know the daily toil that made possible that lovely shimmering leap, the years that have gone to making those muscles answer all demands. For us the lure of the circus is the laugh of comrades, the helping hand in need, the sympathy at a fall, the little big things that make life possible and lovely.

I have lived in both worlds. To the indifferent, haphazard, money-mad hurry of the outside world, I prefer my world; grown shadowy since I have been away from it so long, it

is still more real to me than the world I am in now. Not the spangles and the gay trappings that made it colorful, but some inner color that warmed the soul—and that, I miss.

Famous riders in plenty there have been in my family. My grandfather's father was the first man who ever turned a somersault on a horse's back. My grandmother was the first woman to stand on one foot on a horse, balancing herself erect. My aunt was the first woman ever to turn a somersault on the back of a bareback horse. I had many traditions of great riding to live up to.

Like all early famous circus riders, my people came, from wandering troupes of players. Eventually they attained some

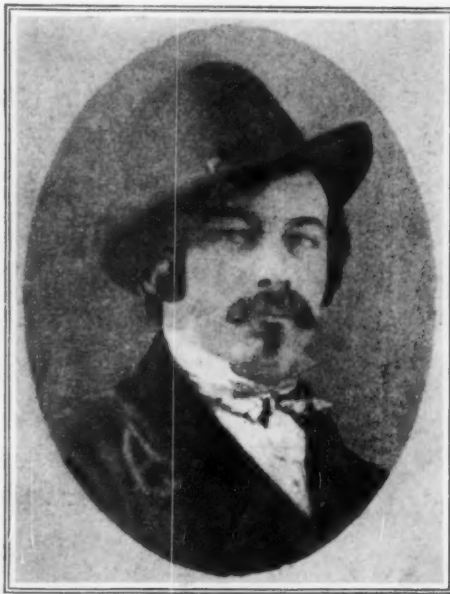
famous Paris circus, just as stock players of the present day serve a hard apprenticeship before they reach Broadway.

Through France they went, mountebankers by trade. My grandfather had his own company. To be a first class mountebanker, two wagons were necessary, and his were large handsome affairs, each with a little balcony in front, like the observation end of a Pullman. They were always religiously decorated with flowers before a performance, and were used to make announcements to the gathering public. There was a band of three pieces, usually German—a drum, a piccolo, a horn. There were a clown and an acrobat, and the star of the group—the rider—then, as now, the aristocrat of the circus world.

The two wagons were set together, the flowers gathered, and arranged, and permission to play was sought from village authority and priest. If there was any sign of trouble in getting permission, the prettiest member of the troupe went to see these authorities, in her best bib and tucker.

There were no box offices. The performance over, the clown went around taking up a collection. Then the flowers were put away, the horses hitched to the wagons, and the weary troupe went on its way to pastures new.

From such a troupe as this one, belonging to her father, my grandmother graduated to stardom at the Cirque in Paris.



Francois Tournaire, her grandfather





My greatuncle had a famous string of horses at the Paris Cirque. The nobility of the day often came behind the scenes to see them. Napoleon Bonaparte, himself a noted rider, and a horse lover, often came to see them, and talk to them. After the difficulties of his day he often came evenings back of the scenes to rest his tired nerves by petting them and he often rode the horses behind the scenes.

My greatuncle was a small man, from his picture much like Napoleon in build, and their likeness to each other was often commented on. One spirited horse, my uncle's pride, which had never been ridden with regular reins, but only with long woven silken cords, was Napoleon's favorite, and the tradition runs in our family that on more than one night Napoleon rode the ring in my uncle's stead, and the crowd that rose to him never knew that the circus rider they had been applauding for his skill was the Little Corporal himself.

But it is about my temperamental grandmother that stories cluster. She was a famous French rider, and many in France still remember the name of Louise Tournaire. She had two daughters, one of whom, as Little Molly Brown, became almost as famous as herself. Her favorite horse, Black Diamond, came with her on her first trip to America, and was the cause of her almost going back right away.

Grandmother had been heavily billed in New York, being advertised as the foremost woman horse-taming authority in Europe. She specialized on keeping her horses' mouths as fine and delicate as the movements of a watch. It took years to bring them to such perfection as she demanded. She had a habit of rubbing over their coats with a white silk handkerchief, clean for each horse, and if any dust appeared, woe to the unfortunate groom, for my grandmother had a terrible temper and could especially not forgive such neglect of her horses. Each time she rode, she wore new snowy gloves and they were practically spotless, my mother said, at the end of the performance.

During the trip over the water Black Diamond rubbed his tail against the ship stall, and before it was discovered, had rubbed the tail half off. Now this horse had been trained to a marvellous dance movement, his off fore foot and near hind foot meeting under his body in a dip; then with a rocking movement, he changed to the other two legs, always standing in one spot, while the band played the one tune to which he always performed, "Ten Thousand Miles Away."

Mme. Tournaire had created a sensation with this act in Europe, and it must have been beautiful, the horse all gleaming black. She herself was in black, with a sable cockaded hat and a scarlet flower in her lapel. It had always brought down the house in her beloved Paris, so she opened her act in New York, ready for a like reception. She sat immovable while her horse did his graceful steps under her. When the band stopped, she bowed with dignity at the generous applause. But in a minute she sensed under the clapping some new demonstration gripping the audience. New to American ways, she thought it merely some extra appreciation of her, and bowed her acknowledgments again.



"But you must finish your act," said her mother—Painted by George Giguere



But finally under the applause she heard a distinct laugh, and then more. She spurred her horse and made her exit in great wrath, breaking into angry words off stage at the insults from what she termed this "wild Indian country."

When she recovered from her rage, they told her what had caused the mirth. A false tail tied over the beautiful one which the horse had spoiled on the trip over, came loose and finally as the horse rocked more and more, fell off entirely. So while she was bowing with all her dignity, this tail lay in the sawdust beside her. She was so enraged at the

laughter and the insult to her dignity that she wanted to go straight back to France, and it was with difficulty that she was persuaded to fulfill her engagements.

The success of the rest of the tour restored her self esteem, and before long Mme. Tournaire played a return engagement in America. This time she brought with her her daughter Josephine, whom each year, since Josephine was a child, she had taken occasionally from her convent school to develop in her her own skill in horsemanship. But her daughter showed no desire to enter the ring. A shy little thing, each time she escaped gladly back to the convent away from her mother's ambitions.

To my grandmother hers was the only career. Everything had to go excepting things contributing to this. Later, she made a younger daughter, Molly Brown, a star. But the way to Molly's stardom was hard. My grandmother used to put a rake behind her when she wanted her to turn somersaults backwards, so that if she jumped farther than she ought she would land on the rake.

Once, in the ring, Molly fell.

Her mother rushed in, mother love uppermost for the moment. "What is the matter, my darling?" she asked. "Why don't you go on?"

Poor Molly was sobbing with pain, and her arm hung limp, "I think I broke my arm."

"Oh, my poor child, that is terrible. We must take care of it. But, Molly, my child, first go back and finish your act."

That was my grandmother's feeling for her work.

On her second trip she had put Josephine through a little course of training—simple work, calculated to put her at her ease before the public.

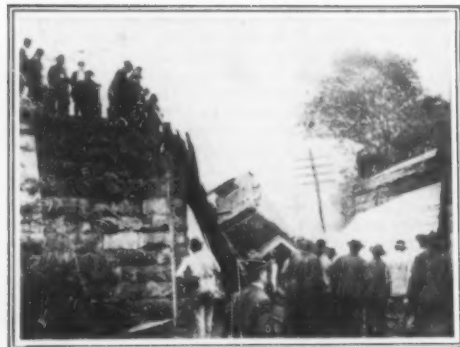
The band in the New York theatre where they were starred was playing gaily to an expectant audience. But the introductory music was played twice over; the curtain raising music had been played and was starting again and no one appeared on the stage.

An act not on the program was going on behind the scenes. Mme. Tournaire rushed from her dressing room to find the cause of the delay. To her rage she found her daughter back scene, entwined in the stage curtain, afraid to come out in unaccustomed tights from the shelter of the velvet curtains. No coaxing or commanding would move her.

Her mother knew but one law—the show must go on. But the girl only shook her head when she tried to pull her on the stage, and clung the tighter to the protecting curtain.

My grandmother, her temperament now all out of bounds, turned on her in anger—and my grandmother's anger was a terrible thing, I know—when a young man from another act stepped over and put a restraining hand on the infuriated Mme. Tournaire, suggesting she begin her act instead. Well, the show did go on, but without Josephine's intended debut. And a short time later Josephine married the strange young man who had saved her from her mother's wrath.

My father's mother was of German descent, and my father's father was French. In his family no one before himself had ever been connected with a circus. He



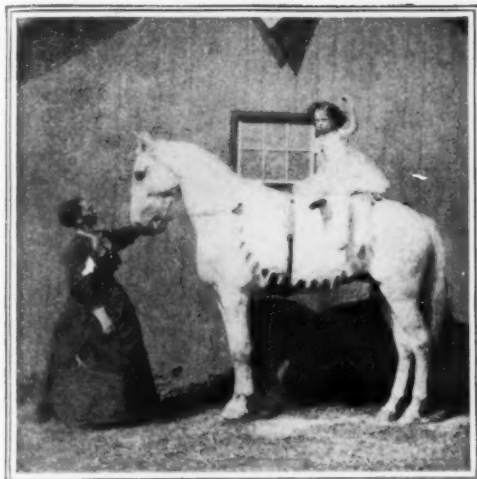
A circus train wreck



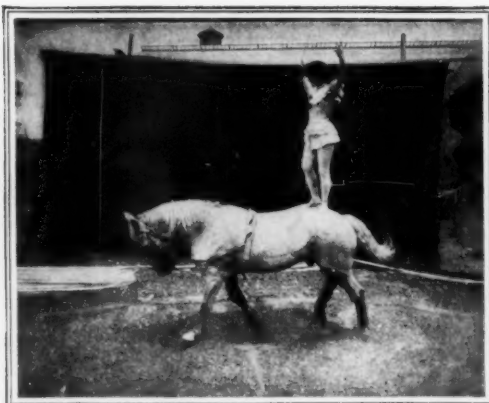
Frank Oakley, most famous of American clowns



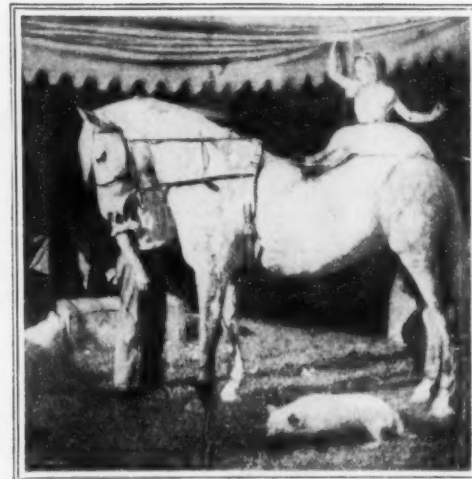
When the tiger escaped



Grandmother Tournaire training her daughter



Doubling for a famous movie star



The beginning of a career, Josie at the age of four

grew up in the care of his mother, a gentle widow who had little control over the boy. When he was nine years old, he ran away from home and joined a little travelling circus, and his mother thought he had been kidnapped and mourned him as dead, until one day she learned he was with a circus. She hunted up the circus and found him there. My father was very unwilling to come home, for the lure of the circus had caught him, and he said if he had to go home he would run away again as soon as he had a good chance.

The circus people advised her to let him stay, for he was in good hands, and if he ran away from her again he might fall into bad hands. So he was allowed to stay. He took

readily to the handling of horses and to dancing, which in those days was considered an essential asset—a man had to be almost a premier dancer before he was considered any sort of a bareback rider. My father loved the life from the start and was such an eager pupil that the other riders took a keen interest in him. But, mindful of the fact that his mother wanted him back, they gave him more than the ordinary stuff, thinking he would grow tired of the life and be glad to go back home. But he never did.

My father drifted for some years in the West Indies, and in 1853 he went with the old Washington Circus at Thirty-ninth Street and Sixth Avenue. He married Josephine Tournaire in 1861, travelled until 1868, when he organized his own show under the name of DeMott and Ward Circus and Menagerie. My father was a miserable business man, whose honesty was proverbial in the show business. He would have no grafters with his shows, so that he soon became among this profession a marked man. In those days, now happily

past, so much of the money came in through these grafters that my father's financial losses became greater and greater until finally the show had to be dissolved. But he stuck to his principles, and allowed no grafters on his lot.

This, added to the fact that my father lost all his savings in the big English bank failure of Jay Cook & Co., sent us all into the ring far earlier than was his desire.

We made a rather strange circus family. My mother never got accustomed to the circus ring.

She went into the ring for only one reason: the match between herself and my father had been a genuine love match, and they hated to be away from each [Turn to page 52]



The wild elephant was tossing her trunk and getting nearer and nearer to me

—Painted by George Giguere



"Goin' agin yore own blood, that's what you be?"

WHICH pulls stronger at the human heartstrings—loyalty or love? Which will conquer Cora—her loyalty to a villainous father with contempt for the law, or her love for the stern young sheriff who has sworn to uphold that law? Her struggle to choose the one and to forsake the other makes of this one of the most dramatic and poignant stories that McCall's has ever published

Billings' Cora

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "NAMELESS RIVER",
"THE SPLENDID ROAD"

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

A LITTLE soft wind came out of the south, running with cool feet over the sleek yellow grass of the sun-parched land. Drouth was heavy on the great country of shining slope and blue Sierra. Deer were dying higher up; pathetic, big-eyed, they lay with outstretched muzzles about the dried-up springs. And in a race with this calamity every rancher in the foothills had rushed his cattle down to what market was possible.

But if one could forget this tragic knowledge which hung over the little world of meadow, slope and valley, there was beauty everywhere; beauty of a sky intensely blue, flecked with tiny clouds; of the sharp contrast of dark green conifer and golden, sun-cured grass, of the wide pageant of each twilight with its gorgeous colours. Something of all this stirred in the soul of Billings' Cora as she sat on a stone in her father's sorry yard, her knees hunched in the crook of her arms, her bare feet crossed on each other. Billings' Cora was an uncertain quantity, a slim wisp of arrogance, eager, ignorant of all save hill and rolling level, of bird and beast, of stream and cloud and wind-set. Her eyes were blue, set in dark lashes to match her heavy hair, and sometimes they were very soft—filled with vague dreams got from much lonely gazing on vast distances.

This same look of softness, of unnamed dreams, had once been her mother's,—before she married Billings on the Texas plains. That had been so long ago, across such great stretches of shiftless poverty, that the drab woman who eked out existence in the dilapidated log house would have been

astonished to know that she had ever possessed the slightest modicum of grace. Nance Billings sometimes looked at her daughter with half tragic wonder as to the why of life.

But to Cora there was no doubt, no fault to find in the Universe. She knew well the answer to its profound riddle, knew it with such a surge of the healthy young heart of her as to well nigh choke her. Life was sunshine,—the eternal sunshine of the West Coast slopes—and the feel of winds blowing in her face. It was space and lonely freedom,—and Silver King. Silver King, the magnificent, the incomparable, the one high-light of splendor which had ever touched the

family of Billings! Silver King to whom she was calling now at intervals as she sat on her stone, her fingers between her lips. He stood out on the shining golden background like a spot of pure white light, his great mane wimpled in that little wind from the south and his tail spread away from his legs like a fan of foamy lace.

When Billings' Cora called him thus and waited, cold chills chased each other down her back, a sort of dizziness encompassed her, a sense of thrilling joy so intense as to be almost unbearable. It was

a game they played, the girl and the great white horse, a fine heady game which had for its ending the very acme of wild romance.

The King was free. Billings' homestead was not fenced. Why should a man spend all that labor when there was abundance of Government land on all sides, unlimited forage for his straggling stock?

So the King grazed at will, hampered by nothing save the thin thread of listening. A small, invisible cord that bound him irrevocably to the shining slopes, the wooded gulches of the Billings holding, and to Cora. It was on him now. With the first shrill notes of the familiar whistle it drew about his spirit, a touch laid down. He flung up his great head and turned his silver face toward the log house under the pine trees.

Again came the call, high, sweet, imperative, and he stamped one white hoof, striped with black. He flung his muzzle up and down.

The girl on the stone grinned, her blue eyes glistened. She

waited, prolonging the delightful play. When she called again the King answered, a keen shaking peal that cut the morning stillness, and, keeping to the spot where he stood, he turned his shining body—the white spirit of a horse—and came mincing forward, stiff-legged.

One—two—three—came the whistles, snapping, sharp, commanding.

The mincing gait quickened, loosened, became a trot, a canter, and finally, casting play to the winds, he stretched out his beautiful body and came sweeping up the long slope, running.

The girl leaped from the rock and went to meet him, arms outstretched, the sun on her laughing face. They fell together, literally, nuzzling each other, the one with playful nips, the other with softly pummeling fists, and from the pocket of the faded overalls which inadequately covered her, Billings' Cora brought forth two bits of dry bread. These might have been equine ambrosia from the very evident satisfaction they gave the recipient, for Silver King ate them to the last crumb and hunted her garments for more. But the girl was eager for the culmination of the play and setting her bare toes against the knuckles of his foreleg at the knee, tangled her fingers in his mane and went up like a monkey. She flung out her arms in a wide gesture, cried out, an inarticulate sound that was plain as light to the King; in another moment they were sweeping down the grassy slope like all-possessed. That was the last the log house saw of them that day.

They sailed down over miles of slippery slants, turned left and threaded more miles of scattered pine trees, idled hours in a gulch where a precious, priceless spring kept faith with the land. Here there would have been verdure save for the trampling feet of the poor beasts, both wild and domestic, which came to it daily. The King drank daintily of its small trickle and Cora hung lolling on his back, one knee hooked over, the other leg dangling. She hummed a wordless tune and her busy fingers combed the ripples of his shining mane. She put her cheek against it, kissed it, cocked her frowny young head this way and that, folding the silken strands over her hands as a great dame might examine fabrics brought for her inspection. This soft perfection of the King's regalia was her all of finery. There was nothing in the Billings log house finer than gingham, and the coarse white muslin of which her mother made her scant underclothes.

While she played a sound made her pause—alert as a wild animal; the sound of hoofs against stone and dry hill-side. The King's every muscle grew taut—he was ready to fly.

But Billings' Cora was not ready to fly—not until she had seen who might be coming down along her lonely domain. Strangers were few and far between on the Billings land. And if she should wish to go suddenly for any reason, she knew of none living—so high handed was she—that trod the earth who could catch the Silver King. Bah! Nothing less than the wild white birds which sometimes came roaring out of the blue horizon and sailed across the heavens a mile up, could overtake or rival her darling's speed. But the air-ships were good only in the skies.

So she shook her head, just to make herself feel more arrogant, sat straight, hand on hip, and watched the man who came riding down upon her.

With the first swift glimpse horse and rider wavered a bit to her vision. She had seen him before—several times. The Sheriff! He was tall and well set-up, and he rode well a large and powerful blue roan horse. He was past the first of his youth, being in the early thirties, and the steady grey eye of him, the firm, quiet mouth, passed among men for a sign-board to the character beneath. Twice he

had been elected to his office and he wore its star with an old-fashioned reverence. In offense against the law, be it big or little, he was adamant.

"Good morning, Miss Billings," he said, lifting his broad hat.

"Howdy," said Cora with her father's Texas drawl.

The blue roan stuck its nose to the shallow water and drank thirstily.

"You've given him a grillin'," said the girl, "he's tired."

"A little."

They sat in silence for a bit. Then:

"Where you been?" said Cora.

"Over toward Shadow Cove in Star Valley."

"What you after?"

"A man."

"Huh!" said Cora loftily, "an' didn't get him?"

"Not this time,—but I will." The girl rocked with laughter, swinging her slim legs along the King's silver sides. The man smiled, contemplating her.

"You haven't much confidence in your sheriff, I take it?" he said pleasantly. "You wouldn't be afraid of him, yourself?"

The mirth died out of her. She turned her bright blue eyes upon him gravely. The glance was fleeting. One slim bare foot tucked itself in under the King's foreleg.

"Yes," she said oddly, "I would be—if I was wicked." The sheriff's cool eyes flickered. In some inexplicable fashion this rugged girl had disconcerted him. He changed the subject.

"Suppose you know about the Rodeo they're going to hold at Rockwell Corners?"

"No!" cried Cora, lighting instantly. "When?"

"Next month,—the fifteenth. Bucking bronco contest, races, a barbecue. Think there'll be a big crowd."

"Dance?" asked Cora sparkling.

"Sure. Open air platform."

The girl clasped her hands and shook them up and down. "You know, Mister Sheriff," she said, "I never danced with any one in my life,—but I know I could! Oh, I just know

I could do it! I've watched 'em at Fourth o' July and I know I could. There's something inside me that goes steppin' and steppin'—light and easy,—right on every word the music says. And some of them others,—my land! They don't know beans! Walkin' around without a care to the music a-tall. I'd like to show 'em,—I would!"

The sheriff smiled. "Why don't you go and show them?"

The girl flung out expressive hands. "Who'd ask me?" she said. "Not a dog-gone man! And besides I ain't got no white dress nor any blue sash. Nothin' but a plaid gingham,—and it's shrunk! Nope. We're pore folks, but we got our prides. I won't be there."

Sheriff Masters laughed as he swung the roan about.

"You wouldn't need anything better than a gingham dress," he said cryptically, "if you'd brush and braid that hair of yours. Good-bye."

Billings' Cora did not answer but she sat very still, watching, as he rode away through the thicker growth of pines which fringed the spring. There was something in the look of the blue-shirted back, the easy swing of the broad shoulders, which fascinated her.

"Pappy," she said that night at the supper table, "they's a Rodeo comin' off at Rockwell Corners."

"Well," said Chet Billings, "what of thar is?"

"Barbecue. Buckin'-horses. Dance—platform dance."

"Well?"

"If I could get there," said the girl defiantly, "I'd be agoin'! If I had a decent rag to my back,—and if Mammy had! But we ain't! Nary one of us! And we ain't been to nothin' since that there Fourth o' July three years ago at th' Cove!"

Chet Billings looked at her with distress in his shiftless eyes. "Thar now, honey," he wheedled, "yore ol' pap's a poor man—"

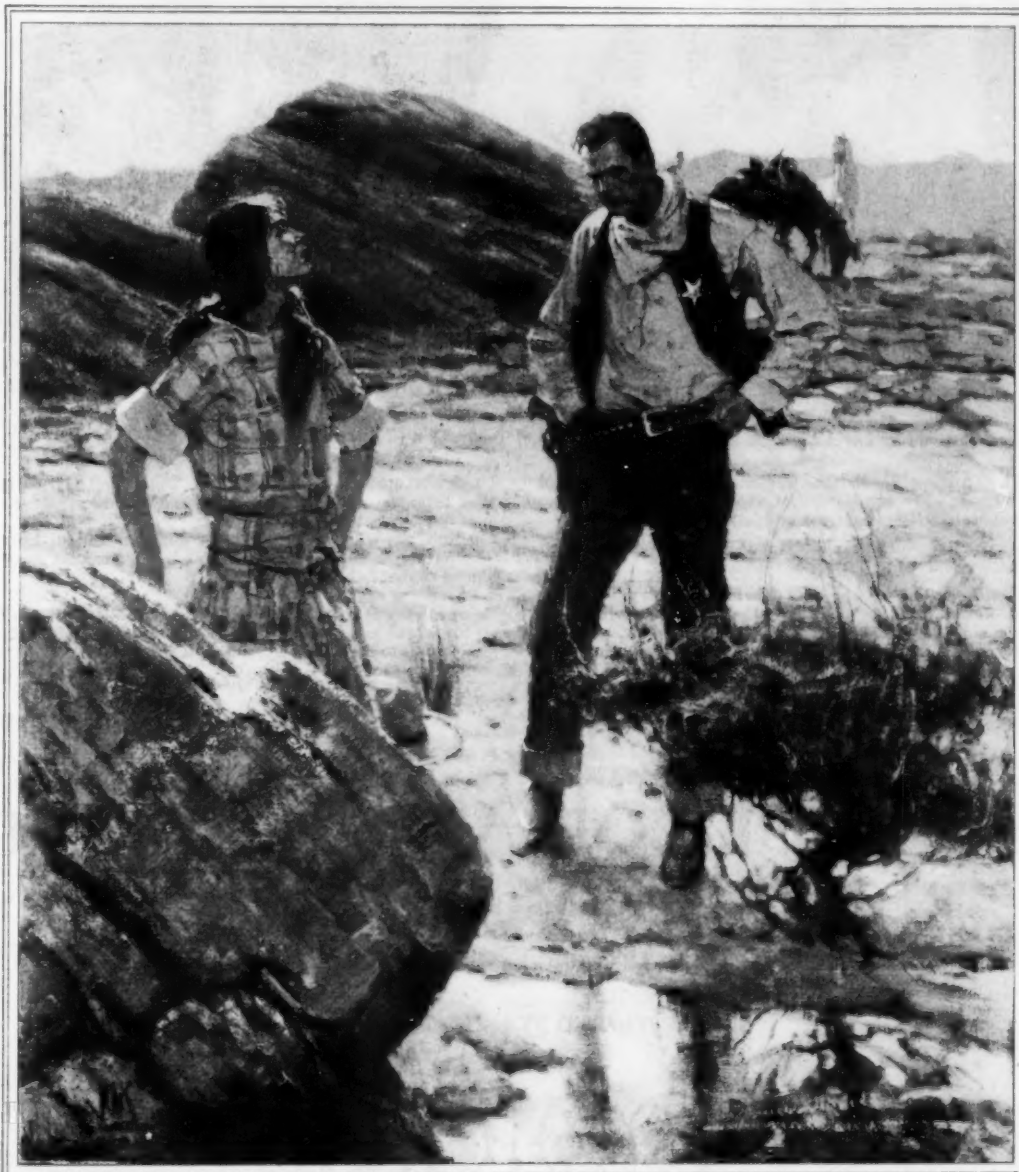
"If he didn't gamble every Saturday night at the Store," said Nance Billings bitterly, "his wife and daughter might be like other folks. The girl might go to a merry-makin' once a year, mebbey."

"You accusin' me?" asked her husband in a tragic tone.

He laid down his knife and the Adam's apple in his scrawny throat worked. Chet's feelings were near the surface; the hurt they caused him was pitifully real. The woman hurriedly reached to him a conciliating hand. "There,—never mind," she said, "I didn't mean anything." But Chet's meal was done-for and Nance followed him out to the back porch where she talked in the old, low tone of soothing which had been the under-note of their life together.

Cora heard them as she cleared up the table and frowned in rebellion.

There was a Rodeo at Rockwell Corners. Hot, dry, dusty, the very breath of present-day Western romance fanned the spot. There was a wide field, flat and level as a floor between the hills. There was an oval track circling its edge. There was a flimsy fence all round it with a series of pens and a stockade chute at the right; and a gate beside the chute. There was a big corral behind these where fifteen or twenty horses drowsed in the sun. These were the "buckin' horses," belonging to the Mellish brothers who followed the Rodeos all summer long, and they were trained to their business like any other artists. Some of them were super-artists, too, be it said in passing: High Light, for instance, on whose flea-bitten back no rider had ever managed to stay the widely-advertised one minute, and Princess May, the beautiful, small sorrel, whose mild dark eyes would have deceived the oldest buckeroo in California, but whose heart, once under a human, became a pit of wickedness. A little farther back was the bull pen, and here big sullen monarchs pawed the earth. [Turn to page 61]



"You haven't confidence in your sheriff, I take it?" he said. "You wouldn't be afraid of him, yourself?" "Yes," she said oddly, "I would be—if I was wicked."





His unflinching propensity to help the needy and care for the forsaken showed his genuine divinity of mind and heart

THE CREED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—IN HIS OWN WORDS

I believe in God, the Almighty Ruler of Nations, our great and good and merciful Maker, our Father in Heaven, who notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads. I believe in His eternal truth and justice

I recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history that those nations only are blest whose God is the Lord.

I believe that it is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, and to include the influence of His Holy Spirit; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon

I believe that the Bible is the best gift which God has ever given to men. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book.

I believe the will of God prevails. Without Him all human reliance is vain. Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

Being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father, I desire that all my works and acts may be according to His Will; and that it may be so, I give thanks to the Almighty, and seek His aid.

From The Life of Abraham Lincoln by William E. Barton. Inserted by permission of The Bobbs Merrill Company.

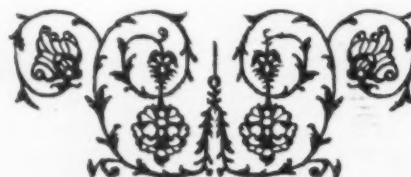
The Mystery of Abraham Lincoln

BY THE REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

SO long as the lasting benefits of men are born of their faith in the God of Providence, they will continue to believe that Abraham Lincoln was His ambassador. Had one to defend the doctrine of a superintending Power other and higher than ourselves, who shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may, he would be wise to use the greatest of Americans as that doctrine's concrete illustration. Yet not Americans alone, but freedom-loving people everywhere recognize the romantic spirituality



of Lincoln's career. It reads like a legend of the medieval saints who were so intensely human and divine. Its outstanding events are familiar enough,

but what an amazing range and diversity of mysterious experiences hide behind those events! Born in Kentucky, February 12th, 1809, Lincoln moved to Indiana in 1817 and to Illinois in 1830. He was elected to the Legislature of the latter state in 1834 and chosen as a presidential elector in 1840. On November 4th, 1842, he married [Turn to page 62]



NORA O'SHEA makes the long journey from her home in Ireland to join her brother Larry on Big Boy Morgan's ranch in Arizona. But when she reaches the ranch her brother is not there; he has deserted Morgan to join the notorious Black Canyon outfit owned by the unscrupulous Zobetser, Morgan's enemy. Nora is not informed of this, however; she is told merely that her brother is away on business. She is persuaded to remain at the ranch where she becomes friendly with Morgan, the cowboys, and Charlie Gray, an old friend of Morgan's who is visiting Arizona in search of health. Jim Holdbrook, also from the East, is a visitor of another type and Nora distrusts him. Meanwhile Nora becomes more and more at home on the ranch and when she expresses a wish to ride, Morgan has saddled for her a horse that formerly was reserved for his mother's use and that has not been ridden since her death.

WHEN Nora returned to her room to prepare for the ride she received another surprise. A costume, complete from boots to hat, was laid out on the bed ready for her. When Wing Foo appeared in answer to her excited call the old Chinaman's face was so wrinkled in a golden smile that his eyes were only visible as two points of light. "And what magic is this, Wing?" she demanded, pointing to the things on the bed. "Is it a fairy you are, in disguise?"

"Me no sabe fairy—me catch um cios—you likee?"

"Sure man and you've saved my life—I'd have died entirely trying to get on that horse dressed like I am."

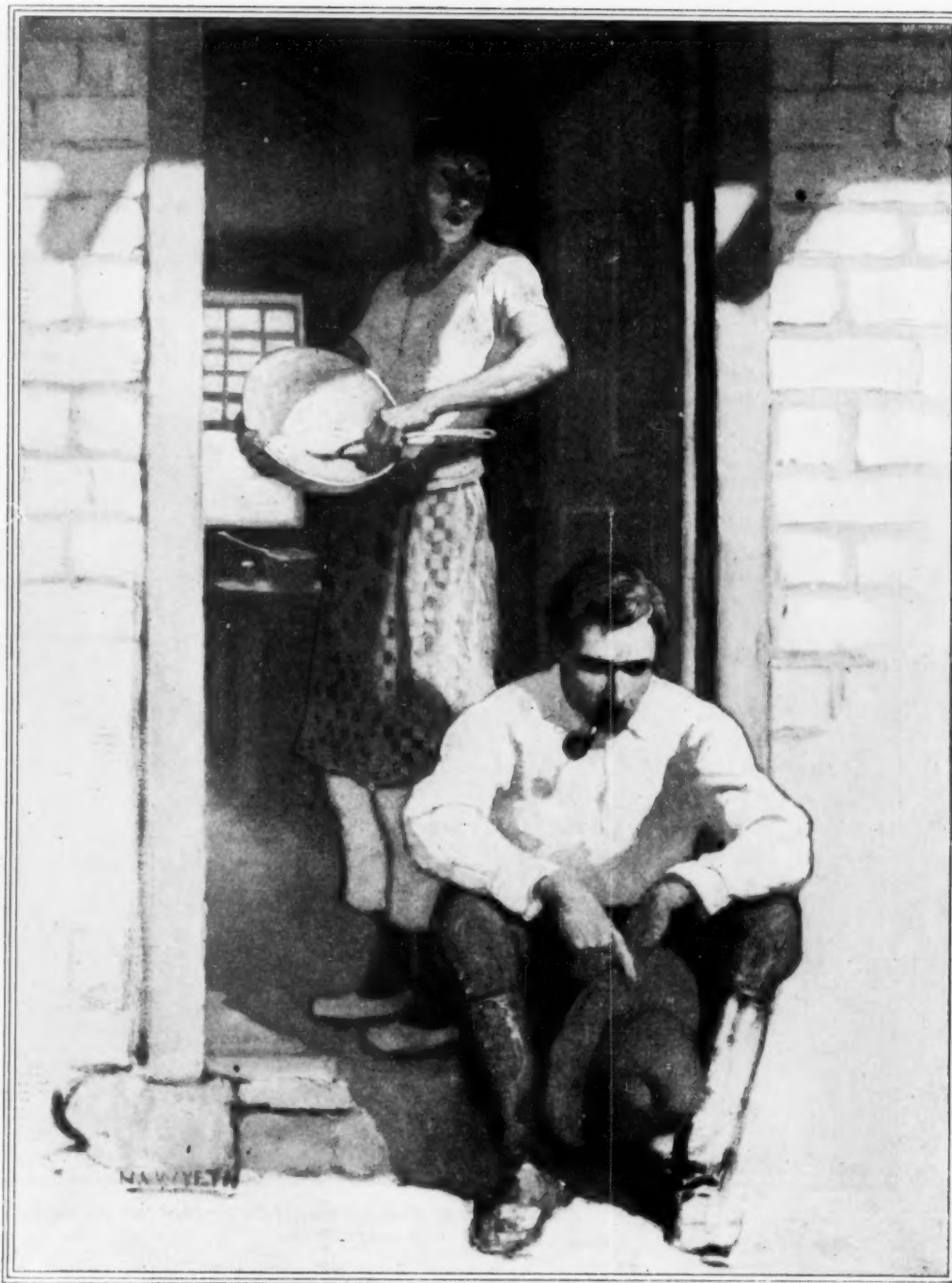
The old servant laughed. "Boss Big Bloy, him say 'Wing what do fo' Misse Nola cios to lide?' Me say 'long ttime go ol' missee she catch um cios fo' lady fiend clome stay Las Losas—you mind?' Boss Big Bloy, him say sure he mind. Me say 'ol' missee lady fiend, she go way no take um cios'. Boss Big Bloy, him find um cios, him tell Wing Foo take um cios for Misse Nola."

Pablo and Wing Foo were with Gray at the gate when Nora reappeared. As the Irish girl came toward them the vaquero crossed himself and whispered: "Mother of God! It ees La Señora herself come back to us." Reverently he showed the girl how to mount and assisted her into the saddle. Carefully he showed her how to hold the reins. And all the while he was assuring her that Sarco

understood, that he would go carefully and would take good care of her, that she need have no fears whatever.

As Nora and Gray rode away the Mexican and the Chinaman stood watching them. "By golly," said Pablo softly, "never did I hope to see a sight such as dis again before I die. Since the time of La Señora, La Señorita ees the only

their kinship. They needed only a definite, mutual interest to establish the bond. Sarco was so gentle and steady and moved with a step so sure and easy that the Irish girl's natural timidity soon vanished and she was free to enjoy to the full the beauty of the scenes and the exhilaration of the healthful exercise. And the man of books, much to his sur-



"Mr. Gray, who had been chatting with Wing Foo, offered to go along and help."

A Son of His Father

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "WHEN A MAN'S A MAN", "THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH", "THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH



woman for such a horse—and for such a woman there ees only Sarco. What you think, Wing—ees it the old days of Las Rosas come back to us?"

The old Chinaman answered with plaintive hopefulness: "Mebby so—no can tell—you clome long klitchen, Pablo, catch um littee bit dlink."

As they started toward the house, Holdbrook came out and stood on the veranda looking after the student and the girl. And Jim Holdbrook, as he stood there watching was moved by emotions which to him were new and strange. From the earliest years of his manhood this man, holding the creed that the chief end of man is to be amused and the only purpose of life is to gratify one's every desire, had looked upon women much as a hunter looks upon his game. He had considered his proposition to the Las Rosas men the evening of Nora's arrival a very sportsmanlike solution of their problem, and Morgan's prompt and vigorous rebuke had shocked him in more ways than one. But he had not for a moment thought of relinquishing his game because Morgan chose to act in a manner so brutally unsportsmanlike. Then the Irish girl, herself, had proven a revelation to him. He had missed no opportunity of being in her company, and had tried all his usually successful methods of approach, but with no sign of encouragement. The girl did not appear to be even aware of his efforts. He was puzzled. He told himself that he had never before met such a woman. With amazement he realized now that he was not angry because the girl he had asked to ride with him should choose to go with Gray. He was hurt. That was the thing which astounded him. He was hurt. And he was hurt, not because he was denied the pleasure of her company but because he felt in his heart that she was right to refuse him and accept Gray.

As for Gray and Nora, it was quite inevitable that they should, on their ride that morning lay the foundation for an enduring friendship. Already the student and the Irish girl had recognized—as such souls must—



prise, was soon forced to admit to himself that he, too, was enjoying the ride. Every step of his horse was carrying him back, as it were, to those glorious years when he, too, had been in love with life—and to those wonderful months of his boyhood when he had ridden amid the same scenes with Big Boy Morgan.

It was these memories that led him to tell Nora of an ancient ruin that stood not far from the house and after an hour's riding to suggest that they turn back and visit this scene of so many of his boyhood adventures. Dismounting, they soon explored all that remained of the ancient adobe structure and then seated themselves in the shadow of the crumbling walls to rest awhile before continuing their ride. It was easy for Gray to lead the Irish girl to talk of her home—of her father and mother—their poverty—their love—their dreams of America. Then came the story of the fulfillment, in part, of their dreams by Larry's coming to America—and then her mother's death. And now—now she herself was here. And because of what she believed he had done for those she loved and for her and, perhaps, because of something else of which the girl herself was not fully conscious, all that she told led to Big Boy Morgan.

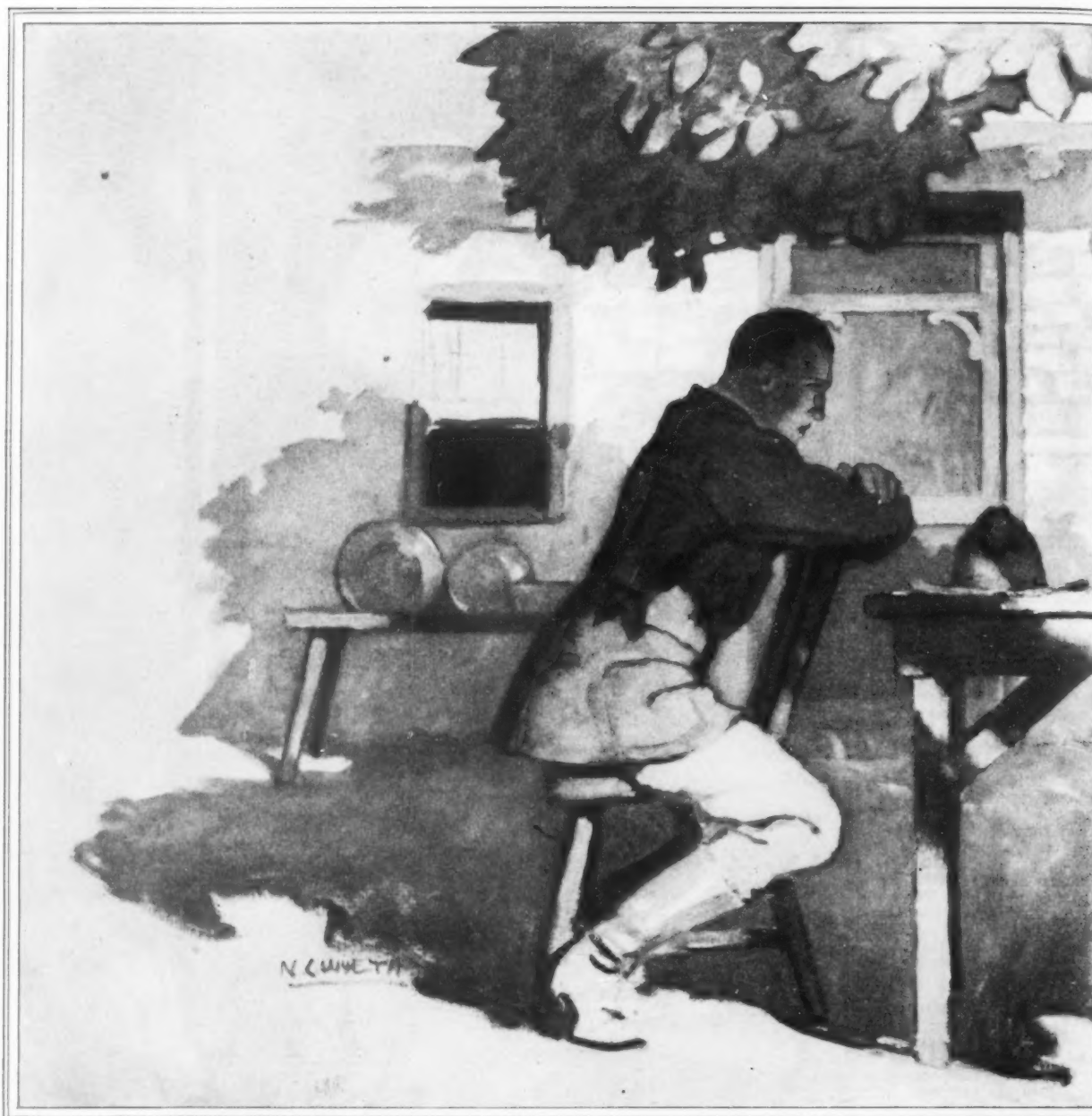
It was easy for Nora to move her companion to tell her of his family and home—a family that had taken no small part in the founding of her beloved America—a home that was very different from that poverty stricken home in Ireland. The magic of her appreciative understanding and sympathy broke down the last barrier of the man's aloofness and he talked to her as he had never talked to anyone, of the most intimate things of his life. And because of the memories awakened by their ride and their surroundings, his talk, too, led to Big Boy Morgan. And then, as they continued their ride, they saw on every side the things of which the young ranchman's life was made. The rolling sea of grassy hills, the blue and purple mountains, the valley with its quiet trees and peaceful meadows, the buildings and corals, the pond, the cattle and horses, the vast sky so deep and blue, the sunshine, the very air that was so pure and invigorating, it was all Jack Morgan's inheritance. In a deeper sense, it was Jack Morgan. The master of Las Rosas was as much the product of his birthright and environment as Jim Holdbrook was the creature of his world; as Charlie Gray was the product of his schools and libraries and institutions of art; as Nora O'Shea was the child of the love, devotion, service and sacrifice that had given life to her soul and character.

The man of books and the Irish girl were nearing the house when Nora asked: "Do you know what this business is that my brother Larry has gone to attend to for Mr. Morgan?" "No, not exactly—it is something about cattle, I suppose," returned Gray. "You know they sometimes bring herds across the line from Mexico," he added vaguely.

"And could it be that this trip of Larry's to wherever it is that he's gone has anything to do with Mr. Morgan's trouble?"

"I don't think so."
"Well, I wish Larry would hurry and come home, just the same," she said wistfully. "I'm that wild to see the boy 'tis hard to wait. And 'tis sure I am that Larry would know better than anyone of us what's the matter with Mr. Morgan. My brother told me often in his letters, do you see, how close they were."

Charlie Gray smothered a groan—God help Nora O'Shea when the disillusionment came! Could she—could any human heart—endure such a test? Wing Foo met them at the gate. Solemnly the old Chinaman said: "Holdbrook man him gone Alivaca—Boss Big Bley, him gone Tucson—no good, him go Tucson—niebby so play cards, dlink—niebby so make um dlunk—laise all kind Cain. Me catch um lunch now. . ."



“Do you mean that you do not care—that you do not hate and despise me? I have

Jake Zobetser was enjoying what he called a "play spell" with the baby when Cora appeared in the door between the living room and the office. "Look at him, Cora, look at that, would you?" He held the laughing, crowing infant at arms length. "See how he is already so fat and strong. Oh, but he is the big boy Zobetser. He is the one what will some day show these respectable fools what is power and what is wealth and what is respectability."

The woman answered with a nod of her head toward the office. "Come in here, Jake, I have something to tell you." "What is now the matter?" he growled. "Is it that I am not to have one little minute with my grandson but you bring to me some troubles, heh?"

But when she disappeared into the office, he gave the child to its nurse and followed her. "Well," he demanded as he closed the door behind him and stood glowering at her with heavy displeasure, "what is it now?"

She answered significantly: "Big Boy Morgan is in town."

"And that should worry me, I guess."

"It would, if you are as wise as you think you are," she retorted. "I saw Simpkins at the store a few minutes ago and he told me. He says Morgan knows that Larry O'Shea is at Black Canyon."

Zobetser laughed. "So at last he has found his Irishman, heh?"

"All right, laugh," she snapped, "but Simpkins says Big Boy has already had a drink or two and that you had better keep out of his way. You can do as you like, of course."

Zobetser shuffled hurriedly to the street door of the office. "I locked it when I came in," said the woman mockingly.

"Bah, we should be afraid of that fool," he returned, pacing the floor. "Simpkins shall look to it that there is a little party for him at Willie's

and before morning he will forget even his name. Have I not before seen men like him go like he is going? Always it is the same with such fools—they start so strong and they finish so good for nothing. Today they are giants who would step on me in the dust under their boots, tomorrow they are the worms that I step on with my boots."

"All the same, we ought never to have let that Irish girl go to Las Rosas."

"Always you are squawking," he retorted. "Did not the word come last night how all is well at Black Canyon? It is as I said it would be—those Las Rosas fools will never tell a girl like her about her brother. And the brother, he will not dare to let a sister like her know where he is."

"Have it your way, Jake, but you will see. She is bound to get in touch with Larry sooner or later and when she does—goodnight! Miss Nora O'Shea will frame a wild party for us, all right—all right."

The man raised his fat hands in a gesture of despair. "But what could we do with such a girl like that—I ask you?" "You should have sent her away—out of the country, so far that she could never get back."

The man nodded a gloomy assent, but even as he acknowledged the truth of her statement he said mournfully: "But, my dear, you forgot how good she was to my baby."

THE Chinaman's revelation of his Boss Big Boy's habits struck Nora with the force of a blow. At first she refused to believe it. But Charlie Gray's manner; the remarks of the cowboys when they came in, and, above all, Holdbrook's comments, forced her finally to accept the truth.

The Irish girl was not unfamiliar with the effects of such dissipations as these to which it now appeared the master of Las Rosas was given.





never known a woman like you. I have never believed that there were such women." ❧❧

From her earliest childhood she had heard of the young wastrels of the countryside—sons of gentlemen who had brought shame to their parents, dishonor to the family name and black disaster to themselves. Had she not watched and prayed and fought all the years of her girlhood to keep her own Larry boy safe? When the men of Las Rosas asked Nora to sing that evening she tried. But there was that in her songs which caused the cowboys to wonder and to keep very still. There were tears in the eyes of Charlie Gray, while Holdbrook felt again the stir of those emotions which to him were strange.

During the forenoon of the following day Holdbrook tried to make himself agreeable to the Irish girl, but soon gave it up. Gray, with better understanding, left her to herself. She worked among the roses for awhile and spent an hour at the corral with Sarco, but most of the time she was in her room. It was some time in the afternoon when she determined to go for a walk. A half mile or so from the ranch house and up the little valley from the big pond there was another watering place. This pond, not nearly so large as the one by the road, was in a small pasture that was used only for gentle, pure bred cattle, mares with colts, and by a few horses that for various reasons were entitled to that special privilege. The spot was so tucked away in a little hollow and so hidden by mesquite trees that there was little chance of a person, unfamiliar with the ranch, seeing it at all. Nora had been to the place twice with Charlie Gray, and Morgan had assured her that she would be perfectly safe in that particular pasture any time she chose to walk there. Because she wished, this afternoon, to be alone, with her thoughts, the quiet retreat appealed to her.

She had been there an hour or more, sitting under a tree at one end of the little dam. The gentle white faced Hereford cattle that

stood in the shallow pool or lay on the banks chewing their cud in calm contentment, accepted her presence with scarce a questioning look. Now and then a calf, all eyes and ears, would gaze at her wonderingly until, suddenly remembering that it was meal time, it would frisk away to its mild eyed mother and the ever ready refreshments. Wild doves came with soft mournful calls and killdeer wheeled with plaintive cries above the surface of the water, while in every tree and bush a variety of native birds twittered and chirped and sang. Then Nora heard the sound of horse's feet and Big Boy Morgan rode over the hill and down to the other end of the dam.

The young master of Las Rosas did not notice the girl who was watching him from the shadow of the mesquite tree. For some time he sat on his horse looking at the cattle but apparently with little interest, as though his thoughts were far away. Then he dismounted and, throwing the bridle reins over the horse's head, flung himself down on the bank and lay with his face buried in his arms. The Irish girl rose quietly to her feet and started to slip away without revealing her presence. She paused, stood for a moment irresolute, and then walked slowly across the dam toward the man on the ground. He heard her step and raising his head saw her coming toward him. A moment he gazed, as one seeing a vision, then he sprang to his feet, hat in hand. "Miss O'Shea!"

"You'll forgive me, sir, if my presence is an intrusion," she said with her winning frankness. "I was sitting over there under that tree when you came and, if you'll not mind me saying it, you looked so lonesome that I had not the heart to go and leave you alone as perhaps you're wishing I would."

"Shall we sit down?" he asked awkwardly. When they were seated he turned his face away and fixed his gaze upon some object at the

spell of her interest, and the magic of her sympathy, he told how El Rancho de Las Rosas had been won from the savage land and of his father's part in the larger affairs of the territory and state. And with this—forgetting for the moment how the Irish girl had come to Las Rosas—he told her the story of Jake Zobeter's Black Canyon, the man's thwarted ambitions, the character of his Black Canyon outfit, the war between the two ranches, and of the persistence of his father's powerful enemy.

She made no comment but led him on to tell of his father's plans for the future of the inheritance he had left to his son, and of the Arizona which he, the son of his father, was to have a part in building. "And when dad used to talk to me about the future of Las Rosas as we rode together over the ranch, I used to see it all as he did, and dream of how I would carry on the work as he had planned it. I could have gone into some other business or profession when I finished school but I chose the ranch because I loved it. Why, Miss O'Shea, I learned to swim right here in this little pond." His voice broke and for a few minutes he was silent. The Irish girl's face was radiant.

Presently he continued: "After father and mother died and left everything in my hands, things seemed to go all right for a time. Then—but there's no use talking about that," he finished abruptly. "What's done is done and it can't be helped."

"And that's not true at all, thanks be to God!" she cried indignantly. "If it was, this world would be a sorry place for sure. There's no one, sir, but spends half his life undoing the things he does in the other half—and most of us are so divided between hope and regret that we've no heart left to be enjoying what we have."

He smiled grimly as he rose to his feet. Without giving her an opportunity for another word he made a brusque excuse for leaving her, mounted his horse and [Turn to page 45]



edge of the water below them.

As she watched him a little smile stole over her face—much as a mother might smile upon a wayward son. "I know well," she said gently, "how there are times when one would rather be alone. I have been that way myself—as I was all this day, which is the reason for me being here, do you see? But I know, too, that sometimes because a man is wishful to be left to himself is the very reason why he should not be."

Big Boy fumbled with his hat as he muttered: "I had to go to town on business—was detained—just got back."

"If I may be so bold, sir, was your business successful?"

He faced her suddenly with a reckless toss of his head. "I guess you know about what my business was."

She smiled. "Look here, Miss O'Shea," he said defiantly, "I know just what sort of a fool I am to cut loose the way I've been doing the past few months but—well—there is a reason."

"Tis mortal sure I am that a man like you could have no natural love for that sort of thing," she returned gently.

His eyes thanked her and with marvelous tact she continued: "Twas wonderful of you, sir, to give me your mother's horse to ride, and her saddle, and the clothes. Pablo and Wing and Mr. Gray told me about your love for Sarco, and it all made me that happy—I can't begin to tell how proud and glad I am."

His reckless, defiant air vanished. "I wish you might have known my father and mother."

She was quick to see her advantage. "I shall always wish that I might, sir. Would you mind telling me about them?"

And so Big Boy Morgan's thoughts were drawn from the things of which he was ashamed and from whatever it was that drove him to such humiliating foolishness, and he talked of his pioneer parents—of their courage and fortitude and love, through those years when privations and hardships were common and death was always near. Under



YOUTH," announced Irmalee emphatically, reaching for a pink frosted cake from the tea table, "has been outplayed, overdone. It's as dead as last year's love and as peppy as a drink that has stood overnight. Youth simply eliminates its possessor from the running." She took a vicious bite from her cake and stared accusingly at her chum, Judith Stilmer. "Take my mother," Irmalee went on. "She's thirty-eight if she's a day. She doesn't swim and she doesn't ride. She doesn't flirt—much. She hasn't any line that I can discover. Yet everything that is masculine and worth while simply follows her around and doesn't even see the rest of us."

"She's darned good-looking, Irmalee."

"What of it? So am I, am I not? So are you. But let me tell you, Ju—and you might well know it yourself—you couldn't hold Ferdie one little half-hour if Mother wanted him. Do you know?"—speculatively—"I believe kissing was what spoiled our little game. It was too darned easy. Oh, it made an awful hit at first for a man to know that after the first ten minutes he could cuddle up a little ball of perfume and bobbed curls with a perfect art of looking innocent in a dress that began with a hint of two shoulder-straps and ended at the knees. Chances were he didn't even know her name. He could kiss most any girl. Great stuff! But it lost its kick. Perhaps there's no thrill to kissing a girl if you know you can do it so casually. I wonder."

"Oh well!" Judith shrugged her slender shoulders and glanced at the sparkling little watch that clasped her wrist.

"Just because you're teasing with Ferdie you think that proves something. I tell you, Ju, we're beaten—licked." Irmalee's voice had lost its mocking tone, it was very nearly serious. "For a couple of years we had everything our way. We out-smoked and out-drunk and out-danced and out-petted the rest of the world. We nabbed all the young chaps and we accumulated all the older ones. We didn't even stay off the married women's preserves. And now see what's being handed to us. And while I, for one, might resign like a good sport in favor of the rising generation—for I'd take off my hat to any of them who could live any speedier than we have—it's not so simple when every woman from thirty-five to fifty can turn the tables on us."

"We should worry." Judith lighted a cigarette with the dexterity of long practice and gave herself over to its lazy enjoyment. "They can't keep it up as long as we can. And if it's the devastating forties that charm—well, darling, they are losing them, and we still have them coming."

Irmalee shook her head. "That's all right to say, Judy, it's a cheerful thought. But what good is it going to do me to have Mother take the blinders off Shawn Kincora when she reaches fifty, when I want him now?"

"Shawn Kincora?" Judith's expertly carmined lips drew to a shrill whistle. "So there's something behind your remarks!"

Irmalee tossed her yellow curls defiantly. "There sure is. I'm mad about him." Her scarlet mouth quivered pathetically. "I've tried every trick in the bag, and I don't think he even knows I exist, except as Mother's background. I've dangled



Shawn Kincora stopped and stared—sitting beneath the tree was a girl

IRMALEE

and the

MID-VICTORIAN AGE

BY VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. E. HEITLAND

Which do our American men really prefer—the bold modern flapper, or the demure girl of yesteryear?

That is probably a question of more importance to us than the League of Nations or any of the great world issues. And here—in this poignant story of a love which did not run smoothly—is the most convincing answer that has yet been made. Read it, for you will surely find it, some day, a helpful memory—no matter whether you are mother, daughter, wife, or flapper.



myself in front of him. It's a crime, the chances I've given that man. I tell you he doesn't even see me. I could weep."

"Poor darling!" Judith lazily killed the spark in her cigarette and rose. "I guess you'll have to take your medicine. Age has a trick up her sleeve that Youth can't beat."

Irmalee tugged at a curl that tumbled down over her forehead. "I dunno." Then, with a flare of her old spirit—"But I can tell you one thing, old dear, little Irmalee isn't beaten by a long sight. Just you sit back and watch me from now on."

"Righto! Wish you luck." And kissing Irmalee affectionately, Judith bore her tall gracefulness off in search of tea—and Ferdie.

Alone, Irmalee curled up among the cushions, her chin pillowed in her hands, her eyes thoughtful. The murmur of voices floated up from the green stretches of lawn beneath the window, and quickly, with sharpened interest, she twisted into a position that commanded a view of the garden. Her mother and Shawn Kincora were coming up the terrace steps. Irmalee's eyes rested on her mother appreciatively.

"Ah! Judy is right, you are very lovely. Softness is your forte, and gentleness. That pale gray gown was wise, and the amethysts against your brown hair. All your lines are long and graceful,—very modern, though. You are the gracious lady—the great lady. I believe if I so much as hinted about Shawn you'd relinquish him, even force him upon me, and that of course would only bind him to you all the firmer."

Her eyes strayed to Shawn Kincora—Shawn Kincora who dominated every circle that he entered. For, if there is one thing more intriguing than an Irishman with all the romance of the world lying in the gray of his eyes and on the soft burr of his tongue, that one thing is an Irishman who has been reared and trained and schooled in the manner of an English gentleman. And that Shawn Kincora's engaging personality should have as a background numerous millions, did nothing to lessen his charm.

"He's quiet," mused Irmalee, "and mostly bored-looking, and as conventional at first sight as a golden wedding. But, doggone it, he's Irish. And there are fires waiting to be lighted in those gray eyes, and the words slip over his tongue like a wind in the leaves, and all the Oxford in the world hasn't been able to wipe away that entrancing twist to his words nor the whisper of the brogue in their saying. And look at the name of the man, Shawn Kincora! There's the charm of that little Green Island all over it, and it sings in your heart like an enchantment."

Swiftly, with a little sigh, she rose, and walking over to the big mirror that hung in the far end of the room, took careful stock of the girl it revealed to her. This is what she saw. A girl, with youth quite

definitely resting upon her, neither tall nor short—"heart-high," the Irish would have called her—a mass of yellow curls bobbed after the mode of the flapper and brushed down sleekly to her head, only to fan out in lustrous masses around her face and the nape of her slender throat; narrow eyebrows, frankly penciled; wide open, cloudily blue eyes frilled around with the blackest of lashes (whose blackness,

as a matter of fact, was a genuine freak of nature, though that seemed unbelievable, so artificial was the rest of her face; cheeks brightly dusted with rose; a straight little nose and a mouth as flamingly painted as the mouth of any little Geisha girl.

"I'll do it," she murmured. "We've quite finished with you, my dear," she told the girl in the mirror. "While you lasted you were quite the perfect jazz girl, I grant you. I think—yes, I'm almost sure—your type will be Mid-Victorian. I'm a bit hazy on what Victorian really means, but I seem to have caught a drift of it lately. I believe it's the right hunch."

APRIL tripped her way out of the calendar, and May floated into her place—a May bridal-white with cherry blooms, and heaven-sweet with lilac, and tuneful with the nesting song of orioles. Who shall say what spell she laid on the heart of that impressionable young Irishman, Shawn Kincora, to lure him, late one afternoon, away from the chattering group about Myra Wayne's tea table, down the little hedged path that led from the formal garden to the rustic fruit orchard some three hundred yards behind the house.

Suddenly Shawn Kincora stopped, and frankly stared, and blinked his eyes, and stared and stared again. He glanced back at the garden scene behind him. Indeed, it was all quite as he had left it. He turned back to the orchard and looked again. No, he was not dreaming. There, sitting on the grass beneath the tree—was a girl. A girl. But such a girl as Shawn had never encountered in all the days of his eventful young life. He could not see her face. The big, drooping hat with its burden of pink roses and its long velvet streamers completely hid her. But he noted with delight the soft, filmy blue frock that she wore—just such a frock as might have been worn by his great grandmother when she was a girl. It billowed about this girl's tiny slenderness so wide and so full and so very long that it hid even the veriest tip of her toes. She was giving her entire attention to the contents of a small brown leather book.

Shawn hesitated—then advanced, smiling down at her.

The book dropped swiftly and the wide, rose-laden hat lifted until Shawn could glimpse the face beneath it. His eyes widened in astonishment. Such eyes as the child had—hydrangea-blue. And the soft whiteness of that pointed face! The delicacy of her pink lips! Shawn had not seen any but scarlet lips for several years. He realized suddenly how appealing pink ones could be. Then, under his intent gaze the girl flushed, and the pink lips curled into a shy smile.

"Oh—and it is Mr. Kincora." Her voice was soft—so soft—and her laugh was like a little running song.

Shawn started, coming a step nearer. "Why, yes—it is," he stammered. "But how—that is—what—What I mean to say is, I'm certain that I know you—there's a feeling that I do—and yet if I ever did, 'tis hardly likely I'd forget it." So confused was he that he had to smile at himself. So long was it since Shawn Kincora had been in the least confused before a woman.

"Why, I'm Irmalee Wayne." She seemed a little hurt that he had not remembered her.

"Of course, it's little Miss Irmalee. But when, now, did you become such a grown-up young person?"

He was about to drop down beside her on the grass when a look in her blue eyes—a proud little look—halted him. "May I?" He glanced at the place beside her.

"I would like you to," she gave shy and gracious permission.

She sat there so quietly looking out over the tall green orchard grass. She was so silent—a silence that Shawn Kincora took to be the result of indifference—that his interest was piqued. He was not one to expect indifference from a woman. But still he waited a moment before speaking, a moment in which to look more closely at her; at the serene repose of that little pointed face, and the appeal of the quaint, blue gown.

Idly reaching out a hand towards the book she had been reading, he queried, "And do you go in for the new poetry? Or is it psycho-analysis? 'Tis marvelous what the young will consume these days." Then, with surprise—"Tennyson! my word, Miss Irmalee, is there no limit to the surprises that you give a man? I wasn't prepared for *this*, I'm sure!"

A gleam of mischief sparkled in the blue eyes, the pink lips parted saucily as though for a pert rejoinder, then drew as swiftly to a serious bow. "Maybe you don't know very much about the now-a-days girls, Mr. Kincora," she murmured sweetly.

He shook his head. "So I'm thinkin' somebody's bewitched—you or I, Miss Irmalee. Tell me, now, do you really read this sort of thing?" He pointed to the book half seriously.

"Not all of it," she confessed. "There are only parts that I like. And one little bit that I really love."

O shameless Irmalee! You quite failed to add that until that very afternoon you had been entirely unaware of Tennyson's great charm; that it was only by chance, and for the artistic effect of the brown leather cover, that you carried that particular volume into the garden; or that—most astounding fact of all—having opened at random to a page that caught your fancy, you had read on and on, enslaved by a newly discovered beauty.

"May I read it—that one little bit that you love? I'd ask you to, but the courage has left me. You can't push a dream too far, and I'm still fearin' lest you vanish quite away and leave in your place some up-to-date young person who will ask me for a cigarette or offer me a drink from her pocket flask."

The blue eyes that lifted to his were round with horror. "Surely you aren't talking about nice girls, Mr. Kincora. Not about *ladies*." The pink lips pursed in disapproval.

Heavens! By mentioning such things in the presence of this dainty scrap of femininity, had he trespassed irrevocably beyond the bounds of good taste? "I was not," he hastened to assure her. "Not about ladies. And now will you not read the little verses to me?"

Irmalee hesitated. Then, demurely, she opened the little brown book and her voice was very low and sweet as she read:

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear—"



From the first moment there had been no doubt, to judge by the welcome accorded her by the men present, of her success. They gathered about her for tea in the late afternoons, and they flocked to her side in the evenings. And she flirted with them most audaciously.



Gone was the Irmalee of the quaint mid-Victorian frocks and fans and furbelows. This ultra-modern person who had displaced her reached into her bag, taking out a jeweled cigarette case. Remarking, "Guess you'll prefer your own," she slipped a cigarette between her scarlet lips

Irmalee paused. "Ah, it is a very sad little poem. Do you really want to hear it?"

Shawn Kincora was almost past speaking now, but his eyes answered in the affirmative, and she continued:

"She is coming, my life, my fate:
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

Suddenly, his little lady rose. "Ah, but you're never goin'?" Shawn was little used to having women leave him thus abruptly. It made him uncomfortable.

"I'm tired."

He wanted to beg her to stay. He longed to bar the path that led back to the house. Never had he feared to lose anything as he now feared to lose this entrancing creature—half-child, half-woman, and wholly adorable—who at that very moment was slipping the tiniest of pink satin slippers out from the hem of the blue frock that swept the grass.

"Won't you come into the garden and let me give you some tea? It's very nice tea." He threw her his coaxing Irish smile.

But she shook her head quite gravely. "Oh, no, I don't like tea, you see. I shall go up to my room, and there I shall open the windows so that the white jasmine may come in, and I shall drink a tall glass of cream and perhaps I shall eat some strawberries dipped in sugar. And then I shall—"

Shawn's head whirled. What manner of girl was this? Cream and jasmine blossoms? He took a step toward her. "But you'll come down this evenin'?" All the pleading of the Irish heart of him was in his voice.

Irmalee! Irmalee! back in the jazz days men had never pleaded with you thus!

"No, I shall not come down later—yet perhaps, oh, just perhaps, I might walk out into my garden for a little while."

"And when you do,"—he laughed happily,—"I shall be waitin' out in the little garden. And perhaps you'll let me share a bit of my moon with you?"

The dinner hour was past, and the group in Myra Wayne's drawing-room was rearranging itself preparatory to the second rubber when Shawn Kincora who for the first time in his life had proved an unresponsive companion, evinced signs of restlessness. He excused himself and went into the garden, his heart beating in a most unaccustomed manner.

In spite of what she had said, he had fully expected that Irmalee would join them in the drawing room after dinner. It was not his experience that the girls of today preferred the solitude of their boudoirs to the companionship of young men so frankly anxious to see them.

Now with the moon already slipping up over the tips of the cypress trees that sentineled the formal garden, he waited on, reluctant to admit even to himself, his perplexity about her. Hungrily his eyes scanned the dark house wall for a jasmine-hung casement, and his feet kicked impatiently at the pebbles in the path.

Ah! Something stirred softly in the darkness; somewhere a window creaked; the moon sailed free of the cypress trees, flooding the house wall with silver light. And up in her window stood Irmalee! The moon caught with little glinting sparks of light her cloth-of-silver bodice and the gleaming flowers in her hair. The silver lace that billowed out below her slender waist glittered like tiny, darting shafts of star-light. She leaned out over the casement, a fairy princess made of silver and white jasmine-flowers, of moon-beams and moon-madness. So Shawn saw her, and all the romance of his Irish heart leaped to his eyes, and throbbed in the words he called up to her:

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late!'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

But even as he spoke she vanished from the window. Was she displeased with him, then, his white-and-silver princess? In dismay Shawn turned and walked back toward the terrace and the open, brightly lighted drawing-room windows. Then there fell a touch on his arm, so light, so soft, so white it might have been the fingers of the moon-maiden herself. At his elbow stood Irmalee—her curls a haloed mist, and her mouth a little three-cornered pucker of laughter, and her eyes blazing blue sparks of excitement.

"But do you walk away when you have been saying verses to a lady's window?" She laughed softly. "And so you were very angry, Mr. Kincora? You thought that no one cared for even a tiny little piece of your moon?"

Shawn put out a finger. "Are you, by any chance, real—"

you small, white gleam of silver?"

"Very, very real," she nodded. "See!"—and held out one hand to him.

How swiftly did Shawn Kincora make himself master of that wee, cool, white hand; how tenderly he held it as he drew her over to the wide stone bench beneath the cypress trees.

And there they sat, and talked—as many a man and maid have talked since moons were new, for all the world as if they had never heard of jazz girls and cynical young men, but had been brought up from babyhood in a world of romance. And as they talked, the moon swung higher and higher over the cypress trees, and the Mid-Victorian frock worked its white magic on the heart of Shawn Kincora.

It was Irmalee who finally rose. Shawn caught one of the silver ribbons of her dress. "But wait! Need you go? It is early yet. There has never been anything half so wonderful—talkin' like this with you. For you're like everything in the world a man dreams of."

In the moonlight her smile showed a faint wistfulness. "Oh, no! Please—I'm not wonderful at all. But I've enjoyed it very much. You have a nice taste in moons. Now I shall go, and you may make your peace with Mother."

Shawn threw out a protesting hand. "And what would I be wantin' with peace? Faith, I think you've destroyed mine completely. But when am I to see you again? Tomorrow, like the ill-fated day that it is, takes me off on business and I'll not be back for a month!"

"And will anyone steal me in a short month? I think not." He eyed her moodily. "You don't know the temptation it would be. Neither is a month short. But you do not seem to mind it much, whether I go or stay."

"Mind? And why then should I? Are you not coming back?" He leaned toward her eagerly. "Do you want me to come back, Irmalee? Or are you such an eerie thing of dreams and moonlight that you don't care what a man does?"

Swiftly she pulled the silver ribbon from his fingers, and swiftly she ran over the grass toward the house. But on the brink of the circle of moonlight she paused, and cried, "Yes! No!" Another stream of silver and she was gone—leaving him to read her reply as best he might.

By Monday afternoon the entire Wayne household had been introduced to the new Irmalee, and serenely, enchantingly, she was moving in and out among Myra's friends, an arresting little figure in her quaint, billowing frocks, and broad-brimmed,

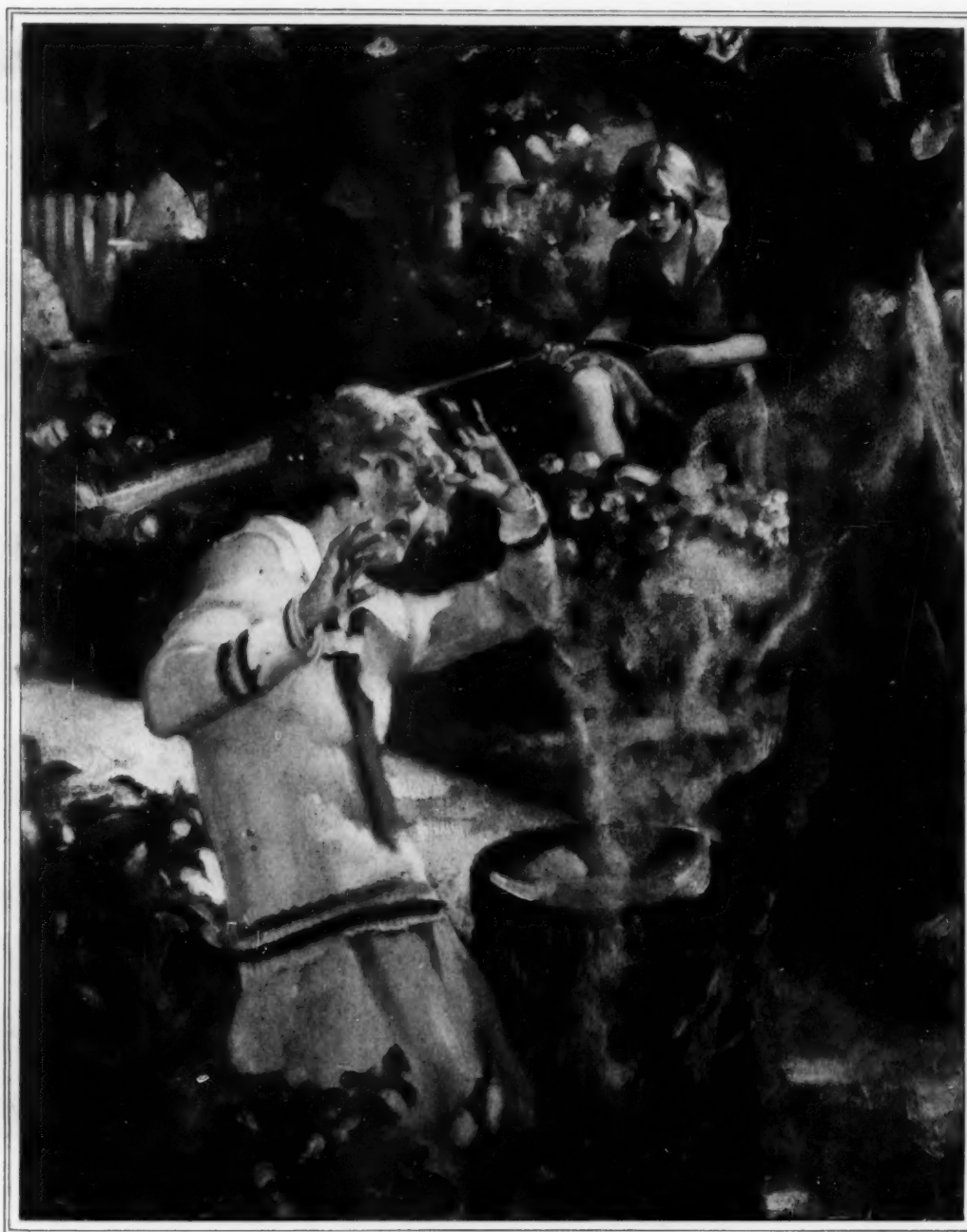
[Turn to page 61]

The Keeper Of The Bees

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG",
"THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS



"You ain't a-goin' to burn up those papers! If you do, I'll hit you with this hose!"



JAMIE Mac FARLANE, a patient at one of the hospitals for disabled veterans of the Great War, overhears the doctors say that his case was hopeless. Determined, then, to seek health in his own way, he runs away. In his journey he passes the home of the Bee Master, and is halted by a cry for help; and he enters and renders what aid he can. Having no other plans, he remains to care for the bees and other property of the Bee Master, when the kindly old man is taken to the hospital. In this, he is assisted by a neighbor, Margaret Cameron, and by the little Scout Master, a child whom the Bee Master loves, and who helps him with the bees.

One stormy night, when Jamie is out on the cliffs, he finds a weeping woman, who, when he asks what help he can render, asks him to marry her that she may have an honorable name for her unborn child. Jamie, believing his own days to be numbered, agrees, and a quiet wedding takes place the next day, the girl going her own way immediately after.

The Bee Master dies, leaving his property to Jamie and to the little Scout Master, and together they continue its care. With Jamie's improving health, his thoughts dwell more and more on his strange wife, and her possible need of him. Unexpectedly, he has a call to come to the hospital where he is told his son has been born and his wife is dying. He goes—and finds that the dying girl is *not* the girl he married. He takes the baby, however, relying on Margaret Cameron to care for him; but when he finds her gone away on a trip, he turns to the Scout Master's mother for help.

and trifling feminine adornments. He slammed the package down and pushed it back and dropped some of his clothing on top of it and shut the drawer.

Then he went back to the bed and carefully repacked the baby clothes. Even to Jamie's unpracticed eyes they seemed to be fine, carefully made, lovingly fashioned. He looked long and intently at the baby. He did not remind him of anyone.

In an unbelievably short time a sport model automobile swung round the corner. The little Scout hopped off the running board and opened the door and there stepped down a woman who seemed to Jamie a radiant picture of wholesome health.

"Mom, this is Jamie!" Jamie made his best bow and stood for inspection. He got it. Careful, incisive, but not offensively long. Then a firm hand was held out to him.

"I've been intending to come for some time," said the mellow voice that Jamie recognized as one he had frequently heard over the telephone. "I think I took it for granted that any one the Bee Master would leave in charge here would be all right, and so I haven't gotten around to make friends as I should, have done."

It happened that Jamie's eyes were on the face of the little Scout when the expression was used and he saw the deep breath of satisfaction that swept from the lips of the child. Then past him hurried the woman that the little Scout had called "Mom." She dropped on her knees before the davenport. She turned back the blanket and laughed softly. The face she lifted to Jamie was beautiful, the face of a woman fashioned for motherhood.

"I am sorry," she said, "if your baby has cost his mother

JAMIE replaced the blanket over the face of the sleeping baby, picked up the suitcase and opened it. He removed all sorts of queer soft garments, and when in the bottom of the suitcase he came across a package, he pulled it open enough to see that it contained strings of beads and bracelets

her life. But I must congratulate you on the baby himself. He is really a beautiful child!" The pair of deft hands slipped under the baby and lifted it, and the mother who had it in her heart to be a mother to all babies that needed her, sat down in the Bee Master's chair, its first occupant since his going, and lifted the baby and held it against her breast and to her face and laughed to it and said sweet little words of utter nonsense, and praised it and cuddled it up, and then paused and looked at Jamie.

"You will have something of your very own to work for now," she said, then rose, taking the baby in her arms. Jamie felt something of a hypocrite, but he assented quietly.

"I can't drive and hold the baby, too," said Mrs. Meredith.

The little Scout held eager arms. "I can hold him! I can hold him adzactly like you do and keep the face cloth down.

no matter who was his mother. And as for that little mother herself, with that unexpected and wonderful laughter on her lips stepping across the boundary to meet her Maker,— Before he knew what he was doing, Jamie was on his knees. His hands were clasped, his face was lifted and he was praying.

Later when he wondered what the name of the baby's mother was it occurred to him that he had a way of finding out. The first time he was in the city he could go to the marriage license bureau and ask to see the records. He could find out what name the Storm Woman had written in to fit with Alice Louise. When his thoughts reached the Storm Woman they immediately grew chaotic. Exactly why, he had not as yet time to sanely figure out. He had the feeling that he had been made a dupe of, that he had been a good deal of a fool, and yet he knew that feeling

girl who had happened to appeal to him in distress the benefit of his name and what protection he could offer her. It would not have made any difference who the girl was when her needs were so very great. It was just that he had gone to the hospital and had raced to the room expecting to kneel beside the bed and take the hand of the Storm Girl in his and fight for her life in a fight that some way he felt certain he could win. When he had seen a strange face the shock had been so great that he had sat down tamely and submitted to what the doctors and the nurse had said was inevitable without even making the beginning of the fight he had meant to wage for the woman he had thought he was going to see.

IF the little Scout had not been taking a share of responsibility for the new baby, very likely the thing that hap-



The Scout Master stared in amazement. "Hello, Kiddo," said the young person. "You're sure my luck! Take this dime and run to the nearest grocery and get me a bottle of milk, and when you bring it back, I'll give you a nickel for going."

I want to hold him! He is just as nice as our own baby!" Jamie smiled quizzically. "And if Fat Ole Bill and the Nice Child and Angel Face come trooping down the street and see you holding a baby—"

"Now you look here," broke in the little Scout. "Fat Ole Bill and the Angel and the whole bunch can just fry in their own fat! Anybody that's got any objections to anybody else holdin' a little bit of a new baby that ain't got any mother, can have the best lickin' I've got in my system! Step on the gas, Mom, and let's get home before he cries."

Jamie went back inside the house and sat down. He tried to think constructively, reasonably, humanely. Such an unexpected experience, such a startling experience, such a pitiful experience, he had not bargained for in his Adventure.

"There is one thing about this experience that is dead sure," he said at last. "So long as there is blood in my veins and marrow in my bones, there is not going to be any taint of shame attached to this baby. He is going to have his chance,

was not fair. The girl had not asked him for anything. He had put up as strong a case of special pleading as he knew how to build before she had told him in a few brief words exactly what it was that she needed. Wherein Jamie felt aggrieved, was that she had not told the truth. She had let him believe that the offer he had made and which she had accepted was on her own behalf. This morning had proven that she had used him not to serve her own needs, but those of another woman. Jamie realized that he would have done what she wanted. In that storm, facing his own reckoning so shortly, as he had felt at that time that he was facing it, he would have given any

opened during this period never would have happened to Jamie. To begin with, Jamie had not as yet been able to reconcile himself to the fact that he owned an acre of California ground and a house beautifully furnished, with the exception of one room. He had not been able to take it in that a world of flowers, an orchard of fruit trees, a garden of vegetables, and a long row of hives of bees yielding the most delicious of honey,—he had not been able to realize that the most attractive small house he had ever seen and half of the Sierra Madre Apiary were his. He had not been able to bring himself to feel that it was either just or right that it should be his.

In the absence of Margaret Cameron he was cleaning house. He was sweeping the entrance porch when a taxi stopped before the door. A very smartly dressed young woman stepped from it and verified the house number. She looked over the premises with approving eyes. Then with a smile of assurance that was almost too assured for the best degree of breeding, she inquired: "I am not mistaken

in thinking that this is the residence of Mr. Michael Worthington, am I?" Jamie shook his head.

"I think," said the young lady confidently, "that I could have selected Papa's house from any on this street. It looks so exactly like him."

"Am I to understand," asked Jamie, "that you are a daughter of the Bee Master?"

"I am not only a daughter," she said, "but I am his whole family."

"I had understood from the Bee Master," he said "that both his wife and daughter were dead."

"I don't know much about his first marriage. Of course, his first wife was dead before he married Mama, and I think they did have a child. But, of course, that was long before I was born. And I might as well tell you, if you are in charge here, that Mama and Papa never could agree. They were always having difficulties and at last she was forced to secure a divorce. She could not live with a man so irritable and exacting, a man who never wanted to do anything but drone over a book. I didn't blame her a bit. After she got the divorce, Papa went somewhere. She never knew. He did not communicate with us directly. His lawyer sent the money for my support, and I suppose it is to him that I shall have to appeal to secure the property which rightfully belongs to me as his only child, his only living heir."

"Has nobody told you,"

asked Jamie, "that the Bee Master left a will in which he bequeathed this property to a partner he has had for a period of several years, and to me?"

The young lady laughed pleasantly. "There was a rumour. Somebody said something about there being no effects—possibly a letter from a nurse at the hospital where Papa died—but, of course, when people here know that I am Miss Worthington and Papa's only child, there isn't going to be any question as to whom the place rightfully belongs." Jamie looked very hard at her. He could see no reason why he should not believe what she said, but she did not in any way resemble the Bee Master, not in mannerism, not in speech, not in the shaping of the hands or feet, not in facial formation or expression. At the same time, if she carried with her credentials to prove her claim, it was nothing more than he had expected. He said: "If you furnish proof that the Bee Master was your father and that you have a legal claim to this property, there is no contesting the fact that it is yours. What you will have to do is to show your proof, establish your identity and make your claims convincing to the Probate Court of this county. In case you can do this, the property is yours. In the meantime, it is standing on the records in my name and in the name of the Master's partner, and I am in charge here and am going to remain in charge until your claims are substantiated."

"And where," cried the young lady, "am I going to remain? If I have to go into court it may require weeks or months, and I had barely enough funds to bring me here. The allowance Papa made me never was half what it should have been."

"I know nothing about that," said Jamie. "But I do know that the value in the bees and the trees and the flowers of this property depends upon the bees being watched. I do not propose, for the sake of the Bee Master's partner, who is now mine, or for my own sake, to step out and leave the place to the care of a stranger."

Then the first really ugly streak showed in the disposition of the young woman. She laughed disagreeably. "Well, there will be no question about your stepping out," she said, "and about your stepping very speedily. There is not a court in the world that would cut off an only child, and leave a man's property to almost a perfect stranger. And since this house is Papa's, I think I have every right to remain here." She turned toward the street and beckoned to the taxi man.

"Bring my trunk and bags," she ordered.

The taxi driver shouldered a small steamer trunk, carried it into the house and set it in the middle of the living room, placing upon it a suitcase and a dressing bag. He was paid for his services and drove away, and the strange young woman with a very determined countenance took off her hat and looked around.

Jamie was worsted in the first round. He should not have allowed her to come in the house. He should not have permitted the taxi driver to leave the trunk. But she had said that she had very insufficient funds; there was a possibility that a judge might admit her claims; whatever Jamie did or did not do, he had to be a gentleman. He thought swiftly and he thought correctly. He thought: "Margaret Cameron is away. If she were here in this emergency, she

As Jamie worked, this same interloper came down through the garden on a tour of observation. Jamie watched her advancing toward him down the back walk and the first thought that came to him as she was sharply delineated in a patch of sunlight was: "She looks hard." Persistently he went on with his work. The girl was now within a few yards of him. She stopped and studied him intently.

"I've been thinking," she said, "I prefer that you leave me in undisputed possession."

Jamie looked at her and smiled. "Don't you think," he said, "that you are asking a good deal of human nature? I've been caring for this place for quite a while now; I've been thinking it was my own. You are confiding to an unusual degree if you think I am going to walk out and turn over property that stands on the records in my name without having seen any proof you have to offer. Do you mean that if you came into possession of this property you would live here, you would make your home here?"

The young lady glanced around her. Jamie's credulity irritated her. "What kind of a back number are you?" she asked. "What would a girl, just when she has a right to have a good time, want to be marooned in a place like this for? If there is anything I am afraid of it's a bee. If there's anything I hate it's a mountain. If there's anything I hate worse than a mountain it's the sea. If there is anything I can't abide for a few hours at a stretch it is such stillness as this, such deadening, sickening silence. Does anything ever happen here?"

"Yes," said Jamie, "you came, and the bees are beginning to swarm. There's fruit to be picked, sprinkling, hoeing and cleaning—more work than any one man can do."

"In other words," said the young woman, "you are proposing to stay here and keep an eye on me."

"You said that," said Jamie. "What I said was that I was proposing to stay here to take care of the property."

"I'm not such a fool that I don't know why you will not go," said the woman.

"Draw your own conclusions," answered Jamie.

"This side of the garden needs watering today." And he quietly went on with his work.

The young woman stood still a minute and then she said: "I want the keys to the chest Papa always kept his papers in. Undoubtedly there are things there that will help me to establish my interests."

"Tell that to the Probate Judge," said Jamie. "If he wants that chest unlocked and the papers in it turned over to you, he will send a clerk to go through them with you." The voice that sometimes talked to him inside himself said to him: "Now she doesn't like that. She doesn't want any one present when that chest is opened. She doesn't want a record made of those papers. She doesn't like the idea of asking the Probate Judge to send a man to go through them with her."

Jamie immediately attached another length of hose and drew his work up the hill until he was opposite the window that gave the best view on the living room.

In this manner, time went on. Jamie had occupied Margaret's house and kept his eye on the young person for two days and he was fairly well tired out when the young lady passed Margaret Cameron's garden where he was working and he watched her take the trolley for the city. A little later he heard the light padding of beach shoes behind him and turned to face the little Scout.

"How's everything at your end of the line?" asked Jamie.

"Fine!" said the little Scout. "He's going to be an awful nice baby. Mother's crazy over him. She says it's an awful pity that any baby should have to lose its mother because a baby, when it's a little thing like that, gets more from its mother than just milk. She says it gets a steady stream of love. Oh, I say, what's the matter?" The little Scout stopped and Jamie was conscious of the fact that he was being subjected to sharp scrutiny.

Jamie thought swiftly. "You are all right, little Scout," he said. "I was worried last night and I didn't sleep well. I was kind of keeping watch over our place and Margaret's."

"Isn't Margaret back yet? Things look all shut up," observed the Scout Master.

"I imagine she's gone into the city to have a vacation visit with Molly," said Jamie. "I'm taking care of things for her while she is gone."

"I guess I'll go over and take a look at my property," said the Scout Master.

[Turn to page 55]



Jamie immediately attached another length of hose and drew his work up the hill until he was opposite the window that gave the best view of the living room.

would give me a room. She would let me sleep in the bed that belonged to her nephew, and since I know positively that this is what she would do, why shouldn't I climb in her back window and take possession?" So Jamie went into the bed room and gathered up his clothing and other personal effects, and the package containing the personal belongings of Alice Louise. He made them all into a bundle and went down the walk, through the side gate, and established himself in the room that he felt certain had belonged to Margaret Cameron's nephew.

It occurred to him that the first thing he should do was to call Mr. Meredith and let him take what action he chose in his child's interest. So he went to the telephone and asked for Mr. Meredith. He was told that he was out of town and would be away for a week or ten days. Right there Jamie hesitated. He could take care of his little partner's interests in the same manner as he would his own. He could see that legal action was taken and report it when the time came. There was no necessity for setting Mrs. Meredith and the little Scout to worrying. So Jamie hung up the receiver without saying that at that minute the apiary was in the hands of an interloper.



The Story of Woman Through the Ages

BY W. L. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND BLOOMING", AND
"THE CONFESSION OF URSULA TRENT", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

TO harbor illusions as to the position of women today, is easy. If we compare this position with what it was in London or Boston fifty years ago, we naturally say that it has been revolutionized. And still more are we convinced of a great change when we glance at Puritan life. A small white community, separated from Europe by six weeks sailing, and confronted with hordes of savages, must have a hard rule if it is to keep together. The Puritans lived bitterly, but on the whole cleanly, honorably, independently; it is they who made America, not the crowds of British, Italians, Germans, Swedes, and Poles who came behind. But the reader will realize the agonizing position of woman under Puritanism, for she was refused the elegance and gaiety natural to her temperament; no doubt the Puritan girl broke through, or schemed through, but on the whole she was oppressed. Under Puritanism woman was given justice, but she was never given mercy.

The reader must realize that not only in medicine was the eighteenth century still uncivilized. Not only did the barber remove teeth by means of a key in the shape of a corkscrew, but the middle eighteenth century had nothing that makes life so easy today; no steam, therefore no railways or steamboats; no glass windows, no means of ventilation, no sewer, no pure water; there was no telegraph, no telephone, no machine for making nails or pins; spinning and weaving—all this was done by hand. The housewife made her own beer and wine, her butter and her bread. If she was well, she was overworked. If she was sick, people gave her beer during fever, performed operations without chloroform, and tied up the wound with a kitchen duster. As she grew older, she lost most of her teeth; almost invariably she had rheumatism. There were no bathrooms, which explains why the eighteenth century developed perfume to a high degree. Kings with a spittoon between their knees would give audience to ladies of the Court.

As in the seventeenth century there was intense brutality of life. A woman of quality had the same rights as two hundred years before, and was not generally forced into marriage; but she was often abducted for her fortune. A poor woman could be publicly whipped, or stood in the pillory. She could obtain no redress from her husband, who was entitled to beat her.

But on the other hand we have the charming picture of the life of Martha Custis, who became the wife of George Washington. In his book on the hero, Professor James A. Harrison makes a charming picture of Martha Washington at twenty-six. She is beautiful, a high-bred Virginian, "rich in the heart and soul, rather than the intellect and understanding." She is a typical American lady of the eighteenth century, charming, high-spirited, not exactly a grande dame, but essentially a good housekeeper, an early riser, given to carrying her knitting about the house. She is plainly dressed, attends to the kitchen and laundry; every day she devotes an hour to prayer and the Scriptures. But Martha Washington was no Puritan; she was sociable, rather hot-tempered,

fond of pretty clothes. She lived with George Washington the ideal life of the old plantations, but was always ready to follow him throughout the Revolution; she joined him in winter quarters at Morristown, and was with him at Valley Forge. Martha Washington represents a beautiful type, intelligent and modest, devoted and full of gaiety. But women of her day were in general still considered inferior. Today in America, Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia,

Russia, and others, woman has been approximately equalized with man. There exist differences between the systems of these various countries, for in some women have not yet full political power, while in others they may not fill this function or that. But, on the whole in America and a large part of Europe, woman is given more or less share in government; she may practise the law, medicine, pharmacy, accountancy, architecture; she has entered business on a moderate scale, and a certain number of important positions are in her hands. But we must recall that a large proportion of the world is, from woman's point of view, in a state of darkness. In so-called intellectual France woman cannot vote; in Portugal, Spain, Italy, Jugo-Slavia, the whole of the Balkans, the whole of Asia, most of Africa, the whole of South America, and most of Central America, she is definitely an inferior. Not only is she refused a vote, but in most cases the marriage and divorce laws are very oppressive to her; her position in business is restricted, and always low. Viewing the world as a whole, one may say that only one woman out of six has been liberated to the moderate extent we know.

Moreover, in the countries where woman has been liberated, one may doubt whether the liberation is complete. A great deal of the ground won during the war has been lost by women. Most of the posts that women gained were taken from them when the soldiers returned, which was just; but in cases where the places of dead men had to be filled, the vacancies were given, not to women but to men. Thus, a great body of unemployed women was created. Competing as they must for wages, they have brought down the wages of women. Today, women would have a harder struggle for life than have men, if it were not that their standard of living is lower. It cannot be denied that many important positions belong to women; the United States supplies the instance of an Assistant Attorney General, and several instances where women have been chosen as state attorneys; America has a certain number of female judges; England has chosen a woman as Assistant National Health Commissioner; a number of women occupy highly paid positions in business. But this must not blind us to the fact that if we consider each rank in the professions, in business, or in the public services, we find rather less than one woman on an equality with every twenty-seven men. The reader will imagine, therefore, what extraordinary capacity a woman must still show to obtain, not superior, but merely equal rank. It is only fair to say that woman does not as a rule exhibit this capacity, and that she is still suffering from the subordination which was enforced upon her during so many centuries. Therefore, the future of woman resides not so much in revolt as in actual training, in the fitting of the female sex for the positions to which it aspires.

In Western Europe this is taking place to a certain extent, but it is in America

[Turn to page 78]



In countries where woman has been liberated one may doubt whether the liberation is complete. A great deal of the ground won during the war has been lost





As the dance music began, Yvonne's long, slanting glance went past him to rest with a kind of slumbrous warmth upon Bubbles' Greek-god young face

RED ASHES

BY MARGARET PEDLER

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON OUT OF REACH",
"THE LAMP OF FATE", "THE VISION OF DESIRE", Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND

THE three young Waynes—Toby, Bubbles, and Pamela—are living in their old home, Rakehill, on the verge of financial ruin. Blake Carrington, who lives nearby, loves Pamela with the intensity of a great devotion, but is held from claiming her love by the memory of something in his past which he feels must bar him forever from happiness. The situation is further complicated by the arrival of Bay Sarton, stepson of Pam's guardian, who loves the girl, and who openly declares his hatred of Carrington.

The cool reserve, almost harshness, towards Pamela which Blake maintains in an effort to hide his real love, is broken when he finds her in need of assistance in a family crisis; and later, when they are caught in a terrible flood and face death together, their love for each other finds voice.

DEAREST—dearest in all the world!" There was passion in his voice, passion and something more—some deep note of pain, its strings heard instantly.

"Why do you speak like that?" she asked tremulously. And then, suddenly—as her swift, woman's intuition in some way linked that hard, dry note of anguish in his voice to his strange delay in coming to her—"Why didn't you come before Blake? What kept you?"

"What kept me?" he repeated. Then he gave a short, bitter laugh. "The natural objection a man has to counting

himself out, I suppose." As he spoke, he withdrew his arms slowly, reluctantly from around her. She sensed in the movement more than the mere action of withdrawal. It was as though it contained a gesture of renunciation—as though he were deliberately setting her apart from him.

"Blake," she faltered. "I don't understand."

"No," he said. "You don't understand—And I've got to make you."

"But what has happened to change things—since yesterday?"

speaking in a curiously collected voice that surprised even herself. "You mean that—had you thought we were going to escape yesterday—you—you wouldn't have told me that you—cared?"

"Yes," he answered. "That's it. But"—swiftly—"not for the reason that you're thinking. What I told you then was the truth—that I'm your lover, now and always. Only—I'm not free to claim your love. Death—and yesterday I thought it would almost certainly be death—gave me the right to

"I think the principal thing that's happened is that we're not both dead."

"That—why, that's just the wonderful thing," she said. "That we're alive—and together."

"No." The answer came hard as a blow. "No. We're alive—but we're as far apart as a man and woman can well be."

"Apart?—Apart?" She repeated the word vaguely. A quick fear flashed over her. Was he on the verge of some illness, possibly—and feverish and light-headed?

As though he divined her thought, he shook his head. "No," he said. "I'm not mad—nor even delirious."

"Then—then—" All at once her brain cleared. It became suddenly evident to her what he meant. He was repenting all that he had said yesterday. He didn't really care for her. The blood in her veins seemed to turn to ice. She felt cold all over.

"I think I understand," she said, speaking in a curiously collected voice that surprised even herself. "You mean that—had you thought we were going to escape yesterday—you—you wouldn't have told me that you—cared?"

"Yes," he answered. "That's it. But"—swiftly—"not for the reason that you're thinking. What I told you then was the truth—that I'm your lover, now and always. Only—I'm not free to claim your love. Death—and yesterday I thought it would almost certainly be death—gave me the right to



tell you that I loved you. But life has taken that right away again."

"I don't see how it can. Unless—Blake"—as a possible explanation flashed upon her—"Blake, are you married—?"

"Married! Good Heavens, no! That's just it. I can't marry—you or anyone. I can't ask any woman to share my life."

She lifted her clear eyes to his face.

"Tell me why not," she said.

"Do you remember I once told you that I was cut off?"

She bent her head. "Yes, I remember."

"Well, it's true. I'm cut off from all that means life to other men. And by my own act. Once I was guilty of something the consequences of which have ruined my life. And I can't offer a ruined life to the woman I love." He turned away as though the matter were ended.

But Pam was not going to let her happiness—and his, too—go so easily. She laid her hand on his arm. "Can't you?" she said. "Don't you think the woman you love—and who loves you—has the right to a say in the matter? You have offered it to me—your life—yesterday. And I took it. It's my life, now, Blake."

His mouth twisted with pain as the young, grave voice ceased speaking. But he did not yield an inch. Gently, but inflexibly, he removed her hand from his arm.

"You don't understand," he said. "By my own act I've made myself an outcast. And if you were my wife, you, too, would have to pay for the past just as I am doing. Nothing could alter that. Wherever I went the past would rise up before me."

"Tell me what you did," she said.

For a moment he hesitated. Then, in dry, clear-cut accents which sent each syllable home to her with a deadly clearness, he told her. "I took another man's life."

Every drop of colour drained itself away from her face. "You mean—in the war? You had to in self-defence."

"No. I don't mean in the war. I haven't that excuse." "Then it was an accident?" Her voice grew calmer.

"Yes. In a way you may say it was an accident. I'm not a murderer. I had no intention of killing the man. It was an absolute miscalculation."

She laid her hand swiftly across his lips. In her eyes glowed an infinite relief.

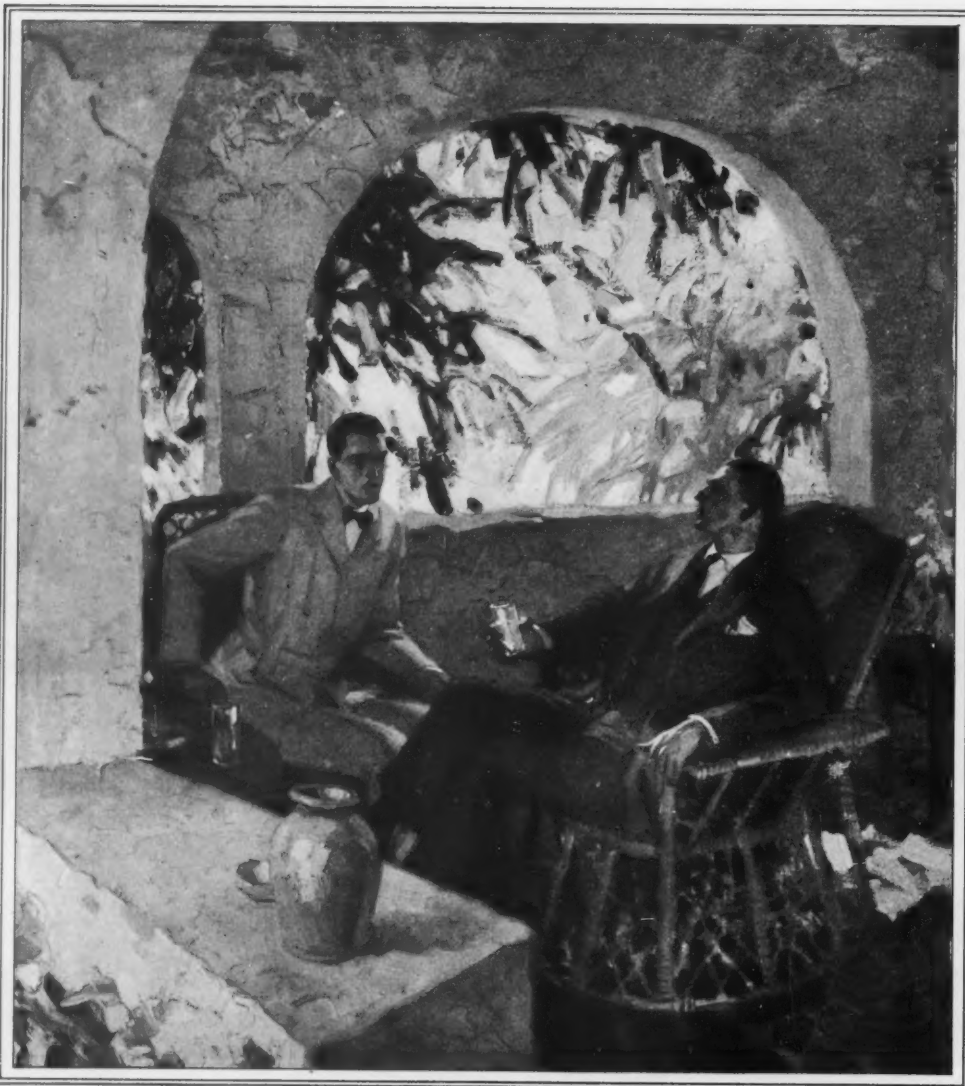
"Don't tell me any more. I don't want to hear it. Oh, my dear! I'm so sorry—so sorry for you! It must be terrible to feel that, through you, however unintentionally, a man has died. But it need not ruin a whole life. No mistake need do that. We're not intended to spend our lives looking back on all the mistakes we've made. You've made one—and you've paid for it. But you're not meant to go on paying for it for ever." She drew nearer to him. "Blake, don't send me away from you. Let me try to make up to you in the years to come for all you've had to pay in the past."

The sweetness, the utter selfless tenderness of her shook him to the depths of his being. He took her by the arms and stood gazing down at her with eyes so tortured that it hurt her to look at him.

"Pam—Pam! Don't tempt me!" he said unsteadily. "I'd give all I possess in this world and my hope of salvation in the next to be able to take you at your word!"

She leaned towards him, her soft, curving lips close beneath his own. "Then take me, Blake," she said, very low. "And if—if there's anything more to pay, let me stand by and pay it with you. I'm not afraid of anything in life—with you. But I'm horribly afraid of life without you."

Almost violently he released her. "No!" he said harshly. "No! you don't know what you're asking. I made a mistake



"I can't shift the responsibility, old chap," said Blake slowly. "I've got to stand the bill for my own misdoing." "I'll grant you that," David conceded.

"You've paid—you'll always pay. But there's no need that I can see to make Pam pay, too."



—the worst mistake a man could make. And I must pay the penalty. But at least I'll pay it alone. The woman I love shan't share it. Beloved"—all at once his voice softened and he drew her into his arms, holding her closely. "Beloved, try to forgive me because I've brought only pain into your life—I, who would have thanked God on my knees if I might have been the one to bring you happiness."

For a few minutes they clung together. Presently he bent his head and his lips met her own in a kiss that held both renunciation and farewell and, beyond that, the deep, hidden passion which only his iron will had forced into subjection.

"Henceforth it will be only friendship between us, Pam—if you feel that you can still give me that?"

He was asking the supreme sacrifice. For a moment she was silent, steadying herself. When at last she lifted her face to his, her eyes were very soft and shining and brave.

"Blake—my Blake," she said tenderly. "I think you're wrong—utterly wrong in this. But my friendship is yours just as my love is yours—as I am yours. Some day you may come to think differently, to believe, as I do, that no mistake demands your whole life in expiation. And if ever that day comes . . . I shall be waiting."

Was it an hour or only five minutes since the door had closed behind him? Absorbed in the bitterness of her thoughts she seemed to have lost all count of time. Only the sound of that quiet, closing door still stayed in her mind—the bleak, relentless, small noise of it.

She had been very brave, brave while the man she loved was with her to give him all he needed—that little all of friendship. But now that he had gone she was face to face

with the bare, bewildering knowledge that the inexorable happenings of life had made shipwreck of her happiness. Those few brief hours of happiness which she had known since Blake had first told her that he cared, only served to make the realisation of the present more poignantly bitter. With one hand fate had given and with the other snatched away again.

There remained nothing but to face the fact with all the courage she possessed—to pick up the threads of life again and try to make something worth while out of their tangled disarray. Slowly her hands clenched themselves as she fought back the anguish of remembrance which threatened to overwhelm her, fought it back with all the pluck that was in her. At least, from amidst the wreckage of her happiness still glowed the knowledge that the man she loved, loved her. And that must suffice her for the rest of her life. That—and friendship.

A log slipped suddenly and tumbled noisily out of the old-fashioned grate on to the hearth below, to lie there smouldering. The sharp sound of its falling recalled her abruptly to a sense of her surroundings.

Even when the flame of love has gone out in utter darkness, the usual daily round of life still goes on, with its insistent hourly demands, its big and little tasks. There is no shirking it, although your individual heaven happens to have crashed in ruins round you.

Slowly Pam stretched out her hand and replaced the fallen log on the fire. Then she tidied up the hearth, meticulously sweeping it clear of the litter of cinders and ash that lay there, and she methodically replaced the

hearth brush. The action seemed to her symbolical.

"GOOD Heavens!" Bubbles' face was rather white and he stared dazedly at the letter which he held in his hand. "What's up?" demanded Toby jocularly. "You look as if someone had suddenly left you a fortune."

"Why—why—" stammered Bubbles, spasmodically flapping the letter he held, "that's just what has happened!" His elder brother regarded him with kindly commiseration. "Don't you believe it," he counselled. "That sort of thing isn't done—at least not in our family."

"But it's true!" insisted Bubbles. "It's old Great-aunt Elspeth. She's dead. And she's left me thirty thousand pounds."

"Thirty what?" exclaimed Pam incredulously. "Thirty thousand fiddlesticks!" said Toby with extreme firmness. "Somebody's pulling your leg, my son. Who's the letter from?" Bubbles handed it across. Toby ran his eyes quickly down the sheet of notepaper.

"I believe you're right, after all," he said. "The letter is from the old lady's lawyers. And they offer to advance you any money you want. It *must* be right!" And then, as naturally and simply as though he saw no hardship in the fact that his younger brother would henceforth be a well-off and carefree young man whilst he himself remained still burdened with a heavily mortgaged property, he held out his hand. "Congratters, old man—packs of 'em!" he said heartily.

"I call it perfectly gorgeous!" declared Pam. "Oh, Bubbles,—flinging her arms impulsively round his neck and hugging him. "I am so glad! It's almost too good to be true. We shall never get used to it." Bubbles returned the hug with equal fervour.

"Oh, I expect we shall adapt ourselves to it without much difficulty," he replied, with a grin. "By Jove, Toby!" he cried, "We shall be able to pay off old Barstein. And—and then," he added with boyish

[Turn to page 26]

Wildering
the in-
ings of
ipwreck
Those
happi-
known
rst told
d, only
he real-
nt more
With
d given
snatch-

nothing
ct with
he pos-
up the
ain and
mething
of their
Slowly
d them-
ht back
remem-
eatened
fought
e pluck
at least,
reckage
s still
dge that
i, loved
st suf-
of her
endship.
uddenly
out of
rate on
ow, to
ag. The
falling
otly to
round-

ame of
n utter
l daily
oes on,
hourly
d little
hiring
ndivid-
sens to
ruins

retched
eplaced
he fire.
up the
sweep-
e litter
h that
e me-
d the
bolical.

and he
hand.
k as if

y flap-
ened!"
ration.
i thing

at-aunt
ousand

extreme
s the
is eyes

tter is
ce you
en, as
in the
well-
ed still
out his
eartily.
Bub-
k and
e true.
e hug

much
!" he
—and
ge 261

For tonight's dinner!



Pea Soup!

Give your family this special treat tonight!

Serve the pea soup made by the most famous soup chefs in the world—Campbell's! Know what it is to taste pea soup blended in such wonderful kitchens!

When the peas are selected with such expert care, when they're blended with such rich, smooth country butter, when the seasoning is so delightfully French, don't you believe that the pea soup will be the best you ever tasted?

So easy to prepare this Cream of Pea!

Simply heat Campbell's Pea Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup a little at a time, stirring constantly (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.



My iron nerve, my cannon curve
To Campbell's Soup I owe.
Oh, that's the lunch that gives me punch,
So out the batters go!

21 kinds
12 cents a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

embarrassment, "we might try to get Rakehill a bit more ship-shape, mightn't we?"

Toby's eyes softened suddenly beneath their sandy lashes. "It's jolly decent of you to suggest it, Bubbles, but I'm not going to forget that the money happens to be yours, not mine," he said quietly. Bubbles flared in a moment.

"Oh, rot!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "We three have always stuck together through bad luck, and we're jolly well not going to come unstuck now the luck's turned. You'll pay off Barstein," he added, eying Toby firmly. "And then we'll put a bit of money into the old place and get it up to scratch again. You'd like that, Pam, wouldn't you?" he added, appealing to his sister for support. And suddenly the recollection of how intensely she had wished it—so intensely that she had sold her pearls in order to further it—came back to her. Now she realised that the sacrifice of her necklace had proved quite unnecessary. She sat silent, staring at Bubbles with an expression of half-comic dismay.

"What's wrong?" he inquired. She hesitated at first, then told them. Man-like, they said very little. But Toby's quiet "Well played, Pam!" and Bubbles' "Oh, I say! You were a topping little sport!" lingered warmly in Pamela's heart for many a long day to come.

"If Carrington hasn't already sold the pearls, it's all right," said Toby. "But if he has, we must get them back. Better ask him as soon as possible." She made no answer. She felt that, in the circumstances, she would very much have preferred that nothing should be said to Blake about the pearls. It was so soon—so horribly soon after those sacred moments which had passed between them.

The news that the Waynes had unexpectedly "come into money" spread like wildfire and congratulations poured in. The popularity of the Wayne family, notwithstanding their many faults and failings, was astonishing, and no one grudged them their good fortune—except, possibly, Vera Barstein, whose subtly woven dreams of love and social advancement came tumbling to earth with the repayment of the money her father had advanced upon the Rakehill property. Judy was blissfully happy over the matter.

"It's the nicest thing that could possibly have happened," she declared. "Really, there's only one thing left for me to wish for."

"And what's that?" queried Pamela, smiling. "Why, that you'll agree to come to the south of France with us. Bay and I have just been offered a villa at Le Geyt for the rest of the season—Villa Mon Repos. It would do you all the good in the world to come, Pam. You've not been looking really up to the mark since that awful time you had during the cloudburst." A faint flush stained Pamela's cheeks. She remained silent for a few moments, staring sombrely into the fire's glowing heart. The strain of the last few days had worn her a trifle fine. It was not her experience on the day of the cloudburst that had told upon her—though she was thankful that Judy attributed it to that. It was the sleepless nights, the daily effort to appear just as usual when all the time the bottom had fallen out of her world, that were fraying her nerves. There was a constant tension, too, involved in the hourly possibility of meeting Blake, and a weariness and heartache unspeakable on the days when she did not see him. The idea of going away, of leaving Trelyan for a time, presented itself to her in a new light. She would go. Apart from Blake, freed from the consciousness of his near presence, she might learn to readjust her outlook, find the necessary strength and courage to face life afresh on her return. So it was arranged that she, Bubbles and the two Sartons should take their departure for France as soon as the prosaic details of travelling could be arranged.

PAMELA was sitting alone in a sheltered corner of the balcony of Villa Mon Repos. The villa faced seaward, and in front of her lay the deeply blue Mediterranean, sparkling like live sapphires in the brilliant afternoon sunlight. It was difficult to realise that this was March—the skies were of an August blue, and in the villa garden a riot of summer flowers flamed in vivid colour. To Pamela, dreaming on the villa balcony, it seemed as though an immense gap intervened betwixt the life she had led at Trelyan and her new life here at Le Geyt, and although there were moments when she longed unspeakably for the sight of Blake's grave, dark face, for the touch of his hand, yet in the main she was conscious of a sense of relief in her enforced separation from him. There had been too sharp a pain mingled with the joy of meeting him. At times it had seemed almost unbearable. She knew, of course, that when she returned from France she would have to meet him again, but by that time she would surely have schooled herself to endurance. She thought, sometimes, that it would have been easier to bear if there had been some definite, unquestionable barrier between herself and Blake, such as the fact of his marriage to some other woman. It seemed to her so unnecessary that this intangible black shadow of the past should be allowed to block their road to happiness, and there were times when her whole spirit rose up in wild rebellion against his stern decision. She could realise the odium which might attach to a man who had, however unintentionally, taken another's life. One shrank instinctively from the taking of life. And she recognised that to a certain extent Blake would always have to pay for having been guilty of such a deed. But it was unthinkable to her that he should consider—as he undoubtedly did—that the whole of his life was of necessity marred by that one act. She would so gladly have shared with him whatever of obloquy and censure there might be to bear and helped him to build up a new life on the ruins of the old—to kindle a flame from the red embers which still remained. But he would not let her. "A penny for your thoughts!" Bay Sartons' voice broke abruptly across her musing. Pam lifted guarded eyes. Since they had come to Le Geyt, Bay had been nothing that was not friendly and companionable. But she did not trust him.

RED ASHES

[Continued from page 24]



Behind the gaiety and good-humour which sparkled in his eyes, it always seemed to her there smouldered something else—He reminded her of a sleeping tiger.

"My thoughts aren't for sale." She countered his question with apparent gaiety. "What are we going to do today?"

"We're invited to 'tea' with Kelly at the casino."

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten. How nice!" Pamela had already met Judy's old friend David Kelly and liked him.

The casino was built so that its gardens ran down to the edge of the sea, its domed roof and walls gleaming whitely in the dazzling sunlight. Attached to it was the Restaurant des Rois, where, in the centre of a multitude of little white-clothed tables, a big square space was set apart for dancing. And it was here, at the foot of the thickly carpeted flight of shallow stairs which led into it, that David Kelly stood waiting his guests. He came forward eagerly to greet them—a thin, rather fragile-looking man who walked with a limp. Both the limp and that air of fragility, oddly incompatible with his tall, sinewy frame, were relics of the war. Beside him stood a slender girl of seventeen or thereabouts, soft brown hair framing a flower-like face that held all the delicate, fine prettiness of youth. David introduced her as his sister.

"Sheila has only recently shaken the dust of school from her feet," he explained to Judy. "I don't know"—with a quizzical smile, "that the Riviera is precisely the wisest place in which to begin life immediately after leaving school?"

"Oh, I'm sure it is!" returned Mrs. Sartons, smiling warmly across at Sheila. "It's much better to meet the world for the first time as a glorified playground. It makes such a good impression on you—and first impressions are everything."

"I'm quite sure Miss Sheila is the sort of person for whom the world will be delighted to be a playground—always," said Sartons, bowing gaily.

Bubbles, whose boyish blue eyes had been full of frank admiration for the girl's fresh English charm, scowled. Before tea was half way through he made an opportunity to ask Sheila to dance with him. A few minutes later they were skimming over the floor together, looking exceedingly content with each other and the world in general. Bay followed suit with Pamela. In spite of the queer little feeling of apprehension which he always woke in her, she was fain to acknowledge his perfection as a dancer. Judy was left sitting alone with David Kelly, who, for obvious reasons, would never be able to ask anyone to dance with him again. His quiet grey eyes followed Pamela's slender figure as she fox-trotted across the dancing space with Bay.

"You were quite right about your 'Pam'," he said suddenly. "She's a darling."

"Yes, isn't she?" agreed Judy enthusiastically. "And actually, with the sort of upbringing she's had—or rather the lack of it—it's a wonder she hasn't been utterly spoilt." David shook his head.

"You can't spoil gold," he said. "And life won't be able to spoil Pam—though it may hurt her," he added quickly. "She hasn't that sensitive mouth for nothing."

"Oh, I hope it won't!" exclaimed Judy. "I think she's only looking a bit strained just now because of a recent experience she has had." And she proceeded to relate the episode of the cloudburst—as far as she knew it. He listened quietly, merely remarking as she concluded:

"Rather a nasty adventure. I'm glad old Carrington was with her. You know—or rather, you don't know—that he is an old and greatly beloved friend of mine. I'd sooner have him with me in a tight corner than any man I know. Poor little Pam!" he added, a curious note in his voice.

"David—why, David," Judy said smilingly, yet with an odd little expression of incredulity in her eyes. "I believe you're losing your heart to my Pam. You mustn't, you know—I want her for Bay." A shadow fell across David's face. In his breast-pocket reposed a letter he had received only that morning—a letter written in Blake Carrington's strong, characteristic hand-writing—and a couple of lines from it leaped before his mental vision: "You'll have met Pam now, David, so you'll know what I've lost through one night's madness." And to that he could add two other brief lines, compact of bitterness, from an earlier letter written by the same hand: "I've found her—the only woman that matters, Davie. We said good-bye yesterday. You're a lucky devil to have only a game leg as your handicap through life." Presently David's eyes came back to his companion's face and rested there. "I shan't lose my heart to Pam," he said quietly. "You know the only woman I ever want as my wife." Judy flushed suddenly. It made her look surprisingly young. She shook her head at him. "David, how old are you?" she asked.

"Quite old enough to be married," he replied with spirit.

"Of course. But not to—to—"

"Not to—to—" he repeated teasingly.

"Not to anyone old enough to be your mother."

"Aren't you exaggerating a trifle?" he inquired mildly.

"I've never heard of anyone becoming a mother at the mature age of seven."

"Don't be silly! You know quite well what I mean, David."

"Of course I know! You're still industriously trying to prop up that rotten seven years' difference between our ages into a solid barricade against our marrying. I wonder when you'll get tired of doing it?"

"It's seven years on the wrong side," said Judy seriously. "If it were you who were seven years older than I am, I'd—I'd marry you tomorrow."

David bent forward, a whimsical light in his eyes. "Would you, really?" he said. "Then let's pretend that it is like that. We might bring Couéism to bear on it. Every day and in every way I'm getting older than you are."

"But you aren't!" protested Judy, half laughing. "I believe you're getting younger every day, if anything. No, seriously, David," she went on, "we've talked this all out before. It's no use going over it all again. Why, think of it—when you're forty, I shall be forty-seven, and when you're sixty, I shall be sixty-seven—going on for seventy!"

David leant back in his chair and regarded her with tranquil amusement. "You do simple sums in arithmetic quite nicely," he said encouragingly. "Only they're such rotten silly sums. Hullo!"—he broke off suddenly. "There's a lady bearing down on us—a distinctly French lady."

Of the latter there was no question. Yvonne de Brécourt could never have been mistaken for other than a Frenchwoman. Each line of her provocatively feminine figure spoke of her nationality.

"*C'est Madame Sartons!*" she exclaimed volubly, as she reached Judy's table. She held out both hands and continued in fluent English: "But what a pleasure to meet you again! I had no idea that you were in Le Geyt."

"We have been here only a few days," responded Judy, shaking one of the extended hands in plain English fashion and endeavouring to infuse a modicum of cordiality into her voice. "Mr. Kelly—Madame de Brécourt. We met on board ship, returning from Singapore last autumn," she added explanatorily.

"And your brother? Is he with you?" queried Yvonne. She had summed up David in a single glance and decided that he was entirely off the map as far as her attractions were concerned.

"My tepson, you mean?" returned Judy. "He's with me just now he's dancing with a friend of ours—across there."

Yvonne's dark eyes flashed in the direction indicated and, having shrewdly envisaged Pamela's boyishly slender grace, she remarked commiseratingly: "She looks ver' delicate, your friend. I suppose you have brought her here in search of health?"

"Not at all," returned Judy firmly. "We've all come out just to have a good time. No other reason." As she spoke the band ceased abruptly and the dancers began to make their way back to their different tables. Bay and Pamela returned almost simultaneously with Bubbles and his partner, and Judy perforce made Madame de Brécourt known to those of the party who were strangers to her. For Bay the Frenchwoman gushed delicately at them, reserved a long, significant glance which seemed to hold all the memories of those nights at sea when they had so often paced the deck alone together—all the *tendresse* of forgotten hours and the magic lure of moonlight.

Bay, however, who, in obedience to a gesture of her expressive hands, had seated himself beside her, remained obdurately cool and matter-of-fact and persisted in making the conversation general. Presently he became aware that Yvonne's long, slanting glance was going past him to rest with a kind of slumbrous warmth upon Bubbles' Greek-god young face. Bubbles turned eagerly to the Frenchwoman. She was so exactly his opposite in type that it was almost a foregone conclusion that he should find her attractive. "Will you dance, madame?" he queried eagerly.

Yvonne rose at once. For a brief second her glance met Bay's, scathingly, ironically interrogative. She had grasped in an instant the fact that the man who had made light-hearted love to her a few short months ago was now in pursuit of a new star—the boyish-looking little English girl. But unquestionably this tall, blonde young Englishman was by no means without charm. She turned towards Bubbles with a slow, sweet, seductive smile. "Yes, let us dance," she said.

As they floated off together Bay's eyes followed them speculatively. Certainly he wanted to shunt Madame de Brécourt, and he could imagine no more facile method of accomplishing this than that of focussing her attention upon the youthful Bubbles. It seemed almost providential that the latter should have made one of the little house-party at Villa Mon Repos.

"But he can dance, your young English friend!" remarked Madame de Brécourt, as they all left the casino later on. Without any apparent manoeuvring on her part she had contrived to pair off with Bay.

"Better than I do?" suggested Sartons.

Yvonne sent a tiny sigh seaward. "Ah, *mon ami!* We have not all the same gifts, *mon ami!* But you make love better!"

Spoken in her soft, liquid voice with its pretty foreign accent and intonation, the speech lost the effrontery of its baldness. It sounded merely sweetly sad and reminiscent.

"Making love is an art," replied Bay in detached tones. "Young Wayne would prove, I should think, quite teachable."

She gave a little low laugh. "Perhaps he has had much practice! But I forget! When you make love in England your men mean always marriage. And for that there must be much money. It is not cheap—marriage! So I suspect this Monsieur Bubbles has not made love—ver' much. He is what you call a younger son, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Exactly. Only in this particular instance the younger son happens to have the cash. Bubbles has just inherited thirty thousand pounds." A quick breath, drawn in sharply between red, pouted lips, was Madame de Brécourt's involuntary comment upon such surprising riches, and Bay suppressed a smile.

[Continued in AUGUST McCall's]

(Copyrighted 1925, by Margaret Pedler)

seriously.
am, I'd—

"Would
like that.
y and in

"I be-
ing. No,
s all out
k of it—
n you're

mer with
rithmetic
re such
"There's
."

Brécourt
French-
re spoke

, as she
continued
u again!

ed Judy,
fashion
ity into
met on
nn," she

Yvonne.
decided
tractions

with me
s there."
ted and,
er grace,
delicate,
n search

ome out
e spoke
o make
Pamela
is part-
known

or Bay
erved a
memo-
aced the
n hours

her ex-
ned ob-
king the
re that
to rest
eek-god
woman.
almost
tractive.

nce met
grasped
e light-
now in
ish girl.
an was
Bubbles
ce," she

d them
ame de
thod of
n upon
hat the
arty at

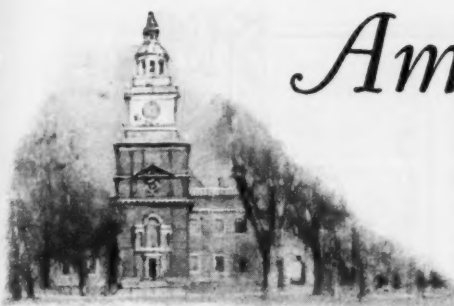
!" re-
casino
er part

ve have
better!"
foreign
of its
ent.

etached
quite

much
England
e must
ect this

He is
r younger
herited
sharply
invol-
y sup-



Among Philadelphia Debutantes—

This soap is 7 times as popular as any other for the care of the skin

NEW YORK'S lovely debutantes, inimitable for chic, daring, vivacity—

Boston's debutantes, girls with the dazzling freshness and grace of flowers—

Washington's, Baltimore's debutantes—charming descendants of an aristocracy famous for its beautiful women—

Philadelphia debutantes, with their old-world beauty and breeding—

How do all these young society girls take care of their skin? What soap do they use to keep their skin soft, smooth, brilliantly flawless?

An overwhelming majority prefer this one soap

It was to learn the answer to these questions that we conducted an investigation among the debutantes of five leading cities.

We discovered these facts—

Among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other toilet soap; among Boston debutantes, nearly five times as popular; by the debutantes of Washington and Baltimore, preferred six times over to any other soap; and among Philadelphia debutantes, seven times as popular as any other.

"I use it because of its pleasant and softening effect on the skin."

"It imparts a smooth glow to the skin, and relieves an oily condition."

"Gives me good color."

"I find it delightfully soothing to the skin."

"Mother insists it is the best toilet soap; it makes

my skin feel nice and smooth."

"It improves my skin (i. e. blackheads and large pores)."

These are characteristic comments made by the Philadelphia debutantes, in telling why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter!

A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.



Among Philadelphia's lovely young debutantes of the season, Woodbury's was found to be seven times as popular as any other soap, for keeping the skin smooth, soft, and flawless.

HOW TO CORRECT AN OILY SKIN

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and you will see a marked improvement.



FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for the free set today!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1507 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,
1507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quelch and
Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1

Name.....Street.....
City.....State.....



*We crave happiness
yet we make no plans
for getting it*

DRAWING BY
CLARA ELSENE
PECK

MARRIAGE AND A HAPPY ENDING

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT
Editor, Department of Food and Household Management

THE most popular stories and motion pictures are those that have happy endings. However insurmountable the obstacles we, the spectators, cannot rest content until the lovers have been united. The heroine, trapped in a forest fire on a peak in the Rockies, is rescued by the hero who arrives in the nick of time via railroad, aeroplane, automobile and horseback. We see them united to live happily ever after and how convincing, how satisfying, we find it. We need never worry about them again.

And that is the way we expect our own lives to turn out. Love, marriage, and instantaneously a permanent front seat in Paradise! No disillusion, no trials of patience, no sacrifices are ever to come our way again.

With what bewilderment and alarm a young wife views her first discord with the god whom she has chosen from the whole round globe. Their marriage shouldn't behave like that. They cared more for each other when they were married than any two persons ever cared before. And now here is that love in ruins at her feet.

I suppose if one's husband proved to be a murderer or highwayman or drunkard shortly after marriage, one would be justified in feeling tragic. But to discover that he's opinionated, or quick tempered, or always late to meals, or more interested in business than in his home, or that he's disorderly, or will have the dog in the house, muddying up the rugs—well, none of these faults, however irritating they are, seems worth wrecking one's hopes over. If one sees them in their true importance—or rather unimportance—one will probably be an extremely happily married woman twenty-five years hence.

The trouble with most of us women is that we are brought up with the wrong ideas about love. We grow to womanhood thinking that the male sex is divided into three parts—the Sir Galahads, riding around the world on white chargers, the where-men-are-men type, and the deep-dyed villains. What is our surprise and pain to find out one day that our men folk—even ours—are a mixture of all three, with a large proportion of the helpless child thrown in.

THAT is the fateful moment. One can go to pieces over the dethronement of one's ideal (which one had no business to have, anyway. Poor lamb, he never thought he was perfect); or one can take oneself in hand with fortitude and humor and begin on that most fascinating game of creating a perfect human relationship.

It seems odd that though we crave happiness we make no plans for getting it. The foundation of a happy marriage is sympathy—sympathy with the emotions, with the mental workings and with the spiritual aspirations of the other person. Some husbands instinctively comprehend this inner life of their mates; more often it is the wife who understands the secret places of her husband's nature. But if she does not she had better lose no time in trying to find out. For the old theory that love attracts opposites has been exploded, and a perfect union is dependent upon the fusion of the interests and feelings of the two persons concerned.

And here is where the priceless gift of tact comes in. If

My Wedding Ring

BY MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

TODAY my wedding ring fell off and rolled,
A wide, old-fashioned circlet of thin gold,
Over the polished floor behind a chair.

For a brief while I left it lying there
And scrutinized my fingers curiously;
So long this ring had been a part of me,
They felt undressed and queer. My bare left hand
For many years had worn this marriage band.
When I was young, so white and shapely they—
How coarse and clumsy do they look today!
The hands of youth were tapering and fine—
These toil-worn ones have worked for me and mine,
Have washed and sewed and kept a whole house neat,
Cooked countless meals for hungry folk to eat,
Have rocked to sleep a-many a weary head
And robbed my baby for his graveyard bed;
Roughened and hurt by scars, of which each one
Is just a badge of loving service done.

I trysted with these thoughts—the clocks struck noon!
My children would be home for luncheon soon—
Their father, too!

In haste, from off the floor
I snatched and put my shackles on once more;
Then quickly to my kitchen tasks I went—
A busy woman, with her job content!

Miss Stay-at-Home marries Mr. Gad-about she must be willing to gad, too, and to do it gracefully. Or else she'd better not marry him. For to upbraid him, to try and make him ashamed that he prefers fresh fields and pastures new occasionally

to his pretty little home with all the lovely new furniture is as unkind as it is dangerous. The wife whose nagging drives her husband in on himself when all the time something within him is crying out for activity and laughter and the society of

his fellows is very likely to know what real trouble is later on.

The responsibility for making a happy marriage is largely a wife's. Men as a rule have neither the patience for discovering and making the dozens of minor adjustments that must be made if two adult human beings are to live together in harmony. They can be trusted to rise to the large emergencies but to the small ones they are deaf and blind. Wives must learn to distinguish between the small and big disappointments of marriage. I have seen women behave like queens of tragedy because they have had to shake down the furnace which their husbands were supposed to attend to and forgot. If an able-bodied man systematically lets his wife take care of the furnace, certainly there is something wrong in his attitude towards her, but an occasional oversight is only human and not worth a single harsh word between two people who love each other.

IF IT ever becomes the custom to train men and women for marriage just as they are now trained for business or a profession, great stress will be laid on the students' ability to adapt themselves to varying circumstances. The ones who cannot adjust themselves to reasonable contacts with persons and events will have to be educated until they can bring themselves into harmony with their surroundings. There will be courses in The Give-and-Take of Daily Existence, in the Art of Compromise, and in How to Cultivate a Sense of Humor; and pupils, when they graduate, will glory in the skill with which they get along with anybody anywhere.

Until that happy time comes, women, as I have said, must specialize in the profession of making their husbands contented.

This does not mean that they are never to seek expression for their own preferences. A tactful, loving, generous woman gets her own way as often as her husband gets his, if he's fair-minded and most men are. But it does mean that she must know her husband's likes and dislikes and respect them, that she must be very conscious of his fine traits, and very proud of them, that she must take her housekeeping troubles, and his shortcomings, as lightly as she can, that she must strive to be his companion, not his mentor. And lastly that she must never, never indulge in the luxury of having the last word. "Agree with thine adversary quickly" is the first commandment for successful marriage. Of course, as every woman knows, it may be necessary to return to the attack later on, but by that time tempers will have cooled off and minds will be saner.

Only through the active use of one's brain and heart will one achieve a satisfying marriage

The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down who can say what the history of America would have been?

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintos and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned—and of these 6,000, more than half in the four months of June, July, August and September!

Day after day, all through the summer, your newspaper tells the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. He tries—and fails. Or perhaps there is a high wind and the water is too rough for safe swimming. Even the strongest swimmers have met death by taking unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to more persons than ever will be known.

Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil. He is brave—but without bravado. He is ready for emergencies—but does not challenge danger.

The sport, showily daring, is a poor imitation of a sportsman. The sport is the one who does stunts in the water to dazzle onlookers—who dives without knowing the depth of the water or what lies beneath its surface—who swims



"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

out beyond his depth disregarding the danger of unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

Learn to swim if you don't know how—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Deaths by drowning occur even on park lakes where there would seem to be every likelihood of rescue. Some thoughtless person rocks the boat—and then—

Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. It becomes almost as automatic as walking. Many of the Pacific Islanders taught their babies to swim before they taught them to walk. Good

instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest importance to be well taught. There are many self-taught swimmers who would be of little use in an emergency.

Your Chance to Save a Life

There is one thing that you and everybody, young and old, should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heartbreaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.

During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from

typhoid fever and diphtheria together. It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning attending summer vacations may be minimized.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently

drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



"I am here with a perfectly well baby!

Probably you will think I am foolish to ask you to spend your valuable time on a child who is not ill."



ILLUSTRATION

BY
CLARA
ELSENE
PECK

A Wise Young Mother Consults the Doctor

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "SHORT TALKS WITH YOUNG MOTHERS"

MRS. JENKINS: Good morning, doctor. I am here with a perfectly well baby! Probably you will think I am foolish to ask you to spend your valuable time on a child who is not ill.

DR. SYNTAX: Your first baby, I take it.

MRS. JENKINS: Yes, my first baby. I was a teacher for two years and I could not but notice the difference in the children in my classes. Some were well behaved and happy and bright and clean, and others from the same class of families were entirely different. When I came to know the mothers and fathers it was not difficult to understand why the children were so different.

DR. SYNTAX: You want your baby started right—is that it?

MRS. JENKINS: Yes, and I have made out a big list of questions to ask you. He will be four weeks old tomorrow. So far he has been perfectly well. I want you to tell me how to keep him so. I don't know anything about the care of a baby and as I shall be taking care of him myself, I want to continue to breast-feed him as long as you think it wise.

DR. SYNTAX: Undress the baby and the nurse will weigh him and I will see what sort of baby you have. (The nurse weighs the infant and Dr. Syntax examines him while the baby cries vigorously as all babies of his age should.) You have a perfectly well baby and I notice from the nurse's record that he weighed 7 pounds 4 ounces when born and he now weighs 9 pounds. That is an unusually good showing.

MRS. JENKINS: He lost the first few days. Do new babies always lose a little?

DR. SYNTAX: Yes, about half a pound or so; but breast-fed babies make it up very quickly.

MRS. JENKINS: It is best to breast-feed the baby, isn't it, doctor? Some of my friends are trying to discourage me. They say I shall be terribly tied down and that nursing a baby makes one grow fat. I cannot stand that, you see, as I am not very tall.

DR. SYNTAX: Your baby is doing wonderfully well on the breast-feeding and it would be a crime to deprive him of it. Breast-milk is the babies' natural food; the milk contains all the nutritional substances required for their growth and the babies' organs of digestion are made to utilize breast-

milk; they are not designed for cow's milk, in any case. MRS. JENKINS: But many babies do well on bottle-feeding, don't they?

DR. SYNTAX: Some do well, and others do very badly. It is an unfortunate thing when a mother cannot nurse her own infant. It is bad for the mother and worse for the child. A great deal of my time is spent on babies whose mothers cannot nurse them. We have a great deal of trouble sometimes in changing cows' milk, which is made for a calf, to fit a baby's digestive apparatus.

MRS. JENKINS: Do breast-babies ever have summer diarrhea? I have heard so much about it from some of the young mothers among my friends. Hot weather will soon be here, so I am troubled about this.

DR. SYNTAX: There is very little danger of summer diarrhea and dysentery in breast-babies if the mother is careful of her diet and does not over-exert herself or worry too much. It is exceptional for trouble of this kind to occur in the breast-baby.

MRS. JENKINS: Tell me just what I must do to keep the baby well and make him grow. I want him to be the finest baby in town.

DR. SYNTAX: Eat plenty of good food, such as you were accustomed to before the baby was born, only eat moderately, three times a day—breakfast at 7 or 8 o'clock, luncheon at 1 or 1:30 and the evening meal at about 7 o'clock. It will be well to take a drink of milk or cocoa at about 3:30 in the afternoon with a cracker or two or a piece of toast if you find that it will not interfere with the evening meal. It will be advisable for you to take a short nap an hour or so immediately after the mid-day meal and you should retire at 10 p. m.

MRS. JENKINS: How often ought I to nurse him, Doctor Syntax?

DR. SYNTAX: Most babies do best when given the breast at

three-hour intervals, six feedings in the 24 hours as follows: 6, 9, 12, 3, 6, and 10 o'clock.

It is best not to give a feeding between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m.—better for the baby who will have a better digestive capacity as a result of the eight-hour rest and better also for your milk supply if your sleep is unbroken. Some babies will demand a 2 a. m. feeding but

avoid it if possible. The baby then soon breaks the habit of waking at that hour. MRS. JENKINS: When do I begin the four-hour nursing? Mrs. Peters who lived next door nursed her baby every four hours from the start.

DR. SYNTAX: A number of babies under my care have done well on the four-hour plan which means that they are fed at 6, 10, 2, 6 and 10 p. m. In large infants who are vigorous nursers and when the milk supply is rich and plentiful it works out all right. The majority of infants, however, do best on a three-hour plan until they are ten weeks or three months old, when the four-hour intervals should be commenced.

MRS. JENKINS: Aunt Sarah who lives in a town eight or ten miles from us was in to see us the day before yesterday. She said I had entirely too many new-fangled notions about rearing the baby. That it was foolishness not to take him up when he cried; and she insisted that he should be nursed at any time he seemed to want it, regardless of his scheduled hour.

DR. SYNTAX: How many babies has your Aunt Sarah nursed?

MRS. JENKINS: How shocking—Aunt Sarah is a respectable maiden lady fifty-five years old!

DR. SYNTAX: Humph—that's the reason she knows all about it.

MRS. JENKINS: And what about the baby's bowel evacuations?

DR. SYNTAX: There should be at least one free evacuation daily. Never put the baby to bed for the night without this having taken place. Use a small gluten suppository or several ounces of soapy water—but do not do this habitually. If constipation is troublesome it will be best to give the baby a teaspoonful or two of olive oil before the evening feeding.

[To be Continued]

PRINCESSE MARIE de BOURBON of SPAIN

tells how she cares for her flower-like skin

"THE exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or like fragile flowers, they wither, they fade."

"Happily, however, no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses Pond's Wonderful Two Creams. They protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

Marie de Bourbon

AN extraordinarily lovely young woman—this cousin to the King of Spain, Princesse of the Spanish branch of the old, illustrious, royal House of Bourbon!

Instead of the dark-haired, black-eyed, olive-skinned beauty one associates with Spanish women, she has beauty of a type rare in Spain and highly aristocratic.

Her hair is a glorious Titian red, her eyes have the green-blue lights of Mediterranean waters, and her skin, patrician-white, has the delicacy of the jasmine flower that blooms in the tangled depths of old neglected Catalonian gardens.

She's extraordinary, too—is Princesse Marie de Bourbon—because, although in Spain she has the position and protection accorded to members of a royal house, being a democrat, she has chosen to come and live in more liberal America.

Naturally this young princesse regards her jasmine-white skin as important. She knows its delicate bloom must be watched over, tended.

"For, of course," she says, "no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like flowers, they wither, they fade."

And, in seeking the best of all ways to care for her own, she found the Two Creams which for so many years the Pond's Laboratories have been perfecting to meet the fundamental needs of the skin.

Pond's are the Two Creams—with their gentle cleansing, their soft protection and finish—that all lovely women everywhere are using to keep the youthful bloom of their delicate skins, today.

And not Society women alone—for to all women in every walk of life beauty is important. All are turning to this easy, simple method of skin care. To follow it takes but a few moments from a busy day.

How the Princesse Marie does it

FIRST, a daily cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Once a day, at least, oftener if you have been out in the sooty air, or the wind and cold, smooth it liberally over your face and neck. Its pure oils will bring to the surface the dust and powder which have clogged the pores. With



Charlotte Fairchild

The PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON is an aristocrat by birth, being cousin to the King of Spain. She belongs, furthermore, to that larger aristocracy of beautiful women who know that true distinction of appearance depends upon taking the utmost pains with the smallest details of the toilet. And of these details the care of the skin should always have first place.



Every skin needs these two exquisite creams used by the loveliest women in society.

a soft cloth take it all off. Repeat the process, finishing with a crisp little rub with ice or a dash of cold water. Your mirror speaks volumes now, of cleanness, of glowing health.

If your skin is very dry, use Pond's Cold Cream on retiring, too, letting a little stay on all night on the places where little lines will form unless you are wary. The softening cream will smooth them all away.

For the last glowing touch

NEXT, a lovely finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth on a light film, not too much. This delicate greaseless cream—light as foam and so refreshing—takes away the hateful shine, gives your skin a clear, lustrous tone, makes it just satin. And how it holds your powder, which goes on next! It's a protection, too, against the weather, guarding your sensitive skin from winds, cold and dust.

So, always before powdering, and especially just before going out, for that last glowing touch of perfection your complexion requires, remember to smooth on a feathery film of this light cream.

Try, for yourself, this method which the world's loveliest, most aristocratic women are following. Use Pond's Two Creams. You will agree with Princesse Marie de Bourbon—"they keep the complexion young and beautiful." You may have the Cold Cream in generous large jars now and both the creams in the two sizes of jars you are familiar with.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CONDÉ NAST
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women distinguished by beauty and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—

Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

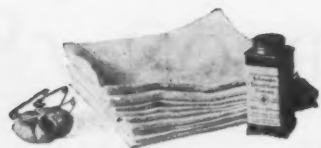
The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Why each year over 1,000,000 mothers of new babies choose *this same Baby Powder*

OF all the ills that beset the young baby going through his first summer, the most common are chafing and skin rash.

The heat is responsible, of course. The tender body is warm and perspiring and is difficult to keep quite dry, especially in the little folds and creases. But how important it is that baby should face the hot weather without the handicap of skin disorders!

Scrupulous cleansing, careful drying and "the free use of toilet powder" are time-tried means of keeping down rashes and lessening the chances of the appearance of those dreaded skin eruptions that so often bring more serious disorders in their wake.

It was the doctors who united to demand a baby powder so antiseptically pure that it could be used with lavish hand on baby's tender skin.

They appealed to Johnson and Johnson to make it.

And by Johnson and Johnson, in

the laboratories where already over four hundred of the finest antiseptic articles for the care of the baby, for surgery and medical service had long been prepared — this perfect powder specially designed for the baby was produced.

A baby powder that is unequalled — for antiseptic purity and fineness. A powder mothers can be sure will be absolutely safe even in the dangerous summer months.

A mother's ally against summer irritations

Just dust it on after baby's bath, to absorb the last little trace of moisture and to keep perspiration down. And use it every time you "change" him, too, to prevent the chafing damp diapers are so apt to cause. That chafing which interferes with the precious hours of sleep so necessary to his health.

Half the mothers of new babies in America are already using this safe and authorized powder for their little ones! You will find your own druggist carries it always.

If you are not already using Johnson's baby powder write this very day for the little can of powder and the helpful book on how to care for baby's skin, "The Summer Care of Babies", offered free, below



*His precious sleepy time must not be marred by
the discomfort of an irritated skin*

"The skin of the young baby is very delicate, and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of toilet powder."

L. EMMETT HOLT, M.D.
(America's standard baby authority,
in "The Happy Baby.")

SEND ONLY YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories and the little book on how to care for baby's skin, "The Summer Care of Babies."

Johnson & Johnson, Dept. C-5, New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant



A Club-Sandwich is a satisfying meal in itself

For Our Week-End Guests

Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Director

MONTHS ago we women in the Laboratory Kitchen decided to talk to you homemakers on McCall Street about week-end parties and recipes. So we began at once to give some week-end parties of our own to prove that our ideas would work.

Week-end entertaining isn't a success if it keeps the hostess in the kitchen most of the time. She must have leisure to enjoy her guests; therefore we searched diligently for tricks that would give us the greatest amount of freedom.

We voted a refrigerator a necessity in guest-planning, and saw that ours was well-stocked by Friday noons with mayonnaise and French salad dressings; with crisp lettuce, washed and in the salad bag; celery, radishes, parsley, watercress and hard-cooked eggs; all to be used in salads or for garnishes. We also laid in bottles of fruit sirup, gingerale and grape juice for cold drinks, and prepared coffee and cocoa powders for quick hot drinks.

We checked over our supply closets with the meals we planned to serve during the entire week-end. Outside of fresh meats, fruits and vegetables, all which we ordered on Friday morning, we found we should need canned soups, baked beans, fish, and milk; bacon and chipped beef; relishes, catsup, raisins and shelled nuts; packaged crackers and fancy cakes. These, with plenty of eggs and butter would see us through any emergency.

Of course, the actual preparation of meals for guests is quite as important as planning them, and it is here that too much time is usually consumed. A gas stove with an oven regulator, a fireless cooker and a pressure-cooker are marvelous aids when one is entertaining, and no doubt many of you have one or more of them to work with.

We planned some typical meals to be cooked entirely in our regulated oven, salads, appetizers and soup excepted, of course. Here is one of our dinners cooked in the oven: Rolled Stuffed Steak, Scaloped Sweet Potatoes and Apples, and Marshmallow Gingerbread. With these we served as a first course Frozen Grapefruit, for salad we had Lettuce and Tomatoes, and for a drink, Iced Coffee. All the cold things were prepared either the day before or while we cleared up after breakfast. All the hot dishes could have been cooked almost equally well in a fireless cooker or pressure-cooker except the Gingerbread.

Then we originated some "ice-box" meals, when everything except the biscuits was made ahead of time and kept in the ice-box until ready to be cooked or served. Here is one of our menus for such a meal: Jellied Tomato Soup; Cold Cuts of Ham, Chicken and Lamb, Green Corn Soufflé, Blueberry Biscuits, Fresh Fruit Salad, Ice-box Cake, Tea and Coffee.

For other meals we used jellied dishes for salads and desserts, or frozen salads, desserts and appetizers, some of which we froze in the freezer, others we packed in molds in equal parts of ice and salt and left to freeze themselves.

And for the motor picnic we planned sandwiches, cold meat loaf, an iced drink for the vacuum bottle, an easily carried salad, cookies and cakes. And one time we took the freezer along with ice-cream in it, and the fireless cooker with hot baked beans and steamed brown-bread in it when we went in an automobile!

Here are some recipes we worked out for your week-end parties. We hope you will enjoy them as much as we did planning them for you.

ROLLED STUFFED STEAK

One 2-pound flank steak	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 small onion	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon poultry seasoning
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft bread crumbs	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot water

Wipe meat with clean, damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt. Fry onion in butter until delicate brown. Add bread crumbs, salt, pepper, poultry seasoning and water and mix well. Spread dressing on meat and roll. Fasten ends together with skewers. Put into well-greased baking-dish with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and cook in very hot oven (450° F) 15 minutes. Cover dish, reduce heat to moderate (340° F) and cook 45 minutes or until meat is tender, adding more water if necessary. Serve sliced, hot or cold. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

SCALOPED SWEET POTATOES AND APPLES

3 medium-sized sweet potatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 medium-sized apples	3 tablespoons butter
1 cup brown sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
	Few gratings nutmeg

Parboil sweet potatoes 15 minutes. Remove skins and cut potatoes in thin slices. Peel, core and slice apples. Arrange a layer of apples in baking-dish, then a layer of potatoes. Sprinkle [Turn to page 34]

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

The drawing at the left was made from an authentic X-ray photograph supplied by a leading New York X-ray laboratory which serves many dental surgeons in their study and treatment of diseased teeth—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR X-RAY WOULD SHOW?

Hidden wells of poison

Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

It's a fact: back of many a lovely smile and even gleaming teeth may be hidden wells of poison—tooth abscesses. And often unknown to the person so afflicted.

Meanwhile, these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health.

They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and oft-times fatal illnesses.

According to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: usually they do not know it themselves and very often such abscesses directly or indirectly cause many dread diseases.

Diseases that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There is a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, and *this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

FREE 10-day test. Send the coupon

Cloudy teeth— dull teeth

How to make them whiter—quickly

The new way world's dental authorities advise. What to do

THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don't think that they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A method different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever used. This offers you a test. Simply use the coupon; it brings free a 10-day tube.

Look for film on your teeth—that's the cause. How to combat it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new-type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleaning habits of some 50 different nations.

Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?



Send coupon for free 10-day test

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full-size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 745, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

1824

Pepsodent
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

For Our Week-End Guests

[Continued from page 32]

with sugar, nutmeg and salt and dot with butter. Continue alternate layers of potato and apple until all is used. Cover and bake in moderate oven (340° F) ¾-hour or until potatoes and apples are tender. Makes 6 servings. This can be made ahead of time and set in cool place until time to bake. In this case allow 15 minutes longer for cooking.

MARSHMALLOW GINGERBREAD WITH WHIPPED CREAM

½ cup shortening 3 cups flour
½ cup sugar 1½ teaspoons soda
2 eggs 1 teaspoon ginger
½ cup molasses 1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sour cream ½ teaspoon salt
Marshmallows

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and molasses and mix well. Mix and sift flour, soda, ginger, cinnamon and salt and add alternately with milk to egg mixture. Pour into greased shallow pan and bake in hot oven (360° F) 25 minutes. Remove from pan and split in two layers, using two forks. Put marshmallows between and put back in oven just long enough to melt marshmallows (3 to 5 minutes). Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream.

FROZEN GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

2 cups grapefruit pulp ½ cup crushed pineapple
¾ cup orange pulp 1 cup apple
1½ cups powdered sugar

Drain juice from pineapple and add pulp to grapefruit and orange. Add powdered sugar and stir until dissolved. Pour into mold and pack in 4 parts ice and 1 part salt. Let stand for 3 hours until frozen. Serve as an appetizer.

JELLIED TOMATO SOUP

½ pound beef 2 tablespoons chopped turnip
1 veal bone 1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 quart cold water 2 cups stewed tomatoes
1½ teaspoons salt 2 tablespoons gelatin
2 peppercorns 4 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons chopped celery 2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons chopped carrot

Soak beef and bone in cold water ½ hour. Add salt, peppercorns, celery, carrot, turnip, onion and tomatoes. Bring to boiling point. Cover and cook gently 1 hour. Let stand until cold and remove fat. Strain liquid through double cheesecloth. Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes. Dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatin to ¾ cups cold stock and mix well. Pour into shallow pan. Chill until firm. Cut in small cubes and serve in cold bouillon-cups. Garnish with sprig of parsley.

GREEN CORN SOUFFLE

3 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons flour ½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk Yolks of 3 eggs
1 cup cooked fresh corn Whites of 3 eggs

Melt butter, add flour and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper, corn and beaten egg yolks and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour into greased baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven (325° F) ¾ to 1 hour or until firm. Serve immediately.

BLUEBERRY BISCUITS

2 cups flour 1 teaspoon sugar
4 teaspoons baking-powder 4 tablespoons shortening
½ teaspoon salt 2/3 cup milk
½ cup fresh blueberries

Mix and sift flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening with knife. Add milk gradually to make soft dough. Add berries and distribute carefully through dough. Roll out to ½-inch thickness, cut with diamond-shaped cutter. Bake in quick oven (450° F) 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 10 to 12 biscuits.

ICE-BOX CAKE

½ pound cake sweet 2½ dozen macaroons
chocolate ½ pint cream
4 egg yolks 4 tablespoons confectioners sugar
4 egg whites ½ teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water. Remove from fire, add egg yolks one at a time, beating constantly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place double row of macaroons on a plate. Cover with one-half chocolate mixture. Add another layer of macaroons and cover with remaining chocolate. Put a layer of macaroons on top. Chill in ice-box until ready to use. Before serving, cover top with stiffly beaten cream, flavored with vanilla and sweetened with confectioners sugar. Makes 9 to 10 servings.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

1¼ tablespoons gelatin ½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cold water 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
2½ cups cooked chicken, minced 2 tablespoons finely chopped pimiento
½ teaspoon paprika ¼ cup whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes. Set in pan of boiling water until dissolved. Mix chicken, paprika, salt, parsley and pimiento and add dissolved gelatin. Mix well together and fold in whipped cream. Put into mold first dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly. Unmold on lettuce and garnish with watercress and olives. Makes 6 servings.

TUNA FISH AU GRATIN

4 tablespoons butter 2 cups milk
6 tablespoons flour 2½ cups tuna fish, flaked in pieces
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup grated cheese
½ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add milk and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly. Put a layer of sauce in baking-dish, then a layer of fish. Sprinkle with cheese and add more sauce and more fish. Continue until all is used, finishing top with a layer of cheese. Bake in moderate oven (325° F) ½ hour. Makes 6 servings.

HAM A LA KING

3 tablespoons butter 1 cup chopped mushrooms
3 tablespoons flour 1½ cups cold ham, cut in cubes
1½ cups rich milk ½ cup cold ham, cut in cubes
½ teaspoon salt 1 egg
½ teaspoon pepper

Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Fry mushrooms in remaining tablespoon butter about 10 minutes. Add mushrooms, ham and pimiento to white sauce. Just before serving, pour ham mixture into beaten egg yolk and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white and serve on rounds of pastry or toast, or in patty shells.

FRUIT SALAD MOLDED IN MAYONNAISE

½ cup grapefruit pulp 2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup orange pulp 1½ tablespoons gelatin
½ cup white grapes ¼ cup cold water
1 cup pineapple, cut in cubes ½ cup mayonnaise
1 apple, cut in small pieces ½ cup whipped cream
½ cup walnuts, cut in pieces ½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

Remove skins and seeds from grapes and add to orange and grapefruit pulp. Add pineapple, apple, walnuts and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Mix mayonnaise, cream, salt and paprika and add gelatin. Fold in fruit. Pour into fancy mold first dipped in cold water. Chill.

CLUB SANDWICH

Cut bread in slices ¾-inch thick, remove crusts and toast on one side. Take three slices for each sandwich. Spread untoasted side of slices with mayonnaise and cut slices diagonally to make triangles. On two bottom triangles lay crisp lettuce, then slices of tomato. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with two more triangles of bread. Lay on these thin slices of chicken, then crisp bacon. Cover with triangles of bread, toasted side up. Serve on individual plates, garnished with watercress, radish roses and olives.

Alice Carpenter

[Continued from page 61]

what life, pleasure, had become. There had been fancy dress in eighteen sixty, naturally, and drinking and coryphees; but they had been not quite like this, just as hock wine in gold-flecked goblets was different from whiskey out of flasks, as the vases of the Strauses were different from "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

It was, I am afraid, Alice herself who was responsible for that topical sensation—the orchestra played it at least twenty times—since she had mentioned to the leader that it was a favorite in New York. The instruments of music, fortified—in a present fashion—with two singers, played and brawled with the greatest lustiness that . . . Yes, they had no bananas! And Alice Carpenter matched all this with an intricate and active dancing. I saw her only now and then, dancing; but, since I didn't dance, I was prepared for this; as usual I was contented to be an onlooker, with a sense of responsibility for her not quite drowned out by the noise. I stood in doorways and sat out under unnatural bowers of leaves electrically lighted and talked while Alice floated in and out of my vision: I saw her in an astonishing evolution with an authentic Cossack in his real boots; with a tall individual in white drill and the insignia of the United States Navy; with a pirate in the mildest of blue silk bandanas—an assortment of men who maintained her in a perpetual stir of popularity. And then, sometime before dawn, I asserted my position as having her in charge and we had bouillon and sandwiches together.

Alice had had a pleasant time, but it was plain that good times, parties, were not an exception to her experience; and, tentatively—I had been sitting about for more than six hours—I inquired when she had thought of going home. At once, she replied, so promptly that I understood how completely she grasped my purpose. Then I tried to get her to remain, the music would play for at least an hour and a half more, but my effort was useless. Really, she assured me, she'd like to leave . . . after a long day and the trains. With a guilty feeling of not having been, precisely, the ideal host, I left the dance glad to get with her into the silence, the fragrance, of the night. We walked up a path under an especially heavy canopy of leaves, there was a green hedge, wet with dew, at our side, and the veiled but perceptible expanse of a close-cut lawn beyond. A dogwood tree in a garden made a vaguely pale blur on the dark. Alice Carpenter's hooped skirt brushed against me:

"Isn't it wonderful?" she demanded, with a subdued eagerness. I asked her what.

"Why to be here at night, in this still green night, with a dress like mine."

For a long breath I was back with her in the early reign of Victoria, the last year of Buchanan's presidency: the night hid all which, in that locality, had fallen since; and the pungency of wet boxwood, the crush of gravel under our feet, Alice Carpenter's profile, hardly more distinct, but more scented, than the dogwood, were exactly as they would have been. We stopped and there was the sound of an air in the leaves. It died away.

"Isn't it still," she said, when we had gone on. "I'm sure the elevated trains make more noise since they've been painted orange. Don't you think that's reasonable to suppose?"

It was both reasonable and purely fantastic—she had, extraordinarily, that quality of treating fancy as reality—and Alice drew in a deep measure of the placidity like a presence of calm and impersonal wisdom. "I love it," she added, and I saw slipping farther and farther away all that I had hoped to find—the announced properties of girls now alive and so superior to life.

The next afternoon we walked, Alice and I, to the very old house that I was rebuilding. It was a stone house and, with the plaster stripped from the walls, the small rooms showed their great age. Great, that was, for America . . . seventeen twelve! We went upstairs, past a mason, a ruddy Italian, setting a stone in its mortar, and found a seat on a sawhorse and there, with our elbows on a low rail-

ing, we stayed through the heart of the afternoon. It was late May, the morning had been overclouded, but now the sun was vague and warm on the earth. Alice Carpenter was, it seemed to me, utterly contented; she had never had a countryside like this about her, or at least she had never, for a little, become a part of such a one; the gardener working among the vegetables fascinated her.

He was breaking up the surface of the soil with a hand cultivator; and, in a blue shirt and informal dark waistcoat, with a trail of pipe smoke behind him, he was moving deliberately up and down the long rows. Alice liked him, she liked his blue shirt—she referred specially to that as an important part of his pleasant fate. "Think of spending your day like that in a blue shirt," was what she said. Suddenly I envied him:

He had laid the cultivator aside and was further pulverizing the earth with a hoe; every lump he systematically reduced, moving away and then back. He was German by birth and whenever I had stopped at his remarkably comfortable house one or another of his children was at the piano. On Saturday I paid him. An ideal existence! Alice could see, against the brown soil, a dark green patch of parsley; the pea vines were a bright green fringe on their brush; dusty rows of spinach were already mature, and the rough cedar bean poles were planted.

"But it's wonderful to—to have a garden of your own," she proceeded; "land of your own. I never even see it. I don't know anything at all about growing."

The vegetable patch was on the left, but directly before Alice was the rose garden and the beds of perennials—the annuals hadn't yet been set out—and on the right was the lawn, the flagged walks and terraces and white picket fence, and the shrubbery—the fragrant mock orange bushes, the Manchurian honeysuckle and Siberian privet, the sweetbriar and yellow evergreen roses and red osier, the snow-berries and flowering crabapple, St. John's wort and styrax and cocksbur thorn. They were hardly more than names, for, just planted, no more than stubble in the ground, they were bare of green; but some of the roses were in bloom, and the names they bore seemed to be a part of their scent:

There were Cecile Brunners and the Duchess of Wellington, Frau Karl Druschki and Jonkheer J. L. Mock, Lady Hillington, Madame Leon Pain and, among all the others, the Souvenir de Claudius Pernet. No more charming compliment was possible, I thought, than to name a rose after a woman; and if I had been an amateur of roses I would have called one Alice Carpenter. Her dress was barred with green, a minute handkerchief hung a green corner like a leaf from a pocket, her face was vivid and flower-like. At that moment she had a rose in her hand, and, examining it closely, she cried out in delight at a little green bug she discovered under a petal. However, taking no part in her pleasure, I called to the gardener:

"Miss Carpenter just found an aphid. We had better spray."

He straightened up, turned and nodded. "I'll get the tobacco stems this afternoon," he replied. And, with moderated shouts, we had a discussion about the relative values of tobacco or whale oil soap sprays. "It's too perfect," Alice reiterated. "But I think you were brutal with the bug; he was such a heavenly color."

What particularly impressed her was the sense of owning ground, of having roses from a garden under the windows instead of from an invisible greenhouse. When Alice got flowers, I realized, they came to her only in special and complimentary ways, in long pasteboard boxes; the ground where she lived was, except in parks, hidden by stone and metal and compositions of black asphalt; what trees there were grew out of holes provided for them in the pavements.

All that, in its effect on Alice Carpenter, I had counted on; I'd find in her, I assured myself, results of city existence, deep influences and changes. But what, actually, I had found [Turn to page 42]

What's that noise?—Use your flashlight!



To INVESTIGATE night noises, use your flashlight! Use your Eveready for the countless uses in and about the house. Safe, dependable, steady light when and where you want it. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's an Eveready for every purpose and purse.

Reload your flashlight and keep it on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. If you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

The type illustrated is No. 2611, the Eveready 2-cell Focusing Spotlight with the 200-foot range. Hand-some, ribbon black-metal case. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer



Cooking to be proud of

For more than a generation Perfection Oil Stoves have fostered women's pride in cookery. Their fine cooking results and complete reliability are known in millions of homes.

Now, with the coming of the modern Perfection Range—the latest achievement in oil stove progress—those *extra* service features are added which bring to suburban and country homes, the full cooking convenience of city kitchens.

Recently invented burners which give the cooking speed of gas, improved designs which lighten work and shorten kitchen hours—these advantages have placed Perfection Oil Ranges side by side with the finest gas stoves made.

Spend a few minutes at your dealer's today. His demonstration of Perfection's gas-like service and simple operation will convince you.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7313 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For best results use Perfection Ovens on Perfection Stoves. All styles, sizes and prices.



In Cottage Cheese, Buttermilk and Sour Milk and in *Bacillus Acidophilus* and *Bacillus Bulgaricus* which you buy under different names are health-aids our bodies need

Sour Milk, A "Protective Food"

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

IN THE mouth, stomach and intestines of the average person there are billions of bacteria.

What kinds they all are depends on just where they are located and on the foods we eat. Because most persons have them, it has been assumed that this is part of Nature's plan and that they do no harm.

This is not true. They are there because they are fed into our systems through contaminated food or because we chew with teeth that are unclean; and they are not necessary to our health. And it is encouraging to know that not all kinds of bacteria are harmful, for the conditions under which most of us live, make it impossible to keep ourselves free from them.

There are two general kinds of bacteria of the digestive system, and these two kinds cannot live together.

One is the harmful, putrefactive or decomposing kind; the other the harmless, even beneficial, fermentative kind, which is the same kind as the one that sours milk and produces lactic acid.

How can we choose which type will predominate in our bodies? By the foods we eat.

When we eat a diet rich in proteins and fats, containing little sugar or few starchy foods, we are encouraging the growth of the putrefactive type of bacteria which causes decomposition of the protein and the formation in large amounts of unwholesome products in the intestines. These are absorbed by the blood and carried all over our bodies. Undoubtedly they do harm. True, the rest of our organs work very hard to counteract the poisons. But it is impossible to combat them entirely, and so we suffer from various illnesses of which they are the cause.

On the other hand when we eat foods which contain an abundance of easily fermented sugar or starchy foods (which become sugar when digested), the fermentation produces one or more kinds of organic acids. The harmful putrefactive bacteria cannot live in the presence of these acids and so they are destroyed before they can circulate through our bodies and cause trouble.

The best illustration of this is in the souring of milk. Unless we keep milk very cold or pasteurize it, it quickly becomes sour. This sour milk, containing as it does lactic acid, will remain free from unwholesome decomposition for an in-

definite period because any putrefactive bacteria which quickly destroyed by the lactic acid bacteria.

Seventeen years ago Doctor Kellogg of Michigan put a piece of tainted meat into some buttermilk, which he has changed once a week since then. Today the meat shows no signs of decomposition!

Many eminent persons have decided that if we could adopt a diet which would contain less protein, we should eliminate the putrefactive bacteria in our intestines and as a result, our health would be improved greatly.

One way we could do this, to a certain degree, would be to live mainly on a vegetable diet. But even this would not be enough. To drink sour milk is the best and most efficient way yet discovered for cultivating the friendly, beneficial, fermentative bacteria in the intestines.

Professor Metchnikoff, the famous Russian bacteriologist, who was at one time assistant director of the Pasteur Institute in France, became convinced about forty years ago that the constant absorption by our bodies of the decomposing products of the intestines was the cause of old age. He found that the peasants of the Balkan states who drank sour milk constantly and in large quantities, lived in exceptionally good health and attained an extreme old age.

Investigation convinced him this was because the beneficial bacteria in the sour milk displaced the harmful kinds and prevented the body from absorbing the poisonous products. He experimented on sour milk until he isolated the beneficial bacteria which he called *Bacillus Bulgaricus*. This can now be purchased as "cultured milk," under many trade names, at drug stores.

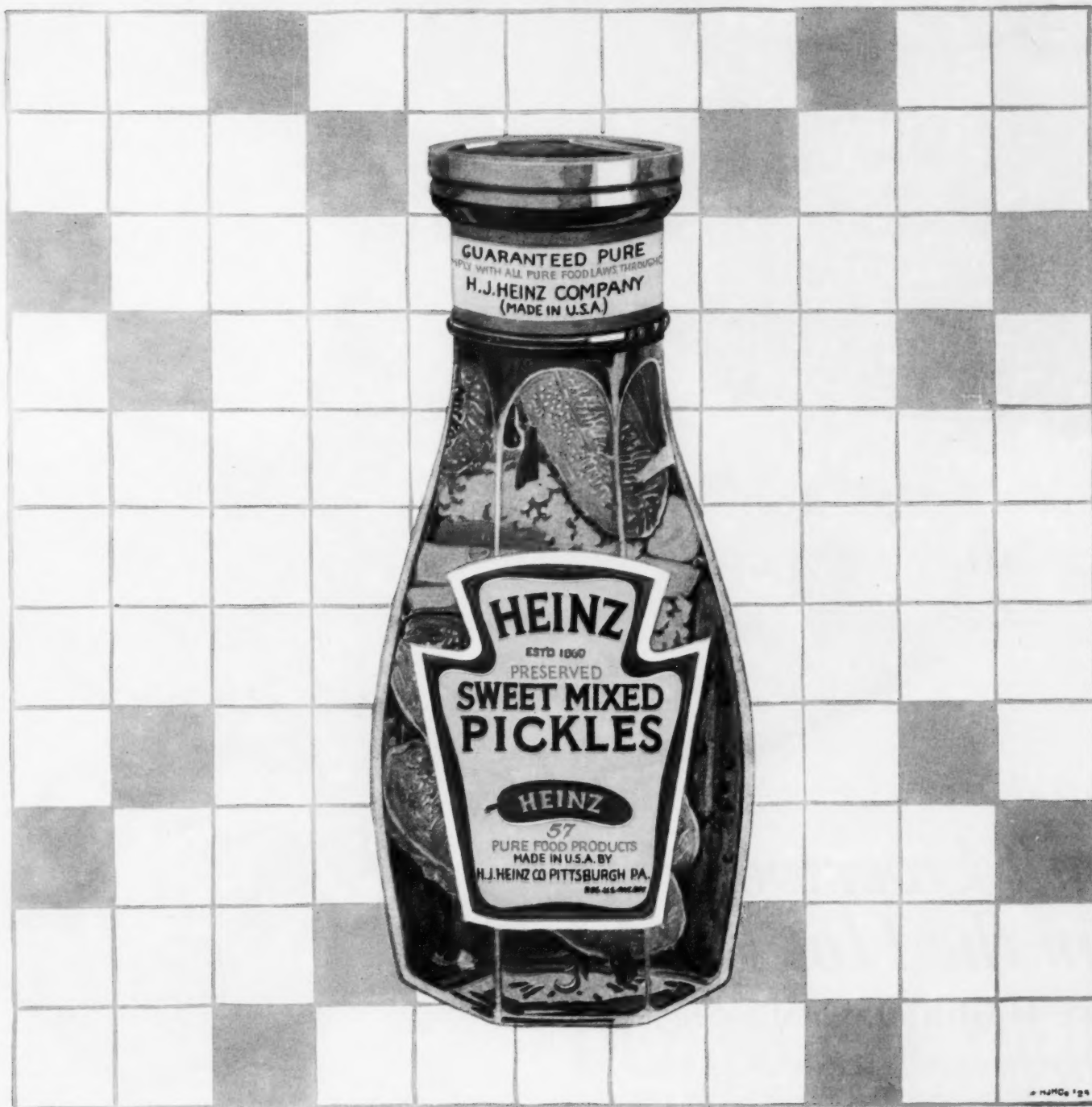
Professor Metchnikoff, however, did not appreciate the importance of certain other things about milk which today we know so well. Besides the beneficial effects it has in replacing harmful bacteria with healthful ones in the intestines, sour milk also is a protective food of the greatest importance. Like fresh milk, it makes up for many things usually lacking in the average diet of too-highly refined breads and cereals, potatoes, meats and sugar. But the fresh milk, especially after it has been pasteurized, does not contain the beneficial lactic acid bacteria.

Since his discoveries, investigations by other bacteriologists [Turn to page 40]

ARE you feeding into your system the bacteria that cause death and disease? Or beneficial bacteria to defeat these enemies which bring on decay and premature old age?

It is a question of diet. Read what Doctor McCollum states: Sour milk bacteria not only replace harmful, putrefactive bacteria in the intestines: sour milk also is one of the "protective foods"—milk and leafy vegetables—which the famous McCollum system of dietetics is putting into the daily diet of the two million families who live on McCall Street.

A word of five letters that means fifty-seven



When you think of pickles you think of Heinz, but when you think of Heinz do you think only of pickles?

57

are salted the day they are picked. The vinegar used is Heinz-made and the spices are blended by experts and ground in Heinz mills.

Do you realize that it is the *Heinz way of preparing foods* that has made Heinz Pickles a great table delicacy? And that this Heinz way applies to all of the Fifty-seven Varieties of good things to eat?

Heinz Pickles are raised from seeds developed by Heinz and grown in favored localities under Heinz supervision. Heinz pickling plants are so located that the cucumbers

This care, this effort, this control of every process from seed to the final preparation and packing, is not peculiar to Heinz Pickles. It is the Heinz way of making each of the fifty-seven so that you can be assured of flavor, quality, and purity in every food you buy bearing the Heinz label.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens



Don't Overwork in the Hot Kitchen

Serve Healthful, Cooling Salads

LETTUCE, tomatoes, all vegetables and fruits are plentiful and cheap. They are necessary for good health. They contain the indispensable vitamins.

Delightful salads are easily and quickly prepared. But **THE DRESSING IS IMPORTANT.**

The zest of the salad depends on the dressing. Remember, there is no better salad oil in the world, at any price, than MAZOLA. And it combines Quality with Economy.

You are invited to try a can of MAZOLA, make a salad-dressing—taste it, eat it on your salad. If it is not equal *in every respect* to the finest imported oils (which cost considerably more) we will gladly return your money and pay you for your time and effort.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT

MAZOLA is as good and delicious to eat as the corn from which it comes.

free Please fill in this coupon and mail it to the Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 15, Argo, Illinois. You will receive by return mail, a copy of the NEW, beautifully illustrated, 64 page CORN PRODUCTS COOK BOOK.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____



Try these delicious Sour Cream Fumbles with a cool summer drink

Good Things Made With Sour Milk

By LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College,
Columbia University



THE milk has soured!" wails the homemaker often in the hot summer months. She thinks the day is lost but if she only knew how many delicious things she could make with this same sour milk, she would wail no longer.

Even a few tablespoons of sour cream can be used in many ways and some good cooks prefer to cook with sour milk, as foods made with it keep moist much longer than those made with sweet milk. It is difficult for most cooks to alter recipes which call for sweet milk and baking-powder in order to use sour milk and soda, so the best thing to do is to keep on file, in case of emergency, recipes which call for sour milk.

Here are some points it is wise to remember in using sour milk or cream:

If you use cream in a recipe which calls for milk, you must reduce the amount of shortening called for. Otherwise the food would be too "short" and likely to fall in the baking or to crumble when taken from the pan.

In using soda always sift it with the flour unless the recipe directs otherwise. It should be measured most accurately and if lumpy should be sifted before measuring it. Even a tiny bit too much soda will spoil an otherwise good recipe.

It is difficult to tell just the amount of soda to use as not all sour milk is of the same acidity. Sometimes the inexperienced cook is puzzled by what seems to her to be too much soda in one recipe in comparison with another. But if she looks more carefully she will usually see that the recipe calls for molasses, certain kinds of meal, lemon juice or chocolate, all of which are slightly acid and require the extra soda. Sometimes soda and baking-powder are both used in the same recipe.

Sour cream, whipped or unwhipped, may be added to mayonnaise or cooked salad dressings. This makes an especially delicious dressing for cucumbers. Add a tiny bit of cayenne, too, if there is none in the dressing.

SOUR-MILK DOUGHNUTS

1 cup sour milk
3/4 to 1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 1/2 cups flour, or more
1/2 teaspoon soda

1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Mix milk and sugar and add beaten

egg. Sift together 2 1/2 cups flour, soda, salt and nutmeg or cinnamon and stir into first mixture. Add more flour if necessary to handle, keeping dough as soft as possible. Turn out onto floured board. Roll out with floured rolling pin, cut with doughnut cutter and fry a golden brown in deep fat hot enough to brown a cube of stale bread in 1 minute. Drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Makes 2 to 3 dozen doughnuts, depending on size of cutter.

QUICK SOUR-CREAM CAKES

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
1 1/4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda

2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract, or 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix sugar and beaten eggs and add sour cream. Sift together flour, soda and baking-powder and stir into first mixture. Add flavoring and mix well. Bake in small greased muffin-tins in hot oven (380° F) 15 minutes. Makes about 18 medium-sized cakes.

CHOCOLATE NUTS

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 squares chocolate, melted
1 1/4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup chopped seeded raisins
1/2 cup walnuts, cut fine
1/2 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add well-beaten egg and melted chocolate. Sift together flour, salt and soda. Add raisins and walnuts and mix in well. Then add sour milk and flour mixture alternately to first mixture, mixing thoroughly. Add flavoring and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto well-greased baking-sheets. Bake in moderate oven (340° F) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes about 6 to 8 dozen. These will keep fresh a long time.

GINGER CRISPS

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
1 tablespoon sour milk or cream

4 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon clove
1/2 teaspoon ginger

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add well-beaten egg, molasses and sour milk or cream. Sift together flour, soda, cinnamon, clove and ginger and add gradually to first mixture. [Turn to page 40]

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level

SLICED PEACHES ~FROZEN!



Have them this EASY WAY~

Can you think of anything better—or more refreshing these hot days—than Sliced Peaches, frozen in their own rich syrup?

Well, why not try them? It's easy! Just pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in an ordinary bucket, surrounded by equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand for three hours. Then take out the can, dip for an instant in hot water, punch an airhole in one end, cut off the other end as illustrated below, and there you have it—as delicious a fruit ice or frozen salad as ever made hot days cool.

And you'll find this method just as successful with other DEL MONTE Fruits—Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Berries, Fruits for Salad, or any variety you wish.

Only one precaution. This is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. If you say DEL MONTE you are sure of the right results, because the fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly—and more important, to taste right without other additions, just as it comes frozen from the can.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

For additional summer suggestions write for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"—our newest recipe collection. Free. Address: Department 32B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Freeze DEL MONTE FRUITS right in the can

1 Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt.

2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for use in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

SPECIAL NOTE—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer, less salt or shorter freezing.

I am Free - You may be!



(An Antiseptic Liquid)



Free

From Excessive Armpit Perspiration with its not infrequent injurious complications.

From all embarrassing Armpit Odor.

From that humiliating loss of poise which comes through a sense of impaired daintiness.

From those unsightly perspiration stains, which ruin one's costly gowns.

Just One of Many Letters

Los Angeles, California
October 13, 1924

Nonspi Company
Dear Sirs:

Just received your sample of Nonspi for which I thank you very kindly. The kind friend who turned in my name did not know that I had used Nonspi for 15 years and can honestly say that I would rather have one meal a day and know that I had a bottle of Nonspi in my bathroom than have three meals and be minus the Nonspi, its the greatest blessing women ever had. I will give my sample to some friend and will fill in this slip of another one. I will always have a good word for Nonspi.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. W. E. Stradley.

A million happy women have been freed forever from the embarrassment of Excessive Armpit Perspiration because—twice a week—they use NONSPI, the old reliable, the perfect and truly scientific remedy for this unhealthy condition.

Year in and year out, wonderful NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid) has gone ever onward, convincing chemists, physicians and nurses—demonstrating to women the world over—that a simple easy way out of perspiration troubles has been found.

And so, if you too, are troubled with this disordered condition, your best interests will be served by obtaining a bottle of NONSPI at once from any toilet or drug counter, and using it twice a week; your armpits will then remain normally dry and there will not be the slightest trace of underarm odor.

The price of NONSPI is only 50c, and it need be used but twice a week. One bottle will last you several months.



If you already use NONSPI, please send us the name of a friend who does not.

The Nonspi Company,
2630 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Without obligation please send free testing sample to:

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Good Things Made With Sour Milk

[Continued from page 39]

stirring in well. More flour may be added if necessary. Chill in ice-box. Roll very thin on floured board and cut with cookie cutter. Bake in hot oven (360 to 380° F) 10 minutes. Makes 7 to 8 dozen depending on size of cutter.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

1 cup rye or white flour
1 cup graham flour
1 cup corn meal
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup molasses
1 1/4 cups sour milk or buttermilk

Mix flours, meal, soda and salt. Add molasses and milk and mix thoroughly. (1/2 cup broken nuts or 1/2 cup raisins may be added if desired). Fill well-greased molds about 2/3 full to allow for expansion. Put on covers (well-greased) and steam for 2 to 3 hours.

SOUR-CREAM JUMBLES

1/3 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1/2 cup sour cream
3/4 cups flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup shredded coconut

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten egg and sour cream and mix well. Sift together flour, salt and soda and add to egg mixture. Add vanilla. Roll out 1/4 inch thick onto floured board and cut with jumble-cutter. Sprinkle with coconut and bake in hot oven (360 to 380° F) 8 to 10 minutes. The "hole" cut from jumble can be baked and laid on jumble when served. Makes 3 dozen jumbles.

SOUR-CREAM MUFFINS

2 1/4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup sour cream
1 egg

Sift together flour, salt, soda and sugar. Stir in cream and, lastly, well-beaten egg. Beat until batter is light and full of bubbles. Add melted shortening. Pour into well-greased muffin-tins and bake in quick oven (400° F) 20 to 25 minutes or until brown. Makes 10 to 12 medium-sized muffins.

SOUR-CREAM PIE CRUST

2 cups flour
2 tablespoons salt
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 teaspoon soda

Mix and sift flour, salt and soda. Cut in shortening with knife. Add sour cream and mix into a smooth stiff dough. Chill.



Roll out on slightly floured board to 1/8 inch thickness. Fit into pastry tins and mark and trim edges. This recipe makes pastry enough for two open pie shells or one 2-crust pie.

SOUR-CREAM PIE FILLING

1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup seeded raisins

Add sour cream to sugar and mix well. Add well-beaten eggs, salt and raisins.

When thoroughly mixed pour into an unbaked pie-shell and bake in quick oven (425° F) ten minutes. Reduce temperature to moderate (325° F) and bake until firm. Take from oven and cover with meringue made by beating two egg whites until stiff and beating into them 2 tablespoons confectioners sugar until smooth and glossy. Spread on pie and bake in moderate oven (325° F) 15 minutes or until meringue is delicate brown.



Our Quart of Milk!

By LOUISE THOMAS

We've often heard our Master say
He takes a quart of milk each day
Because this makes folks big and strong —
And what He does is never wrong.

So as we pups would like to be
Big dogs, with barks from which cats flee,
We've found an easy, pleasant way
Totake a quart of milk a day.

SOUR-CREAM FRUIT CAKE

1/2 pound seeded raisins
1/2 pound seedless raisins
1/4 pound citron
3 cups flour
3/4 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon clove
1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour cream
4 eggs

Separate seeded raisins and cut citron in fine strips. Mix both with seedless raisins and flour thoroughly with 1/2 cup of the flour. Sift together balance of flour, soda, cinnamon, clove and allspice. Mix together sugar, molasses and cream and add them to flour mixture. Then put in fruit and mix well.

Add beaten eggs and mix again thoroughly. Bake in large, well-greased tin in a very slow oven (250° F) 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Or place in greased, covered pudding-mold and steam 3 hours.

SOUR-CREAM SLAW

1 cup vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
Yolks of 2 eggs
1/2 cup thick sour cream
4 cups finely shredded cabbage

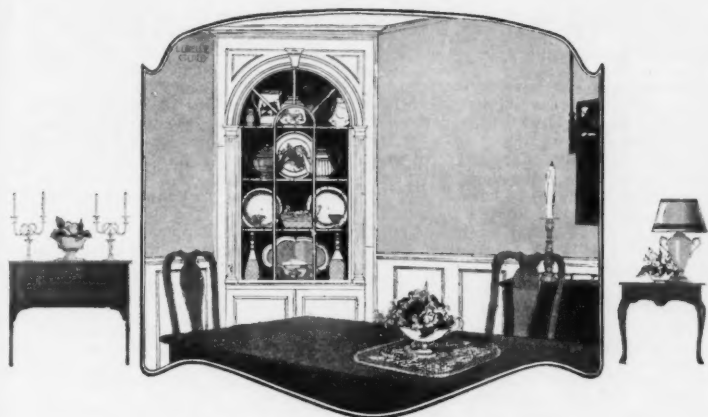
Bring vinegar to boiling point. Add sugar and salt. Remove from fire and add slowly to cream and well-beaten yolks which have been mixed together. Blend thoroughly and chill. Pour over shredded cabbage. Makes 6 servings.

Sour Milk, A "Protective Food"

[Continued from page 36]

have brought to light the fact that there is another kind of lactic acid organism in sour milk which is even more valuable than *Bacillus Bulgaricus*. This is *Bacillus Acidophilus*, which produces a more concentrated lactic acid, and one which is stronger and more hardy in the conditions under which it must live in the intestines. Many people have been greatly benefited by drinking milk in which has been planted this *Bacillus*. Cottage cheese contains many of the lactic acid bacteria and will have the same effect, to a certain extent, that sour

milk has, and is more palatable. Do not think that you can, by drinking sour milk—even in liberal quantities—for a few days, permanently establish the friendly lactic acid bacteria in your intestines and rid yourself of all the putrefactive bacteria. You cannot do it because they quickly disappear unless their accustomed food, milk, be taken constantly in liberal quantities. Neither will it help you to take tablets said to contain the organisms of sour milk unless you drink plenty of milk while taking them.



Old china looks well in a corner-cupboard

Is It Good Taste to Display Silver, China and Glass?

By RUBY ROSS GOODNOW



I AM really bewildered," complains one of my friends, "as to how to use my silver and china and glass. All you decorators say that these things should be kept in closed closets—that china-cabinets are bad form—and yet I notice most of you break your own rules in certain houses. Why is an old shabby corner-cupboard, filled with cracked odds and ends of china, in good form, when a good mahogany and plate-glass china-closet is considered out of style?"

Words cannot entirely answer you, my friend. It is true that the modern china-closet is out of favor. One reason is that sets of furniture, groups of pieces made to match exactly, are considered less interesting and less decorative than collections of different pieces of furniture of sympathetic design.

Another reason is that good taste demands that you be modest and sensible about your belongings, and frowns on the display of everything you own. The fine pieces, the odd objects that you accumulate, may be used as decorations but the silver and china and glass that are used three times a day are more conveniently kept and cleaned in the pantry than in the dining-room. I see no more reason for showing a set of ordinary glasses or tea-cups between meals than in exposing a pile of towels or doilies in a glass cabinet.

The best advice I can give you about the use of your small belongings is to take them all into the pantry, clean them thoroughly and then go over your house thoughtfully. Ask yourself: Is this row of china tea-pots really good enough for my corner-cupboard? Is this silver loving-cup too thin and insignificant to use on the library mantel? Wouldn't it be better to put it on a low smoking-table and fill it with small flowers? And so on and so on, with your glass and china and silver.

Old silver has the same distinction that old family portraits have. It should be displayed with as much pride but should not be cheapened by being shown among a crowded mass of indifferent things. If you have really good silver things, they

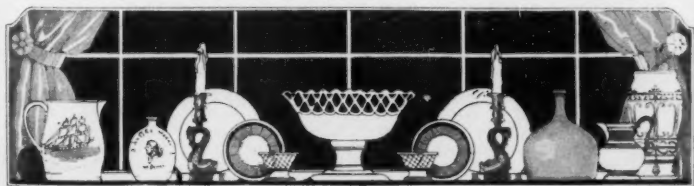
may be scattered through the house. A good silver urn may be made into a lamp for the living-room, or used for flowers. Silver boxes and picture-frames may be used—very sparingly—in any room in the house. In the hall a large silver tray may be used for mail or a small one for cards. A pair of silver bowls with flowers in them may be used on the sideboard, with a silver tray holding a tea service between them. A set of candelabra, with a bowl of fruit between, may be used on a side or serving-table. A fine silver loving-cup placed on a small piece of really good lace will make a good between-meals decoration on the dining-table.

EVERY word I have said about silver applies equally to china and glass, which may be just as rare as silver. Built-in cupboards or fine old wooden or painted ones may be used to hold and display the finest pieces but the small silver and china and glass should be kept in the pantry or behind closed doors in the dining-room.

China looks well against the wall or in cupboards but old glass is best shown against the light. If you have a few pieces of old American glass, place them on a table in front of a window. You have no idea what a charming sight it is to go into a room and see colored glass in a flood of light.

Brass, pewter and copper are also well worth collecting and displaying. They go well together but they do not mix well with silver. For instance, brass candlesticks look well enough on a bare table; but silver or glass ones look much better when there is a table-cloth. Pewter, well polished, goes well with silver.

Of course if there is no separate dining-room and the dining-table is in the living-room, then a mixture of metals is rather attractive because it adds to the informality of the service. A large brass tray of oranges is a colorful spot on a dark, polished table. A pewter bowl of apples placed on the library table will be very pleasant and tempting with books and magazines. A silver bowl piled high with grapes is a cool and tempting sight.



Set your colored pieces of old American glass in a flood of light before a window

He was "too busy"

She neglected the greatest "beauty secret"

Her mirror told her—too late!

A little care would have saved them

4 out of 5 now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



Their splendid health started many babies on Eagle Brand



They are Patty Virginia, aged 3 1/2 years, and Billie Ben Payne, 14 months old. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Payne of Appleton City, Mo.

"My two babies were raised from birth on Eagle Brand, and are such healthy, sturdy children," writes their mother. "Neither baby has ever had a touch of colic or summer complaint." They had no trouble cutting their teeth either.

"Because of their unusually good health and development they have caused a number of mothers in this community to change the food of their babies to Borden's Eagle Brand."

Mrs. Payne gave her babies Eagle Brand on her nurse's recommendation.



Better evidence than words

Eagle Brand has started a million such babies on the road to sturdy, vigorous health. They are the best evidence in the world of why Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been the accepted baby food for 68 years.

For milk is the natural food for babies, and Eagle Brand is pure, full-cream milk, combined with sugar in a special way that makes it extremely digestible. When properly diluted Eagle Brand more nearly resembles mother's milk than any other infant food.

If you have a feeding problem with your baby, put him on Eagle Brand. Give him the healthy start he has a right to have.

If you wish more evidence like the Payne children above, send the coupon for the new Borden booklet, *What Other Mothers Say*. Also *Baby's Welfare*, an authoritative book on the care of babies. Both books are free. Use the coupon below. The Borden Company, 495 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Borden's
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



The Baby Welfare Dept., The Borden Co.
495 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York

Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*.

Name

Address

was an interest in the green aphids, a fascination in the rhythmic employment of a gardener with a blue shirt. Around the beds of perennials and back of the rose garden, by the farther terrace, were bushes of lilacs—the flower that had filled my being with its fragrance and color—and there were still some blooms like pale lavender flames at the top of the leaves. There were young peach trees from which the coral blossoms had gone. Boxwood. And the air, the pale warm sunlight, was musical with birds—the liquid chatter of martins, the sweetness of a distant robin in the late afternoon, and the song of a wren in the willow tree.

I listened to the wren and thought of the elevated trains that had been painted orange, I thought of the long approaching and subsiding crash of the wheels on the high tracks . . . the last sound that Alice heard at night; and I remembered how, almost over night, the white curtain of her window would turn grey from the very air she breathed.

There was no result yet, in Alice Carpenter, from such conditions, but soon—perhaps in her children—there would be, there must be. And, meanwhile, seated above the garden, the intensity that I had always noticed in New York left her: the flowers and grass and birds, the wide hilly green prospect, the aged trees, all laid their charms on her; they enveloped her in the tenderness of spring. She sat quietly, with her bright lips a little apart, her hands loosely clasped across the porch railing.

She had, of course, seen country before, most of her summers were spent at a house on the sea, but that casual dwelling, compared to the stone house now about her, was very much built on the sand. She was not, here, in a region of country places, of planned landscapes; the houses she saw were old farm houses, the fields had been planted for crops, for a living, two centuries and more; the trees grew where they had happened to be.

It was a part of the tradition, the origins, of Alice Carpenter's inheritance in the earth, and the atmosphere stole into her blood, it quieted her with memories and it specially—and again—brought to nothing what in her I had determined to uncover. There was nothing modern, nothing isolated from the illimitable past, in her; all that had been so evident in New York, so important, was expunged . . . a girl was left in a green barred dress; an Etruscan girl, a Greek . . . a Barbarian.

Later, since it was my conception that youth ought always to be busy with gaiety, there was a party in the Pickering Valley, at an old house, stone—like mine—but whitewashed. The white walls against the flagged walks, the wistaria and the sod, were infinitely refreshing, and the panelled interior, the sporting lithographs and wide fireplaces—the dwelling was now a hunt club—held the air that lay back, even, of the first local settlements. The party spread itself over the grass, the motor cars were hidden in the farther court, and the evening began to bluey gather in the green cup of the hills. The conversation was general, it took a fresh vitality from the inescapable

form carefully studied and thought out. We send him to Washington, and then we allow the defeated party to hound him day and night. No matter how necessary or how beneficial to the welfare of the whole country what he proposes to do may be, he will not be allowed by the defeated party to do it because it would rebound to the glory of the party in power.

I have in mind an instance in which an honest man was sent to Washington and put in a high place. Immediately there were opened to him ways in which he could accumulate an immense personal fortune, but he must do it by combining with other men in literally stealing the money sent to Washington by the people for the carrying on of the Government. Steadily, quietly, he went about his work. When it was discovered that he was incorruptible, the word was passed along that he must get out.

At this time of the year when we are celebrating our national birthday, suppose that we resolve to see if we cannot find more men and women to fill the important offices at Washington who are incor-

Alice Carpenter

(Continued from page 35)

drinks, and, at a long table, in the yellow radiance of candles, a supper of beef-steaks and cottage cheese, fried potatoes and cool salads began.

I wasn't near Alice Carpenter, but at intervals I could hear her voice, as crisp and young as the leaves of lettuce. I had put her between two amusing men, but I intended, later, to account for her entertainment myself. With the duties of a host at an end I was set on a really enjoyable hour. There were small old-fashioned strawberry short cakes, very short indeed, with yellow country cream from a willow horned cow, and after that a scattering. I went immediately to Alice:

"I'm going to insist on talking to you." I said, and she made the reply inevitable to her very good manners. Accordingly we left the rooms of the hunt club for the dark outside. It had begun to rain, an occasional drop fell pleasantly from an unseen cloud, and there was a barely perceptible patter on the grass. We moved deliberately to what once, perhaps, had been a small barn, but which now, with its walls gone, was turned into a covered, stone-paved pavilion.

The walls had been taken out in a way that left arches on all four of the sides, and we had, in consequence, four segments of night: on one face there was the house, lighted windows and a stir of people; on another the open fell away gradually to a blur of trees that continued into a distance where there were a few farm lights; we could see, turned away from that, the edge of the valley; immediately below there was a small lake, the air lifted moist from it to our faces, with an eager piping of frogs; and the remaining side opened on a sense of space.

I stood there with Alice Carpenter, my arm in hers, and the darkness with its suggestions of sounds floated over us. When I was in a beautiful place like this, she asked me, wasn't I continually bothered about the unfortunate people who never could see and enjoy it? I confessed to her immediately that I scarcely gave them a thought. The beauty around her, I pointed out, depended upon its essential solitude, the saturation of undisturbed memories that slumbered and woke and slept again along its streams, under its trees, on its meadows.

"But I must think about them," she cried, "I—I want to do something about it." In that way, exactly, she was modern and hard. I asked her what, but she didn't know; and I advised her to enjoy what she had; to be, briefly, selfish. But I succeeded only in troubling her further; and, drowning the night in vain talk, I tried to explain that an exaggerated concern with individuals was a sentimental mistake. I brought the example of literature to bear upon her, but—because what I wanted to say was so involved—I failed to be as clear as necessary:

An individual, I proceeded, was only important in his own practicable self-esteem; no one, really, understood how short and unremarkable his being was. . . . no more than a May fly."

"I can't tell why, but I'm sure you're

wrong," Alice replied conclusively; "besides, I don't believe you believe it."

A dog barked, muffled in a closed room, and the sound—dropped and then taken up again—was extraordinarily suggestive of loneliness. It was a solitary and defensive bark, but the defensiveness, I thought, was directed against the whole of an existence shut, in a way, within the darkness of locked space. The bark was an indictment, a question and a lament, a doubt that was stayed by courage . . . or a braveness undermined with fear.

It made Alice Carpenter wretched; she wanted to go at once and completely reassure the dog. She was so modern! "You can't do that," I pointed out; "and the family will be back soon. They are never away late in the country."

They shouldn't have left the dog, she insisted; and then, to complete my ruin as an investigator of character, she sang, very lightly, "Yes, we have no bananas." That was youth, Sumerian youth, contemporary with the first girls by lily ponds that the earliest Chinese poets had written about. And, as if in support of what I had tried to tell her, I lost my grasp of Alice Carpenter as an individual; all youth, it seemed to me, was a part of the earth exactly as the blossoming fruit trees were—blossom and branch and root and soil were one; it was only later, after the harvest, that they became detached, peculiar, broken, really, from the ground.

That was what made youth so different from all which came after, why it was so superior to mere knowledge, experience, cautious advice; it was at the moment of flowering and nothing else in the past or future was of the slightest importance. Yes, we have no bananas! How ridiculous I had been to suppose that there was a modern youth, for youth was a period without age, without time; it was the mythological age of fable; and, though I was close beside Alice, our arms weren't disengaged, I was as far from her as I was from the pastoral and migratory days of the Mediterranean Basin. I had thought about Alice as a possible stay to my pride; she might, it had appeared, show me that there was no impassable gulf between her understanding and mine; but, instead she had made me see how long ago the fragrance of my own youth had been changed into a pot-pourri of flowers in the jar of memory.

I understood her well enough, oh, there was no trouble about that—she was life. "Yes, we have no . . ." The dog had subsided, the pattering of rain ceased, and it occurred to me that I must return to the party; almost hurriedly, in the similitude of a flight, I took Alice back into the illumination of what had been a farm house and was now a hunt club. She drifted away from me—a woman was singing—and I went out into the dining room for a drink, in the most special sense and current application of that term. I took a drink and forgot a little of what I had lost. Yet, even with that I didn't go on—it was such an artificial and, now, useless glow. I remembered Alice Carpenter in hoop-skirts walking home with me by the hedge, a scented profile like the dogwood, like us all, in the night.

Patriotism or Politics

(Continued from page 2)

ruptible. There are still some noble souled men and women patriots left of the heroic breed of those great figures of our Revolutionary and Colonial days, but alas, so many of our best men and women are utterly absorbed in carrying on private, personal business enterprises that they will not leave their own affairs to handle the affairs of Government.

Evil things go on because we allow them to go on, because we do not make up our minds as one big universal mind, and then, forgetting political parties and thinking only of the greatest good to the greatest number, we do not put up a fight for that very thing. Let our President be acknowledged as the head of our Government, and with one big preconcerted effort let us see that he is not hampered and prevented from putting through the measures that would give back to the people benefits commensurate to the taxation imposed upon them.

There is one city in the United States that during the past year has been under the management of an efficiency expert. This city, under honest government, is doing the unprecedented and unbelievable thing of paying its taxpayers a dividend. It was incontrovertibly demonstrated that taxes had been higher than necessary by the fact that under an honest business régime the people were paying their efficiency expert a high salary and yet had had returned to them an unbelievable percent of the money they had paid in taxes. There is not one city in the United States, where the same thing could not be accomplished if you, the people, the people who are reading these lines at this minute, would arise and absolutely demand that an honest and incorruptible man be put at the head of business affairs, that he be given power to clean out graft and red tape and spend the money paid by the people in taxes upon the people who paid these same taxes for the benefit of better schools, better living conditions, better churches. Let us highly resolve to make a move in this direction all over the United States.

KRAFT CHEESE



Polenta with Kraft Cheese

VARIETIES

(1 lb. and 5 lb. loaves)

Swiss
Brick
American

Pimento
Old English
(Sharp American)

Also 5 Varieties in Tins

COUPON

Send this coupon and 10 cents in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Recipe Book C7, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Address 406 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

"Some Kraft Cheese, Please"

We not only try to give you the best cheese obtainable, but we try to guide you to it—by the Kraft Label. So, when you call for Kraft Cheese you can see that you get it. The size, shape or style of package may be exactly the same, but if you can't see the Kraft Label—well, it isn't Kraft quality; it isn't Kraft flavor; it isn't Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

~ DECIDEDLY BETTER ~



WHENEVER you talk about a family picnic there's always somebody that says "Now, let's not bother much about food or go to any trouble. Let's just have sandwiches." And that "somebody" is always a man.

But the women are different. They know that sandwiches don't grow ready-made on trees. Perhaps there just happens to be a piece of cold meat in the ice-box. Perhaps not. Or there may be some other odds and ends of suitable sandwich filling. Fortunately, if true; but it takes a surprising lot of sandwiches to crown a picnic with success these glorious days when the whole world is young and hungry.

Let's not make our picnics a burden! Too much advance preparation spoils everything. It's nine o'clock now; let's start at ten. Open that jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter—nut-brown and golden-brown—and spread every last sandwich in two shakes!

A medium-sized jar will spread 26 ordinary slices of bread! Just think of it!

Spread the Beech-Nut good and thick

You can't get it too thick, this Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. It's light on the bread—almost fluffy—but in nourishment it is a food of substance and worth. And it is, we repeat, at its very best when it's spread thick. Then the youngsters can get their teeth down into it, and it seems like a pretty good world to them as they munch their favorite sandwiches beside a running stream, or looking out from a hilltop as the sun swings high at noon.



A word to all mothers Beech-Nut Peanut Butter makes the sandwich problem easy

You'll find that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter carries packed within it one of the world's finest flavors, and it's equally good with white bread, brown bread or corn muffins. It's good with graham bread, rye bread, baker's bread or the kind Mother makes—not to mention the seven thousand kinds of crackers devised by the fertile mind of man, each with a fancy name. And then there's little Barbara who likes it on toast with honey, and we know a boy in the sixth grade who eats it on his griddle cakes in the morning.

Flavor, that's the word! It's the word that stands first with the grocer, the baker and the sandwich maker. And it's the word that stands first with Beech-Nut, because the Beech-

good things to eat are made for those persons who appreciate the best.

Give your children Beech-Nut foods. They will want them always if they taste them once; their unspoiled taste is a reliable, natural guide to purity and nourishment. Your grocer carries Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. He is sure to. Hard to find one that doesn't. If you like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter you'll like other Beech-Nut foods as well. Catsup, chili sauce, ready-cooked spaghetti; jams, jellies and marmalade.

If you can't get them, write us about it. All these Beech-Nut foods are simply delicious. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Beech-Nut Bacon
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
Beech-Nut Macaroni • Spaghetti
Beech-Nut Vermicelli
Beech-Nut Macaroni Elbows
Beech-Nut Macaroni Rings
Beech-Nut Prepared Spaghetti
Beech-Nut Pork and Beans
Beech-Nut Catsup • Chili Sauce
Beech-Nut Prepared Mustard

Beech-Nut Jams and Jellies
Beech-Nut Marmalades and Preserves

Confections

Beech-Nut Mints • Fruit Drops
Beech-Nut Chewing Gum



Beside the blue waters
of the Mohawk
Where Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
is made... Canajoharie, N. Y.



Nut folks and the whole Beech-Nut business simply wouldn't exist, *couldn't* exist, if it were not for the ideal of flavor.

Real food

Food must be nutritious. Food must be pure. But food must also be *welcome food*—food that is worthy of the occasion. And Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is such a food.

A fine blend of different kinds of peanuts, grown to full plumpness under a southern sun and roasted at the model Beech-Nut plant at Canajoharie, New York State, up in the Mohawk Valley where pure country air sweeps through the Beech-Nut workrooms, and where



Dept. W-6
BEECH-NUT
PACKING CO.,
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

A Son of His Father

[Continued from page 15]

rode away. "Tis exactly like he was caught in a trap of some sort," Nora said to Charlie Gray when she had returned to the house.

NORA was working in the rose garden and Charlie Gray, much to Wing Foo's delight, was helping her. As they worked they talked, for the man of books never tired of listening to the Irish girl's characteristic expressions of her wholesome philosophy of life. Nora, herself, did not even suspect that she had such a thing as a philosophy of life but the student knew, just as students always know a great deal more about people than people ever know about themselves.

"And every soul of us, do you see, is just like these roses," she was saying, while her pruning shears snipped away the dead wood of a neglected bush. "We die in spots and the spots have to be cut away; and we grow a lot of useless branches that need to be trimmed; and we must have the soil stirred about our roots; and some kinds of us have to be supported with a trellis or something—and when all this is done for us and we make a rose or two we think we've done it all by ourselves with no thanks to anybody."

Charlie Gray straightened his tired back. "It certainly is a job—but I suppose it's worth the effort."

"Is it worth it, do you say? Why, man, you'll not know yourself by another week."

He laughed: "But I was speaking of our garden."

"And so was I," she retorted. "When you think of it, what else is there to do in life anyway, save just to help the old bushes to make roses." The student was thinking it over when their attention was caught by the sound of a galloping horse and they looked to see a young woman riding toward them.

"Speaking of roses," murmured Charlie Gray, and disappeared hurriedly into the house. Never had Nora O'Shea seen a girl like this dark haired, dark eyed, vivid creature who rode her half wild horse with such unconscious ease and grace.

"Buenos dias, Señorita," she called with a flash of white teeth as she reined her spirited mount up to the picket fence.

"The top of the morning to you, miss," returned the Irish girl gaily, her expressive face beaming with admiration as she went forward. "Sure, and you are the most beautiful thing I ever saw in all my days."

The girl laughed with delight at the outspoken compliment. "Gracias, but it ees you that ees the beautiful one. Me, I am only Dolores of that Black Canyon. All the time I hear at Arivaca how they talk about the beautiful Señorita who lives now at El Rancho de Las Rosas and so I think I will go for myself to see."

"Come down, child, come down off that horse before the crazy beast throws you over the fence into the roses. 'Tis happy to meet you I am, but 'tis happier I would be to see you safe on the ground."

The girl leaped from her saddle and with the bridle rein in her hand came closer to the fence. "Gracias, Señorita, but no, no," she returned in reply to Nora's invitation to come in. "It ees not for me thees time to stay but only one leetle minute—some other time, if it ees your wish, I will come for what you call a veesit." She looked about. "Oh, but Las Rosas, it ees so beautiful—such gran' house, not like our poor leetle hut in that Black Canyon. Señor Morgan, he ees not at home, heh?"

"Mr. Morgan and the men are all away with the cattle somewhere—Bear Valley, I think they said—if there is such a place."

"Si, and Señor Holdbrook, he ees not at home, too?"

"He is with his soldier friends at Arivaca, I believe. But Mr. Gray is somewhere about. I will call him."

"No, no, Señorita, it ees to see you that I come." She regarded the Irish girl curiously. "Me, I think you mus' be ver' happy to live at thees wonderful Las Rosas, Señorita."

"It would be heaven," returned Nora simply, "if only my brother Larry was here."

"Si, Señorita, your brother Larry—me, I know about heem."

"You know Larry?"

With another flash of white teeth and a gay toss of her head she answered: "Si, me, I know all the cowboys and all the cowboys they know Dolores. But your brother he never did once try to make me love heem—not even one leetle bit."

Nora looked doubtful at this but only said: "The boy is away on business for Mr. Morgan. I wish he would be coming home."

"Oh, but your brother he ees all right, Señorita. You mus' not too much think for heem—with all these men of Las Rosas to make the love to you."

"And why should you be talking like that?" demanded Nora with a show of indignation. "Is it that kind of a hussy you're thinking I am?"

The girl's face was eloquent as she returned: "Hussy?—I do not know what you mean, hussy. It ees nothing what I say, Señorita—no, no. It ees not of the love that ees bad that I speak. But it ees as I say—all the men will love la Señorita Nora. How could they help when la Señorita ees so beautiful. Me—I think there will be no more any man for me now that Señorita Nora has come."

The Irish girl laughed. "I'm thinking 'tis you that can keep from being lonesome, just the same." And the Mexican girl laughed with her.

"But why ees it that you work like thees?" Dolores asked with a gesture toward the garden. "Me, I tell you, Señorita, the men they do not long love the woman what works for them. It ees the woman what makes the men work for her that ees all the time loved. And what ees it that men are for but to work for the women? It ees for them to get for us the things we want. And for that we give to them the love—a leetle—not too much—just a leetle—just so they will all the time want more and so they will all the time get for us more of the things that we want. No, no, Señorita, to work, like thees, it ees for you one big meestake."

"Sure I like it," returned Nora soberly. "And do you not work yourself, Miss Dolores?"

"Si, me, all the time I work. That Injun Pete and his squaw, they make me."

"I should think a girl like you would be glad to work for the father and mother," said the Irish girl gently.

The other drew herself up proudly and her dark eyes flashed with scorn. "No, no—Injun Pete, he ees not my father—his old squaw ees not my mother. You think I am what you call half breed Injun? Do I look so? No, no, me—I am Mexican girl. My father and mother die when I leetle—I live with Injun Pete and his squaw—that ees all."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dolores, forgive me for being that stupid."

The Mexican girl smiled graciously. "It ees never mind, Señorita. You did not know. Tell me please—thees Señor Gray—his father ees a ver' rich man?"

"I'm sure I can't say, but 'tis so I understand."

"Si, and Señor Holdbrook—ees it that his father ees so ver' rich, too?"

"'Tis so I believe."

Dolores sighed. "It mus' make for be ver' happy, Señorita, to have all the time so much money."

"You poor, foolish child," cried Nora impulsively, "money is not happiness."

Dolores laughed scornfully. "Me, I should like to try. But I will not stay shut up in that Black Canyon. You will see, Señorita. Pretty soon now—July first will come and then I shall be no longer a poor homeless nobody. I shall have all the things I want—beautiful, beautiful things. And then I shall be happy—oh so happy—when I, Dolores, shall come to be la Señora of El Rancho de Las Rosas."

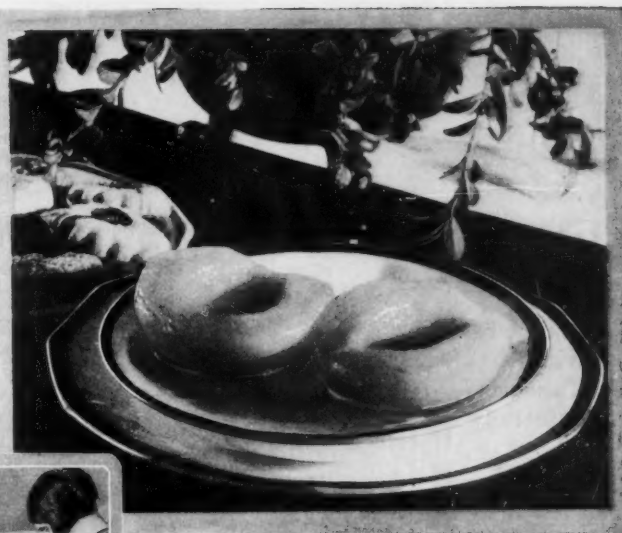
"What's that you're telling me? You're to be the mistress of Las Rosas?"

Dolores looked at her wonderingly. "Si, Señorita, did you not know?"

Nora O'Shea clung weakly to the fence for support and her face caused the warm hearted Mexican girl to cry impulsively: "Señorita—you are ill. What ees it—can I not do something?"

Suddenly the Irish girl laughed desperately. "'Tis me that is crazy—listening to this foolishness that you are talking, child."

The other retorted [Turn to page 46]



Facts about the Lorain Oven Canning Method

WITH the Lorain Oven Method, the material to be canned is packed cold in ordinary glass jars, which are then filled with boiling water or syrup, and placed in the oven for a given period of time at an exact temperature. (Chart giving exact time and temperature for various fruits, etc., sent free, see coupon.)

The Lorain Oven Canning Method is Easy Because It Does Not Require

- Standing, stirring, watching over a hot stove
- Lifting of hot, filled jars from boiling water
- Lifting of large, heavy utensils
- Watching of gas flame to maintain correct steam pressure, or correct boiling-point of water-bath. (The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator watches the fire for you.)

Is Economical, Requires No

- Investment for expensive canning-equipment
- Wasting of gas
- Wasting of fruit in kettles—it's all kept in the jars.

Is Efficient, Because

- No steam in house
- No crowding stove-top at meal-time
- And—Fruits and Tomatoes canned by the Lorain Oven Method keep their color, form and flavor.

Other Advantages of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you need never again experience discouraging failures due to over- or under-cooking. And you can have Whole Meals cooking in the oven while spending the afternoon away from home.

Where to Buy Gas Ranges

Gas Companies, Department Stores, Hardware, Furniture and Stove Dealers all over the United States sell gas ranges equipped with the Red Wheel Regulator, the original Oven Heat Regulator. These agents will gladly demonstrate and explain the Lorain Oven Method of Canning, Whole Meal Cooking and Baking without Failure.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN

Send the Coupon Below for Free Copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart

Whether or not you own a Red Wheel Gas Range with self-regulating oven, you'll be interested in our 1925 Chart which gives full instructions for canning by the Lorain Oven Method. Mail the coupon Today.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.



Look for the RED WHEEL
WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, colorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-units.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.
Enclosed find 50c in _____ for copy of 128 page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and Print name and address plainly.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:
CLARK JEWEL George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Illinois
DANGLER Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio



NOW you can be sure of Success in Home-Dyeing!

With the perfection of New Improved RIT as a guaranteed fast dye and the advent of WHITE RIT to remove old color from fabrics, you can be a color artist in your home! Thousands of women now remodel garments, then dye them in fashion's shades and enjoy the results of a most sensible economy.

New Improved RIT

Now Guaranteed to Fast-Dye or Tint

gives you the choice of the season's most beautiful shades, including fashion's latest. Before starting work, read directions; follow them and you will be delighted with the simple method and surprised with the beautiful results.



Drapes, scarfs, children's things, frocks, stockings, lingerie can be de-coloredized with WHITE RIT, then dyed lighter or darker than the original color, thus permitting the saving of sun-streaked, faded or perspiration-stained materials.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Pleasing results are sure if you follow directions, but if you are not satisfied, the RIT Laboratory, 1401 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, will re-dye the material without charge.

Buy RIT and WHITE RIT at 15c from drug, department or notion stores.



with fiery spirit: "It ees so, for all that you laugh, Señorita—as you shall see." Then she added keenly: "Eees it that you think to be yourself Señora of Las Rosas?"

Many thoughts were racing through Nora's mind: Big Boy Morgan's father and mother—his education—his friends—his love for the ranch—his memories—his father's plans—and this half wild, ignorant but beautiful Black Canyon creature! Black Canyon—Zobetser! She saw it all, now. This was the trap into which the son of his father had fallen!

"Why ees it that you say nothing, Señorita—can you not speak?"

Nora O'Shea answered calmly: "Tis sure I am that any girl would be proud to be the mistress of Las Rosas. And 'tis myself that is wishing you much happiness, Miss Dolores."

"And it ees that you do not wish to have that happiness for yourself, Señorita?"

Again the Irish girl laughed. "And how could you be thinking me such a fool as to ever dream such a wild dream as that?" she returned. "No—no—'tis just to make a home for my brother Larry that I come all the way to America."

The Mexican girl studied her intently for a moment, then with a long sigh of relief and a bewildering smile said: "For one little minute you scare me, Señorita. When they tell me how a Señorita so beautiful have come to live at Las Rosas, I think sure she will make for to take from me my man. So I come to see. But now, Señorita, I am not longer scare. So you and me we will be the good friends, yes?"

The Irish girl forced another smile. "Tis to be July first, you say?"

"Si—jus' one little month from today, Señorita—jus' only one little month."

As easily as any of Morgan's cowboys could have done, she swung into the saddle and while her horse reared and plunged in a mad attempt to unseat her she called gaily: "Make the roses pretty for me, Señorita Nora. I shall love to have them so. But me, I shall not work like you for the men. It ees one big meestake that you make. Adios."

SLOWLY, as one who had received a mortal hurt, the Irish girl went through the rose garden to the house. As she reached the veranda Charlie Gray appeared in the doorway through which she must pass on her way to her room. The student started to make a laughing remark but was checked by the girl's face and manner. "What has happened?" he cried. "Miss O'Shea—Nora—what is the matter?"

The girl, unable to escape, stood speechless, gazing at him with a look which filled him with alarm.

"You are ill—you are hurt!" he exclaimed. His sympathy was the last touch and she gave way to her overwrought emotions in tears while the man, supporting her to a chair, stood helplessly by.

But Nora did not long indulge herself in this womanly relief. Lifting up her face to him she suddenly laughed in her grief with a bravery which wrung his heart. "Sure, I never knew before that I could be so many kinds of a fool at the same time. 'Tis me that should be thanking the Mexican girl for making me known to myself."

The student was very grave. Had the caller told Nora about her brother? Aloud, he said casually: "It was that Dolores from Black Canyon, was it not?"

"It was. And 'tis that same Dolores from Black Canyon that is to be the mistress of Las Rosas. I'm thinking, sir, that you'll not need to be wondering any longer about Mr. Morgan's trouble."

Charlie Gray looked at Nora as though he feared she were losing her mind. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"'Tis the truth I'm talking, no less. 'Twas the girl herself told me in so many words. She is to marry Mr. Morgan come the first of July. And then the little vixen, she laughed at me for working in the garden and told me to make the roses pretty for her." And with that Nora sprang to her feet and escaped to the seclusion of her room.

Charlie Gray carefully considered the Irish girl's discovery of what she believed to be Big Boy Morgan's trouble. But as he recalled his friend's enthusiasm when at the time of the young ranch-

A Son of His Father

[Continued from page 45]

man's visit to Philadelphia, Morgan had detailed to him and to his father his plans for developing his inheritance, it was impossible, all things considered, to believe that Morgan had given a thought even to the Black Canyon girl. It was as impossible not to see that something had happened to the young master of Las Rosas since the time of his visit to his Philadelphia friends. Thoughtfully, the student reviewed all that he had observed since his arrival at the Morgan ranch—what he knew of Jim Holdbrook—Holdbrook's affair with Dolores—Morgan's attitude toward his guest. And the more he considered the situation the more Charlie Gray was forced to admit that Nora might be right in her belief that the half wild Mexican girl was the cause of Jack Morgan's state of mind. But again, if it was an infatuation for this Black Canyon beauty that had wrought such a change in Big Boy Morgan, and if she was the cause of the evident feeling between Morgan and his guest, why in the name of all that was decent did Holdbrook stay on at Las Rosas? The more Gray puzzled over the matter the more puzzling it became. Nor did he fail to note the effect of Dolores' announcement upon the Irish girl herself. To say the least, Nora's agitation was significant.

It was Wing Foo who gave Gray a hint as to where he might find a key to the problem. The Chinaman, on his way to the barn for eggs, paused to remark: "Dolores gal clome talk Missee Nola—no good, Mistee Chollie."

Gray regarded the old servant thoughtfully. "What's wrong with Dolores, Wing?"

"Ah-h-h, she Black Canyon gal—no good. Long time she an Pablo make um love. Holdbrook man him clome. Dolores gal make um love him. No good to gal make um love two, thlee man allee same time. Mebbly so Pablo him kill Holdbrook man—that mo bettee."

"That might help some," murmured Gray as the Chinaman shuffled on his way. "By George!" he said to himself a moment later, "I wonder—"

IT was in the afternoon of the following day when Holdbrook found Nora under the umbrella tree. There was a basket of mending on the rustic table beside her but the girl's hands were idle.

"Day dreaming?" he asked lightly as he seated himself at the other side of the table.

Without answering, the girl caught up her work and began plying her needle with an energy which fully occupied her attention. The man waited a little then in a manner very unlike his usual bold assurance said: "You didn't work in the garden this morning?"

She flashed a quick look at him and with her eyes again on her work agreed simply: "No sir, I did not."

"What's the matter—Gray find the work too hard?"

The girl smiled. "He has made no complaints, sir."

No one could have doubted the sincerity of Holdbrook's hearty reply. "It is amazing what you have done for Charlie Gray, Miss O'Shea. He is a new man since you came. By the way, where is he? I haven't seen him since breakfast?"

Nora laughed, as mothers sometimes laugh when they speak in pride of their children: "Sure, and you'd never guess in a month of Sundays. He's away riding with Pablo after some horses. You should have seen them. 'Twould have done your heart good. Mr. Morgan was telling Pablo what he wanted and where he was to go and when Mr. Gray, who had been chatting with Wing Foo, offered to go along and help, Mr. Morgan was near falling off his horse with the surprise."

Holdbrook laughed with her and there was a note in his laughter which made the Irish girl look at him questioningly. The man, meeting her look, was a little embarrassed as one not quite sure of himself. Nora turned again to her work. "Miss O'Shea."

"Yes, sir."

"I—I want you to know that Charlie Gray is not the only one—I mean, I wish you could know what you have done for me."

And this time when the Irish girl's frank, steady eyes met his the color rushed into the man's cheeks. Then he burst out with savage bitterness: "Of course you think I'm just talking to make an impression. You don't believe it possible for me to be sincere. Nobody believes there is any good in me. Nobody ever has. Ever since I can remember, people have always taken it for granted that I was a natural born liar and everything else that is no good. My own father, even, has never in my whole life trusted me or let me feel that he expected anything decent of me. And—well—I guess I've lived up to it. I don't blame you for feeling the way you do about me."

The mother look was in her eyes now as she said gently: "And how is it that you're thinking I feel?"

"Don't you suppose I know? Do you think for a minute that I haven't seen how you are different with Gray and with Morgan and the others? From the very first you have made me understand that you thought I was no good."

"Well," she returned—and there was nothing but kindness and sympathy in her voice—"and are you any good?"

The man bowed his head. "No," he answered hopelessly, "I'm not." She waited. "But I might be," he went on aloud as if talking to himself. "I never thought of it this way before—never thought of it in any way as a matter of fact until—well—until you made me."

The girl's hands were busy with her sewing and her eyes were fixed on her work. The man raised his head and looked at her long and steadily with a curious, reverent, wondering gaze. But she did not turn her face toward him or seem in the least conscious of anything unusual in either his words or his manner. Still watching her, Holdbrook continued slowly in a meditative tone, almost as if he were merely thinking aloud: "When you first came I thought you were like all the other women I have known."

"Of course you would be thinking that," she murmured, her eyes still on her work.

"I suppose you know what happened to me the night you came," he said defiantly, as if he had suddenly reached a decision.

"You mean when you were took with the stroke or something?"

He laughed bitterly. "I guess they've told you what sort of a stroke it was."

She looked at him quickly. "Indeed, sir, and I only know what I saw—with you in a faint and the boys working over you and helping you into the house."

"Do you mean to say that neither Gray nor Morgan nor anyone else has told you?"

Her face convinced him as she answered: "No one has told me anything."

He pondered over this for some time then he said suddenly: "Well, I'll tell you—the truth is, I said something about you that wasn't decent and Morgan knocked me down."

Her eyes shown with laughter but her face was grave as she murmured: "Glory be! What children they all are—and me feeling so sorry for you."

"He ought to have stamped me into the ground," said Holdbrook harshly.

"As for that," she returned bending her head low over her work, "it may be as well that he did not."

"I admit," Holdbrook continued desperately, "that at first I tried to be agreeable to you because—well—because you are a very attractive woman and I—well—oh, you understand—I wanted to win you for—just for my amusement."

With no sign of resentment or anger the Irish girl remarked calmly: "Which was to be expected, do you see, you being the kind of a man you are."

For a moment the man was dumb with amazement, then: "Do you mean that you do not care—that you do not hate and despise me?"

"Why, as for that, sir, I'm only a woman and 'tis a thing that every woman is bound to expect from men like you."

For some time after that Jim Holdbrook did not speak. At last he said earnestly: "Miss O'Shea, I have told you this because—well—because you have made me realize things that I never even considered before. I have never known a woman like you. I have never believed that there were such women. I am sorry. I—"

[Continued in AUGUST McCall's]

Get in the Daily Dozens!

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS



EXERCISE? Cer-tain-ly! You are not excused, no matter where nor how you live. Even the city-dweller can take her daily hike. But breathe deeply, from below the diaphragm, as you go. And don't dawdle—swing along at a brisk pace. Such exercise will stir up sluggish circulation. And the deep breathing will oxygenate the blood. Your skin will become clearer.

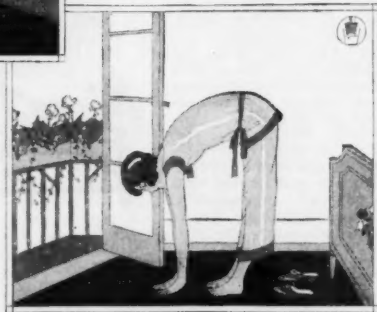


O-U-G-G-H! You don't want to get up for your shower. Try these energizing exercises while in bed: Breathe deeply. Extend right foot, spread toes apart; inhale, exhale, relax; repeat with left foot. Stretch right leg from thigh; inhale, exhale, relax; repeat with left leg.

No, not ready for the tub yet! Go on with the energizing exercises: Same process, as above, with hands, arms, shoulders. Expand chest and abdomen with deep breathing. Stretch entire body. Take each exercise three or more times. Then the cold tub or shower—if no organic trouble forbids.



THE daily dozens aren't all hard work. Some of them are pleasurable. Take part of your exercise enjoyably—dancing, swimming, riding, on the tennis courts or on the golf course. Insist always on plenty of fresh air in home or office and spend two hours, daily, outdoors.



NEXT, the setting-up exercises before an open window. The well-known daily dozen are excellent. They strengthen the muscles, expand the lungs and give the shapeliness and vigor and glowing beauty of good health. And they take only ten minutes. Get them in, sometime, during the day

Too fat and want to reduce? Too thin and in need of developing exercises? Stoop-shouldered? Ungraceful in your carriage? Run-down and nervous? Or do you want just to test yourself to see if you really are normal? Then send for our special leaflet on exercises. (There is no charge for this leaflet.) Your diet will need attention, too, so send also for *A Little Book of Good Looks* (Price ten cents). The booklet contains, in addition to diet advice, directions for care of the skin, hands and hair. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City



MERITAS LINENETTE TABLE COVERS

This leading linen substitute means a clean cover for every meal, every day in the year. No laundering required. A damp cloth wipes clean and fresh.

Meritas Linenette Table Covers are impervious to moisture or grease. The finish does not ruff-up, crack, peel or rub off. These covers can be trimmed to fit square or round tables. Two sizes, 45 inch and 54 inch. The pretty designs are in floral or conventional, on a white background.

Ask to see Meritas Linenette Table Covers at your dealer's, or write us for a sample showing the quality of this handsome and serviceable article.

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 Broadway Dept. 6 New York




"There's a Dinner—to satisfy any Man!"

The Boss Oven enables more than 2,000,000 housewives to serve deliciously baked foods every day in the year. Thorough ventilation permits the baking of different foods at the same time, quickly and without burning. The Boss keeps kitchen and disposition cool and pleasant.

Hardware, furniture and department stores have styles and sizes to meet every requirement. Insist upon getting the genuine, stamped with the name—BOSS OVEN.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY
Established 52 Years
2705 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Guaranteed"

to bake satisfactorily on all good oil, gas and gasoline stoves.

The original, glass door makes all bakings visible.

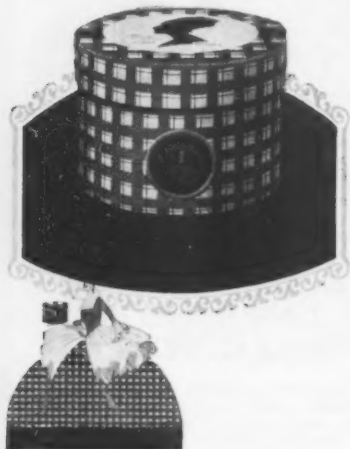
Provides advantages of an expensive range-oven at a fraction of the cost.

Asbestos lining saves fuel.

Glass door fully guaranteed.

BOSS OVEN

Softer . . . finer . . . much more clinging
ARMAND Cold Cream Powder . . . try it



The original, the perfect Cold Cream Powder, created by Armand, sold everywhere in the pink and white hat boxes, \$1.00 a box. May be mixed with water for evening wear. . . . If you prefer a light-weight powder, Armand Peridore, also \$1.00 a box, is ideal. . . . Generous sized guest-room packages of both these powders will be sent you for ten cents (stamps or coin) if you fill out the coupon below, mentioning the tint you wish. Address Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

GUARANTEE: No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

UNIL you have studied your own reflection and looked carefully at your face both before and after using Armand Cold Cream Powder—you won't wholly appreciate the wonderful difference it makes in your complexion. Rub it carefully into your skin. Notice how it brings out the fresh natural coloring and emphasizes the delicate texture. This powder has in it a magic bit of cold cream that makes it softer, finer, much more clinging than other powders.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER.
In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

ARMAND—Des Moines		F
I enclose ten cents <input type="checkbox"/> stamps <input type="checkbox"/> coin. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Peridore in the tint checked below.		
White	Pink	Crene
Armand Flame (double brunette)	Brunette	Tint Natural
Name.....		
Street.....		
City.....State.....		



Blue-jay is the efficient way to rout a corn. It leaves nothing to your guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. Simply put on the plaster—it does the rest.

She hated to acknowledge the Corn

So goes the old saying. And few indeed, like to confess a corn. It seems such an undainty thing—an admission of physical untidiness. One may conceal the presence of a corn, but not its ill-effect. It shows itself in the face—and the humor.

That twinge in the toe means a frown on the forehead—and a thorn in the disposition. But how foolish to carry a secret-sorrow in your shoe! You can end the pain in ten seconds—and the corn in two days—with a pleasant Blue-jay plaster.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Being Really Their Mother

By LOUISE THOMAS

Service Editor, McCall's Magazine



ARE you a real companion to your children these vacation days? Or are you too busy to develop a closer sympathy and understanding with your boys and girls during the months they are home from school, to spend happy hours with the tiny, snuggling baby who rules your heart?

McCall's homemaking booklets offer practical suggestions for time-saving in every phase of your busy life. They reduce your home work to a system so that you have unexpected time at your disposal for all sorts of pleasant things. Try them and see!

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. Expert advice on the health and welfare of the baby, including Dr. Kerley's well-known feeding schedules, covering the period from infancy until the eleventh year. How to be sure that your baby is a real "friendly baby"—bright-eyed, plump and happy.

THE FRIENDLY MOTHER. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Director of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. Practical information for the mother-to-be. What preparations to make for the baby—what to eat, how to dress, what exercise to take—problems which loom large before the young wife.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. By Dorothy Giles, of the Garden Club of America. How to turn the spare ground at your disposal into a blooming, fragrant garden. Next year's garden, and this season's. Flowers; their planting and transplanting. Vegetables; how to rotate the various kinds so as to have a constant succession of succulent greens. And many other practical suggestions.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY. Prepared in McCall's Kitchen-Laboratory under the direction of Sarah Field Splint. Short cuts to the necessary three meals a day and informal hospitality. Available supplies for your convenient pantry shelves and how to combine these foods into appetizing dishes, speedily prepared. Recipes for quick beverages when company drops in—pineapple rickey, mint cup, café au lait and other cooling drinks.

MASTER-RECIPES. By F.G.O. One hundred and fifty delicious recipes for soufflés, ices, gelatin desserts and other delicacies. All based on sixteen master-recipes, each of which has ten variations.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY. By May B. Van Arsdale, Director of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Practical science in the kitchen. How to obtain uniform results with mayonnaise, cakes, meringues, frostings, ice-creams and ices.

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS. By E. V. McCollum, of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. (No charge for this leaflet except a two-cent stamp for posting.) Appetizing menus which include the foods essential to healthful living—milk, salads and cooked leafy vegetables.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Correct table service for every occasion. Simple and attractive entertainment without a maid, including rules for the hostess and emergency menus for the unexpected guest.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR. (New edition).

By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Parties for every occasion. A Fourth of July Celebration, with fire-cracker bon-bon boxes. An Outdoor Party for "Rubes," appropriate for a hot summer night in the country. And many other unusual and entertaining suggestions.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES. Compiled by Lillian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Recipes and menus for summer dinners and luncheons, buffet suppers and other festive times. Topaz ice, made with apricots, ginger ale and other cool ingredients. Angel Parfait. Baked ice-cream.

THE MODERN HOME. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. How to avoid the drudgery of housework by using the latest labor-saving devices. An electric fan, easily connected with any adjacent lamp socket; stainless steel knives for peeling fruit; a vacuum freezer that "freezes while you wait" are some of the numerous contrivances.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Ruby Ross Goodnow. Photographs of artistically arranged rooms picturing ideas for up-to-date home-making, including suggestions for converting a corner of your living-room into a sun-parlor and ways of making a long, narrow hall homelike and charming.

DECORATING YOUR HOME. By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. Ten practical lessons in interior decoration. Detailed information is given regarding the colors which may be used harmoniously together in draperies and other furnishings. Expert advice, also, on lamps and lamp-shades and their selection and many other matters pertinent to the subject of home-furnishing.

THE SMALL HOUSE. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. Designs for attractive small houses by the foremost architects of the day—Ernest Flagg, Marcia Mead, Clarence S. Stein, Aymar Embury II, W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar, Grosvenor Atterbury, Frederick Lee Ackerman, Dwight James Baum, Otto R. Eggers, Lois L. Howe and Manning, A. L. Lloyd and Walter B. Chambers. Plans for these houses are only \$15—a great economy as compared with the architects' usual charges of ten per cent of the building costs.

THE FAMILY BUDGET. By Isabel Ely Lord, Instructor in Household Accounting, Home Study Department, Columbia University. How to avoid unnecessary expenditures and financial shortcomings by means of a budget. How to plan your spending so wisely that you can indulge, with a clear conscience, in extra personal expenditures from time to time. These and many other helpful suggestions are included.

A LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS. Approved by Dr. Fred Wise, Instructor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. Intimate secrets regarding the acquisition and retaining of good looks, learned in New York's famous beauty shops. Methods of keeping the skin fresh and unlined. The proper use of cosmetics. Diet and exercises as aids to beauty.

A BOOK OF MANNERS. (New edition). By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Rules governing every side of social life—the correct thing to do and say at dances, in hotels, restaurants and other public places, and in one's own home.



Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents, or, any twelve for a dollar.
 Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City



What is your pride costing you, in dollars and cents? Perhaps you need not only money but a new point of view about your earning it. Get the up-to-date attitude toward this important subject.

One woman did it this way: she made money by filling orders every week for good, homemade foods. This article gives suggestions, too, of other ways in which the home-woman may add to her income.

TEN women—I've just been counting them—have told me recently that they wanted to earn some money. Most of these women were my personal friends. Some were married, some were unmarried; but they all lived at home. Like millions of "home women" they had nothing to spend except their share of the family income.

One of these friends was a woman of fifty, whose three children had married and set up homes of their own. One was a widow with no children.

Another was a young wife, not very strong, who was taking care of her baby and doing all her housework, except the weekly cleaning and the heavy laundry. But the baby's things, which she did herself, made a fair-sized washing every day.

One was a lawyer's wife. They have five children. There is a "hired girl" to help with the work; but the mother does all the cooking, most of the sewing, and the usual forty-seven other things.

Two are spinster sisters who have been living in the old family home since their parents died. They used to say that they were "keeping up" this fine, old-fashioned house. But they have come to realize that it is keeping them down! The income from the money their father left them doesn't go as far as it did ten years ago. It will take care of the house and grounds, or it will take care of the sisters; but it can't do both. Yet they don't want to give up their home.

Another woman is married and the mother of two half-grown children. Her husband makes only enough money to support his family very plainly. The mother wants to send her son and her daughter to college a few years from now. Where is the money to come from?

And so I could go on through the list.

These women are typical of hundreds of thousands, probably including yourself. Here you are, with a home and a family. You realize that your first duty is there, in your home. But if you only could earn some extra money, you believe you could make a better home; could give your children better care; could be perhaps a better wife.

In the first place, I think you should be very sure that this is true. If, in order to earn extra money, you will have to rob your home and your family of the care you owe them, you have no right to try it.

I know one woman who has done this. She is a widow with several young children. After her husband's death, a

What Can You Do to Earn Extra Money?

BY MARY HARDING



few years ago, she started a business which has had a great success. She lives in a handsome apartment and has several servants, including a nurse and a governess for the children. But they certainly are the worst little specimens I ever saw.

"I don't see why my children act as they do!" she says.

"I give them everything I can think of!"

Yes—everything except herself. Less attention to her business might result in smaller profits. But she could live on them, by taking a smaller apartment and having fewer servants. Then she could be a mother, instead of only a bank-account.

However, I do believe thousands of home women could and should earn "outside money." I believe, too, that they would find a way of earning it if it were not for one thing: They are afraid of what their friends will say! So this point is the first one for us to consider.

Do you realize that this idea is simply a "hangover" from the traditions of the past? It is an echo from the time when women were not supposed to earn money, or even to have it.

The person who ought to feel ashamed is the one who has no talent nor training nor ability. If you can do anything for which the world is willing to pay, you should feel proud of your gift.

The world is a great market-place. If you can make, or do, something which people want—fine! You are contributing to the general good. With the money you receive, you buy what other people are making and doing. That, too, is fine. And if you buy what is good for you and for your family,

that is a still finer thing.

Don't be apologetic! Be proud that you can do something the world is willing to pay for. And if you have that spirit and that attitude, people will admire you. Many will envy you; they will wish they were as "smart" as you are.

Now the next point is: How can you earn any extra money? If you have a husband and children, you can't take an outside position; at least, not one that would keep you away from home most of the day. What can you do without neglecting your home duties?

The most obvious things

are cooking and sewing. I know one woman who fills orders every week for doughnuts, cookies, and nut bread; another whose chicken salad is in demand; another who supplies salted nuts—fresh home-made ones—to a few stores. They are better than the nuts which these stores otherwise would buy at wholesale; and people are willing to pay a little more for them.

If you can cook well, realize that this is a business asset. Experience and ability are worth money. Capitalize them.

IF YOUR particular ability is with a needle, why not make children's dainty little frocks? Many women buy their children's clothes. The materials are inexpensive; most of the price paid for these garments goes for labor and for the "overhead costs" of selling them. You will have no overhead expense, for you will work at home and will sell directly to your customers. So all that you receive, above the cost of materials, will be profit; or, rather, it will be the reward of your labor.

I know one young woman who makes lampshades, curtains and sofa-cushions. She gets from dealers a discount on the materials she buys. This, by the way, is customary. And she charges sixty-five cents an hour for the time she works. She lives in New York and perhaps that rate is too high for a smaller town; but even at a lower figure, it would be a profitable way of using one's spare time.

A letter, which recently came to this magazine, told how one capable woman handled this extra-money proposition. She lived in a middle western town, was married and had three small children.

"A few years ago," she wrote, "a young man opened a little shop in the block next to ours. He carried stationery, candies, 'smokes,' and a few delicatessen articles—mostly canned goods. He hadn't much capital or experience; and I could see that he wasn't succeeding very well. [Turn to page 62]

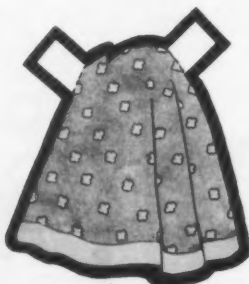
John Adams and Abigail, His Wife

A Cut-out for Children

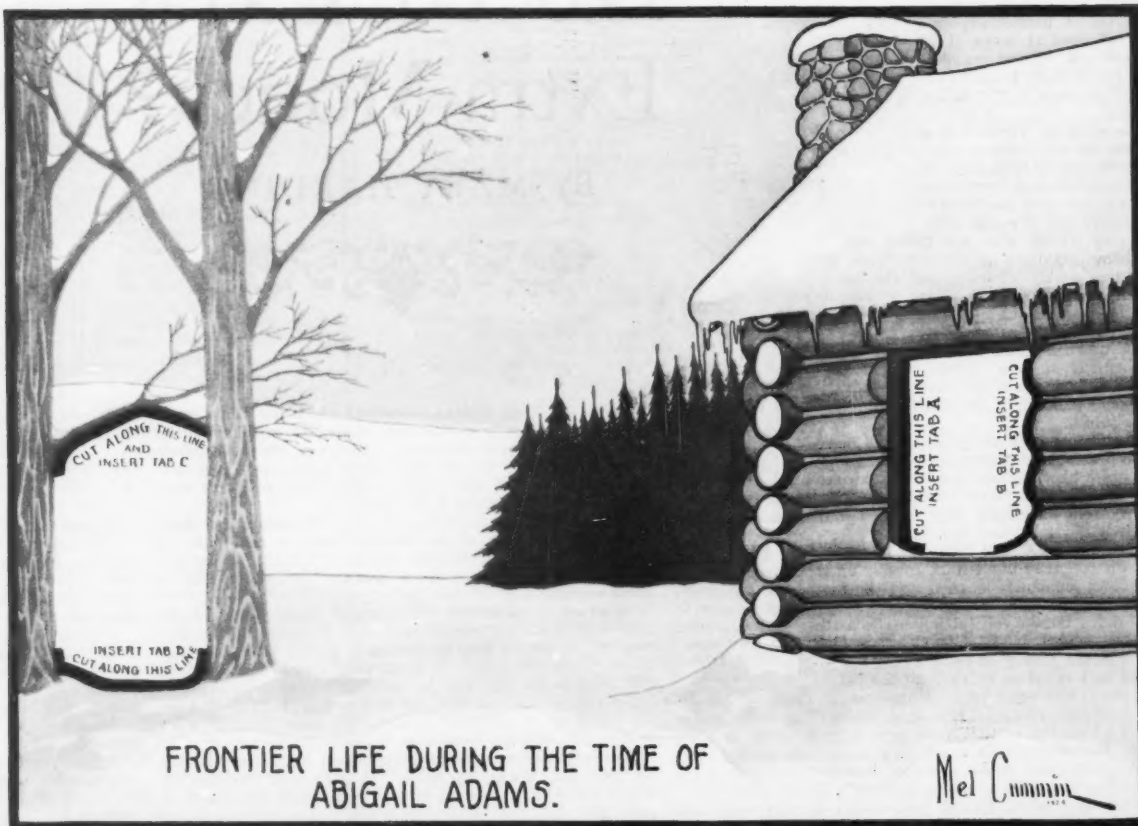
BY MEL CUMMIN



DIRECTIONS: FIRST PASTE THIS PAGE ON HEAVIER PAPER, THEN CUT OUT AROUND THE HEAVY BLACK OUTLINES, FOLD ON DOTTED LINES.



NOTE DIRECTIONS FOR OPERATING THE SCENE AT BOTTOM OF PAGE ON THE SCENE ITSELF. ONE SLIDE WORKS BY PULLING UP AND DOWN - THE OTHER BACK AND FORTH.



Misty Gowns and Filmly Frocks

Wear them now in security without a second thought—under conditions once adjudged impossible



This new way in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem has changed women's hygienic habits throughout the world in a NEW way . . . by offering three unique features unknown before!

TO be charming, exquisite, *beyond all doubt*, every minute, every day! . . . do you seek the peace of mind, that *knowing you are* will bring?

Modern science has discovered a new hygiene for women . . . a way that supplants the uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad with absolute security.

Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted it. Doctors widely urge it. Experts in hygiene employ it.

You wear your filmiest frocks, your most exquisite silks . . . dance, motor, dine, with never a moment's precious charm lost.

New advantages you'll appreciate

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

It eliminates the bother and annoyance of laundry—you simply discard it.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . thus banishing the often embarrassing difficulty of disposal.

It is deodorized . . . a factor that supplies a wonderful feeling of security which old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for it, without hesitancy, by its trade name—Kotex.

Test Kotex, please

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your life, in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, common to women, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Hygienic authorities charge almost 80% of the lack of charm, poise and immaculacy, expected of women in this modern day, to the same mistake in hygiene.

Thus on every count, millions are turning to this new way. A fair test will prove its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

At all good stores

Obtain Kotex today at any better department or drug store.* In sanitary packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super (extra thick).

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

* Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by the West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX
DEODORIZED



You'll appreciate these 3 factors



- 1 **Utter protection**—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.



- 2 **No laundry.** As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



- 3 **Easy to buy anywhere.*** Many stores keep them *ready-wrapped*—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

Hygeia

The SAFE NURSING BOTTLE



Is your baby safe while nursing?

THE ordinary nursing bottle with a narrow neck is not safe. Its curves and angles are so hard to reach and clean that disease germs can breed there freely.

Why risk the precious health of your baby? There is a safe nursing bottle, the Hygeia!

It is shaped like a drinking glass—and is just as easily and completely cleaned. It has no neck. Its wide mouth, its straight sides, offer no lurking places for germs. No brush is necessary for cleaning—no funnel is needed for filling.

The Hygeia breast is broad and flexible, shaped like mother's, so that weaning is easy. The breast has a patented rib, designed to prevent collapsing.

Hygeia, the safe nursing bottle, is patented. Sold at drug stores everywhere. Ask for it by name.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.



This modern, safe nursing bottle does away with dangerous germ carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck. Hygeia is shaped like a drinking glass—wash it with a cloth and suds.

other. So my mother went into the ring, since travelling with a show by non-performing members of the family was never encouraged. Her work was good, but never brilliant. She forced herself to it in order that she might not be separated from my father. As for the rest of us— we children who kept coming along until there were eight of us—we went along, too. My father would not leave his family behind unless absolutely forced to it, so we were put on horses very early, filling in with some little act, in order that we might travel with the show.

Those were the days of wagon travel. My family had what was known as a family wagon and a family man, a sort of two seated surrey, with a good strong horse. Father Mack, for years our wagon man, led a merry life. Daily he vowed he was through with the DeMott family, but love of us or love of excitement kept him with us. He would mutter and rage, but every morning, there he was on the wagon seat, waiting to take us to the next stand.

My father himself in a small quarter seated light buggy, with a pair of spirited horses, went on ahead by himself so that he could reach the lot ahead of the laying-out man. I myself think the poor man got this outfit in order to have some rest from all of us ever-talking, never-resting children.

Life was an exciting thing in those early wagon days. Sometimes before four o'clock, we were hustled up. Time and again I have been dressed only half awake, my brothers and sisters around me being brushed and combed by mother or nurse. A quick bite—warm milk and a cracker—and out we stumbled into the gray dawn. Father Mack loaded the wagon with food and the baby's supply of milk, the cage with Willy's parrot, my monkey, Louise's tame squirrel, a few dogs of assorted size, a box of rabbits. Then in went the children, then our nurse, and last of all, my mother. She could be dignified anywhere, and dignity was a difficult thing to maintain with our outfit of squawking pets and impatient children.

There were plenty of pleasant days when we made one stand after the other easily. There were other days full of danger and trouble. The first wagon in the train tried to seek safe roads for those that followed. Reaching a fork, the driver put down in the road a branch from a tree or a log from a farmer's fence, barring the road which was not to be taken by the following wagons. If a bridge of doubtful safety had to be crossed, the whole show train of wagons was held up till it was tested. On roads almost impassable from rain, the heavily loaded baggage wagons sometimes stuck fast. Then teams from other wagons were hitched on, and in very sticky places, the elephant was called on. When he put his good gray head against the back and a twelve horse driver sat in the wagon seat, it simply had to move.

Once when we came to a bridge we found that it had broken under the wagons ahead. So Father Mack waited awhile and reconnoitered. Seeing tracks that showed the head wagons had gone through the water beside the bridge, he pulled the horses to one side and forded the stream. Perhaps the heavy wagons ahead had displaced stones in the stream bed. Anyway, our family wagon went down in a ditch over the horses' stomachs, over the wheels—and the water rushed into our wagon. The children asleep in the seats, finishing their interrupted morning slumbers awakened under the sudden storm of water. My mother screamed and held the baby over her head to save him. "Where is Louise?" she wailed. "Willy, are you drowned? Answer me, children."

But the children were too busy getting the water out of their mouths and rescuing their pets. The dogs barked, my little monkey climbed whimpering to my shoulder, my brothers spoke soothingly to the rabbits, and faithful Father Mack stood at the dashboard urging the horses ahead. "My last trip with the DeMott family," I heard him growl determinedly.

The next wagon fished out the gagging and crying children. After the pets were assorted, the wagon drained, and we went on our way, there came suddenly from Polly, up to this time silent, one squawk after the other of protest, as if she had held herself in while the danger lasted, but was having a good fit of hysterics

The Circus Lady

[Continued from page 9]

now that it was over. We all forgot the accident in the really great excitement of each day: the attempt to reach the next town in time for the parade. We personally had no need of hurry, for our high position with the show freed us from parading, but the desire to get there in time was in our blood, as well as in Father Mack's.

My father always arranged for our rooms, so we went straight to our hotel. Father Mack alighted first, ponderously. There was the usual delay while mother arranged her hat, and nurse located all the youngsters, some of whom had slid under the seats or were lost in the buffalo robes.

By the time we were ready for the great alighting a gaping crowd had collected on the verandah, and other guests were peeping out back of the lace curtains. Word had gone around that the circus was coming.

While Father Mack waited impatiently for us, we were having our hair violently brushed, our coats and hats straightened. You had to look satisfactory before you got out of that wagon. The first child to pass muster hopped off, and took its pet. A regular succession of pets and children followed, until all were out, last of all the nurse with the baby in her arms. There was always a baby. The baby, its nap interrupted, was usually yelling loudly; the patient nurse bobbed it up and down. My mother, still deep in the wagon, would call out one of our names, and then that child knew it was up to him or her to still the baby's cries. Louise would bob her box of rabbits up and down in front of him, or Willy would show him his bright parrot, and Josie would produce the watch that had been a gift on her last birthday. With so much diversion the baby consented to be soothed. But my mother never appeared till all was quiet. She was making herself presentable after the long trip. Quiet restored, she stepped out of the wagon as if it had been a private cab, and she was slipping quietly into the hotel. Naturally this was difficult, with hotel guests still all around staring eagerly.

Sometimes we reached the hotel porch only to find the door closed, and the proprietor stubbornly refusing to let us in. Father Mack would stride ahead, mumbling about his speedy severance from the DeMott family, and demanding entrance for us. "So many children," the hotel man would moan, "and Mr. DeMott did not mention all the animals and birds. They'll break too much stuff here." It usually turned out that my father had not mentioned the exact number of children, and nothing at all about our pets. But after promising to pay for any damages we might do, we got our rooms and our meal, for which we were more than ready. Faces and hands washed all round, the youngest were put to bed for a nap, the rest of us joined the crowd on the porch to watch the parade go by. On very special occasions, when I pleaded so hard that it wore out my mother's objections, I was allowed to go in, too. But she could never understand how I could voluntarily join in this part of the performance.

In those days artists who had risen to the top of their profession were never expected to parade, to my mother's great relief. But I was not like my mother. I was like my grandmother, born with a love of the ring, and nothing made me so happy as riding in the parade. The twinkling pony under me, the music just ahead, the announcer's voice,—it was bread and meat and wine, and food for my spirit besides.

Once somewhere in the Middle West when I was ten or so years old, my father told me I might ride at the head of the parade directly behind the band, tandem on Prince and Indo. Now Prince I had ridden a lot, but Indo was a spotted bronco we had bought the year before from the Indians. My father's keen eye had picked him out from a herd of half grown broncos, and he had cost a lot, for the Indians had grown into very competent business people. He gave promise of being a wonder, and my father had worked very hard with him. I had ridden him in the circus more than once, but

never tandem and never in a parade. This was marvelous news to me, but distressing to my mother. It was the reddest letter day I had ever known. I sallied swaggeringly down to the lot. I saw to it that my trunk was given sufficient distance in the dressing room from the other trunks—this is a matter of great moment to every circus star, for your importance in the show depends on how much space you are allowed to keep for your individual trunk. I got every inch I was allowed.

I pulled out my riding habit, my best white gloves, my shiny black boots. The others looked up at this extra dressing up and I told the whole dressing room that I was riding tandem in the parade with Prince and the bronco. Satisfied with the interest my news had created, I began to wish I had asked my father to have the announcer tell the crowds about it, for I wanted the gillies to know that this half trained animal I was riding had never been in a parade before and was still afraid to pass the camels and elephants. The cornet brought me out of my dressing room first up when the command came to mount. While we were waiting, I practiced a bit driving Prince ahead of Indo, the groom aiding me by keeping the horses from facing each other. The second call came. We fell into place and with musicians all seated, we started off the lot, I directly behind the band.

The announcer's voice called to the farmers to hold their horses while the elephants passed. The cages came, the clown band, the monkeys, the clowns, the riders, and lastly, the camels and the elephants. All this following me. It was the most glorious day of my life.

The one drawback to my joy I had managed to eliminate while the procession was forming—a groom ordered to follow me on foot through the parade, to see that I should not get entangled in the tandem reins, new to Indo, and throw the horses. Knowing this would spoil my day—for even if the gillies didn't notice the groom, the show people would—I persuaded the man, a simple sort of fellow, that I was quite all right alone, and he might as well go back to the tents. "It's a shame," I said, "that you should have to walk all that way in the hot sun. It's a boiling day. And if Papa could just see how nicely the horses are behaving, he'd say it was all right. And the mounted people can help me if there should be any trouble."

The boiling-sun, long-walk argument finally won him over, so he went back and left me alone to get my exhibit well in hand. I Spanish-trotted them; made Prince prance about, so the onlookers applauded loudly. I kept them prancing so that the applause would keep on coming. Of course I knew that my father wanted me to take them quietly through the streets, but these hand clappings were like wine, and the horses were doing beautifully.

Suddenly I heard the mounted people calling out to me in concerned tones, but I was showing them a thing or two even beyond my hopes. They needn't worry about me. Presently my lead pony began to look around, his head up, his eyes wild, and frightened. I tried to turn around and see why he was acting queerly, but I thought it was probably only some farmer's team running away. But when Indo, too, began turning uneasily, I looked around and to my horror saw that Julia, our most fractious elephant, was on the rampage, and everyone behind me had scattered in all directions. She was tossing her trunk and throwing her head about, and getting nearer and nearer to me. My ponies, now thoroughly aroused, were continually turning around to look at her, causing the danger of tangling me up in their rigging and throwing us all to the ground straight in the path of the uncontrollable beast. Down I brought my whip with a cutting crack on Prince's back. He straightened, and the returning whip caught my mount under the flank. We flew past the band wagons, just turning off the road, and my whip kept coming down, first on one and then on the other. I gathered up the long reins as fast as I could, threw them over the turrets on Prince's withers, hit him the hardest crack I possibly could and turned him loose. Since Julia was still pursuing my bright colored habit, I turned the first corner I came to on a mad runaway gait.

[Turn to page 55]



"Tell me what your children eat and I will show you the kind of men and women they will be!"

THIS is the statement of a famous scientist. Of course, he referred to their physical future—their health, their size, their appearance.

Think how our food—the poor or proper balance of food elements—influences our welfare as adults! Then consider how much greater is this influence over children, whose bodies are just being formed—whose development is being determined, day by day!

For instance, it is startling to know that even the contours of the face and head—the very outlines which make up the appearance in later life—depend, to a surprising degree, on the exercise of the jaws and facial muscles. For normal development of these bones and muscles, children must eat foods that require chewing.

Essential food elements, plus crispness to encourage chewing

Much of our modern diet is deficient in one or more of the basic food elements. A lack of any one of these elements is serious—critically serious to children. But we can't all be food dietitians, and arrange each meal from the standpoint of basic food elements.

It was to help overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to supply elements essential to the diet: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

And Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food children like to chew. A food which exercises the bones and muscles that give the face its outlines.

Dentists agree, moreover, that the appalling prevalence of poor teeth is due largely to the soft food we habitually eat today. The teeth and gums are not properly exercised. Grape-Nuts corrects this.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for

—no other food can bring these all-important benefits!

digestion—gives children the fuel and body-building elements they need, with the least digestive effort.

Give your youngsters Grape-Nuts for breakfast. Serve with whole milk or cream. Two tablespoonfuls are enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. They will love the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden grains—a flavor which is the favorite of millions.

Get a package from your grocer today or accept the following offer.



An authoritative booklet on the feeding of children—and two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

We have arranged with an authority on child-health to send you a valuable discussion on the feeding of infants and children. We will also send you (for yourself) "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. And we will include two individual packages of Grape-Nuts—enough for two servings. This is a free service to you as a mother. Mail the coupon now.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

McC. 7-25 G.N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.
45 Front St. East, Toronto, Ontario



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.



The Reward of Beauty

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BRIDE OF THE SEASON"—these words were on everyone's lips as she moved down the aisle with her sweet, frank eyes looking straight forward.

Her satin gown was rich and lustrous, her veil was charmingly arranged—but it was the lovely coloring of her complexion that rewarded her with beauty on her wedding day. Every woman can be just a little lovelier at all times with the proper application of the right powder and rouge.

Do you know that a touch of Bloom in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Do you also know that Pompeian Bloom enjoys the widest use the world over, by all women who need youthful color?

Here is Mme. Jeannette's secret of how to apply it for instant beauty:

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck, and shoulders. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified in an instant.

Shade Chart for selecting correct tone of Bloom.

Medium Skin: The average woman who has the medium skin can use the Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom, the Orange Tint, or the new Oriental Tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom.

Pink Skin: This youthful-looking skin is not florid, but has real pink tones. The Medium or the Light

tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

White Skin: If you have a decidedly white skin, use Light, Medium, or the Oriental Tint.

At all toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

Get the 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.



"Don't Envy Beauty—
Use Pompeian"

Pompeian

Bloom

for youthful color

TEAR OFF, SIGN and SEND

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories,
3402 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new
1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Re-
tained," and the four samples.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Shade of rouge wanted? _____

I sighted a large barn, ran through one open door, and out the one opposite, over a manure pile, down under the basement, and into the cowshed before I dared stop. Before I had really caught my breath, the owner of the barn came tearing down and scolded me thoroughly for upsetting his milk cans and told me the circus would find out it couldn't go rampaging all over his place. I could hurry up and settle for the milk and the other damage, coming into his place and trying to show off like a little smarty. I never found out how many compliments this cost the show, but it was probably plenty.

But in the confusion the fact that I had sent the groom back was overlooked and my father praised my quick judgment in releasing Prince and running alone.

Julia, I learned later, turned off somewhere else, and when the elephant man arrived with her favorite dog and her pal horse—for every elephant has a particular horse and dog friend who help in controlling them—there was little difficulty in getting her home from a nearby wood where she was amusing herself destroying trees, which meant more complimentary tickets from our hardworking adjuster.

But elephants and angry farmers could not destroy my love of my profession.

I remember the first time I ever rode in a ring. Always anxious to get in this wonderful place where my father and mother rode to gorgeous music, in wonderful clothes, I begged to ride, too, and one day when I must have been all of three or four my father let me. He put me on a broad flat saddle known as a pad, on a tiny pony. This pad was the sort you often see used when there are monkeys in an act, put on a pony and run around the track. To this I was tied, monkey wise, and sent around the ring. So elated was I at my debut in the magic ring that I threw out my arms and kicked my legs as I had seen the bareback riders do. I kissed my hands to the audience like any grown-up artist. Years later I learned they thought I was a mechanical doll sent out as a joke.

Anyway, I thought they thought I was real, and I felt that mine was the greatest act in the whole performance. My grandmother Tournaire who had failed so signally with my mother, was going to live again through me.

At that time I did not realize that my father and mother had no real desire to stay on as circus people. My mother had never wanted it, and continuous moving about with a large family wearied my father of the life. He hated to see us face conditions that had disheartened him, and he knew from hard experience, the fate of the person who joins his life with a circus, as regards outside social life. He himself, years after he had grown up, and after he was a well known circus figure, feeling homesick for his own kin, had paid a visit to a sister whom he had not seen for years. She received him at the door of her nicely appointed living room, the maid having announced him, and looking straight at him in case he should fail to understand her, she introduced him by some perfectly strange name as a friend of her childhood. My father played his part, and went away. It was from such pain that he wanted to save us—wanted us to be either all circus or all outside world.

But it was the world we had been

The Circus Lady

[Continued from page 52]

trained in. In it we could make a good living, so in it we stayed. But I have often heard my father say he wished he could take his whole family to a farm fifty miles away from any circus and keep them there, or find a convenient cave where circuses could never penetrate.

He was a gentle, kindly man. I myself adored him, and was at his side whenever possible. I always wanted and worked for his good opinion. Often when the weather was pleasant and the jumps from one town to the other were short, he took me out of the family wagon into his little buggy, where there was just room for a very small girl beside him. Sometimes he even gave me the reins and let me drive the spirited pair, the pride of his heart. He taught me how horses must be kept from all danger of strain and encouraged me to use my own judgment. Of course I was proud of this, but also I was sometimes ashamed of my mistakes, such as giving the wheels the smallest ruts when the horses should have had them.

I often fell asleep when he had the reins; if we came to something interesting he awoke me to see it. Once when we were going through Minnesota he woke me to show me the lovely, sparkling blue lakes everywhere around us. So I have always remembered the state of Minnesota with pleasure, and when people speak of its icy waters, I think only of the lovely lakes my father showed me, and of the prairie chickens flying thick about us.

One day I was half asleep in the buggy, when my father's voice brought me to sudden wakefulness. I wondered why he had awakened me. He was whooping loudly to the galloping horses. I was not alarmed, for I had never seen my father in any place too difficult for him to handle. But I did know that one should never let a team of horses trot fast down a hill. I decided my father wanted me to take the team and bring them to a slow gait while they were going down grade. At the foot I saw a small uncertain-looking bridge made of loose planks, always dangerous because a loose plank may fly up when the horse steps on it. My father was still busy whooping, so I reached for the reins. Instead of giving them to me, this only irritated him, but his commands were so indistinct that I thought I was to insist on having them. This was a new game, but I made ready to play it, thinking he wanted to see what I would do in an emergency. If it was to be a lesson in insistence I was ready.

This time my father called, "Let them alone, Josie," while he tried to throw me into the seat beside him. So stern a command made me aware of something wrong. I glanced at my father's white face. For the first time I realized the team was running away.

My father, reins wrapped around his arms, his feet braced against the dashboard, butted all his strength against the pull of the infuriated horses. The gig was swaying from side to side, and as we neared the bridge we saw that someone crossing had knocked a large plank upright leaving a hole, which would catch the horse's feet. It seemed inevitable that the gig would be overturned and the team pulled over on us.

I looked at my father's rigid face. I

trusted him, but I wondered what he would do to save us. I was soon to learn.

Half standing up, he brought all his strength to one rein, steering the madly galloping animals directly to the left of the road. Now for the first time, I felt real fear, for he was heading them straight for a tree along the path. Something struck me, and when I came to I was out on one side of the road. I looked up to see my father disentangle himself from the reins which he had wound so tightly around his arms that blood ran when he unwound them, all the while calling softly, "Whoa boy," in a gentle but exhausted voice. He came over to me, still calling to them, and seeing me all right he went to the trembling horses standing one on one side, one on the other, of the tree which had ended their wild running. My father had taken our chance of life: he had steered the horses so that they should be halted, one on each side of the tree.

After a while he called over to show me the cause of the trouble. The pole running between them had broken, making guidance difficult, if not impossible. The pole had full sway punching first one and then the other horse in the stomach, so that when the poor things tried to listen to my father's commands to stop, the pole would hit them when the gig swayed to a stop. Shaken though I was, my father made me examine the pole and look at the wound in the side of each horse. My father said they were still too disturbed to be approached; naturally they did not understand what had happened to them, and any approach might make them kick us in their fear. He cut down a limb with the hatchet we always carried with us, bound the broken pole and its iron support together, and then we could go up to the horses, feed them, and slowly release them. They were allowed to graze quietly and my father adjusted their harnesses very gently.

By this time the whole circus train of wagons had caught up with us, and I was hoisted alongside the driver of a monkey cage, for my father wanted no added risk when he was driving the runaways again for the first time. I mounted the cage dejectedly, and in a few minutes had persuaded the driver to let me handle the reins. So the trip was not entirely spoiled.

As I jumped down on the lot, I heard a few gillies talking. Right here perhaps I had better explain the term gillie. To a circus person a gillie is anybody at all outside the circus—queen or commoner, president or newsboy—all are gillies in the eyes of the inside world which is the circus.

The gillies were talking loudly. "Isn't it awful to let a little girl like that take such a long trip on a monkey cage?"

Whereupon I turned around and told them at great length the story of our accident.

"Is he your real father?" one gillie asked me, and I was just about to start on the story of my life when mother came along. Knowing what I was up to, she called me to her. She had learned long ago that the gillies never understood us inside people, but I was still too young—I still believed in explanations—I wanted to set straight their conceptions of us. It took me long bitter years to learn the hopelessness of that.

[Continued in AUGUST McCALL'S]

The Keeper of the Bees

[Continued from page 21]

you couldn't be. Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"That's nothing to you," said the young lady. "Run along and get my milk and then I've got about fifty other errands I want you to do. You can pick up quite a bit of my small change in the next hour or two if you move so that you stir the dust at all."

The Scout Master stood still. With hard, almost feverish eyes the face of the woman was scanned. The trunk and the clothing, the abominable odors of cheap soaps and vile perfumes, all registered adversely on the child's mind. This woman in the house and Jamie at Margaret Cameron's, and doing nothing about it! That was exactly like Jamie. It had

been the private opinion of the little Scout for some time that as a fighter Jamie might hold his own among the Germans, but he did not show much inclination to hold his own when somebody tried to give him a wonderful piece of property. The thought that had begun stirring vaguely in the back of the Scout Master's head cleared up and took form.

"Give me your dime! Sure I'll do your errands for you!" said the little Scout.

With the dime tightly gripped in one hand, the Scout Master sailed over the fence and landed almost at the feet of Jamie and there the child stared at him belligerently.

"Who's the Jane in the crooked make-up? What did you let her in for?"

"She walked in," said Jamie.

"And wasn't you big enough to keep her out?" demanded the little Scout.

"Yes, I was," said [Turn to page 58]



A perfect little cherub!

WHEN baby isn't being fed or bathed, he is supposed to be snuggled in his soft, warm crib, sleeping peacefully or crooning to himself—a perfect little cherub.

But even a cherub gets stiff and sore lying flat on its back all day and soon learns to cry and fret for want of a little diversion.

In place of harmful cuddling and carrying about, try a delightfully refreshing Mennen shower.



You know how perspiration, urine and bath-water collect in the chubby folds of baby's skin. Gentle towelling cannot remove it...

but Mennen Borated Talcum, like millions of soft, white fairy sponges, absorbs every trace of this irritating moisture, leaving the skin-folds dry and safe.

And friction is another foe of baby's comfort. His skin-folds rub. His clothes often bind. Bedding sometimes chafes...but this pure, cooling talcum spreads a silky film over the sensitive little body, saving it from contact with harsh, damp clothes and woolly blankets.

Baby's delicate skin cannot resist infection as easily as yours. Tiny defects easily become serious—even fatal...and so Mennen's is made not only mild and pure, but wonderfully healing and antiseptic as well.

Just dust Mennen Borated Talcum on the chubby little body, after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap and whenever baby cries.

Only 25c and the coupon below brings you postpaid the famous Mennen Baby Book—a real help for mothers.



MENNEN

BORATED TALCUM

MAIL COUPON



AMT BELLE
c/o The Mennen Company
149 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.
Canadian Address:
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec
I enclose 25c [Canada 35c]. Please send the
Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name
Address



Let Me Help

To new beauty—new youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I offer you aids to new beauty, new youth—the best aids I have found. I have searched the world for 40 years to find them, and spent a fortune. As a girl they brought me beauty which became the rage. I gained a glorious stage career. As a woman they have kept that beauty. At a grandmother's age I retain my youthful bloom. I still look a girl of 19.

For 40 years I have kept in touch with all scientific advancement in beauty. All the best discoveries, I believe, have come to me.

Now I am placing the results at every woman's call. Toilet counters everywhere supply exactly what I use, and under my name. To every woman I offer a test at my cost.

I wish that every girl who wants more beauty would learn what these methods do. And every woman who wants youth. These are the supreme helps. Send the coupon for the one you wish to try.

Two Super-Creams

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. The greatest beauty experts now advise this formula. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat, so the skin cannot absorb it. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. You will never realize what a clean skin means until you once employ it.

My Youth Cream is a cold cream, made to embody a dozen of the best helps I have found. It also comes in vanishing type. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry, also the utmost modern science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. I am never an hour without it, day or night. Let it show you the ways to what it brought to me.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Based on 20 years of scientific study. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The result is a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores.

This is the chief of all beauty essentials. In 30 minutes, girls multiply their beauty, and women seem to drop ten years. When you once see its results you will never go without it.

My Hair Youth

To this I owe my luxuriant hair, thick and lustrous, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, and never a touch of gray. It combines the best all hair experts have taught me.

Hair Youth is concentrated. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp—a little at a time. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stiffen the hair roots. It tones and stimulates. It does for the scalp what cultivation does for a garden. There is no other hair help in the world which combines what my Hair Youth does. An eyedropper comes with it.

All toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty aids exactly as I use them. The best my world-search has found. This coupon will bring you a sample of any with my latest Beauty Book. Clip coupon now and tell me the one which you prefer. Do this for beauty's sake.

Your Choice Free

Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper 929-McC
136 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

☐ Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth
☐ White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream

Name.....

Address.....



Remove the nozzle and turn the water on slightly

Keep Your New Car New

MARY L. TENERY

A FEW weeks ago a young woman proudly drove home a new automobile, shining and resplendent in its newness. And as she drove she resolved to keep it so. Perhaps you have also driven home a new car, or are planning to do so, and in the pride of ownership have made, or will make, the same fine resolve.

The point is, do you know how to keep this new car new? Just any method of cleaning will not do. The cleaning and polishing of your car calls for skilled handling, just as does the keeping of your home. And even though you are not going to clean the car yourself, it is advisable that you should at least know how it should be done.

Many of the so-called "auto laundries" employ dubious methods, leaving the work to inexperienced hands and if such methods are employed constantly, they soon will ruin the fine finish of your car.

Even one careless cleaning will leave its imprint on the varnish that protects the paint.

If you clean the car yourself and have not had preliminary instructions, probably your first inclination will be to turn the hose on the car to wash off the worst, then to rinse it in a like manner and finally to polish it with the piano polish.

Yet no greater mistake could be made. Water coming from the hose with force will drive grit into the fine varnish surface and leave marks that cannot be eradicated. And the polish likewise will serve but to hasten the day when the finish dulls.

Small scratches, even those so small that they cannot be seen without a magnifying glass, are in reality the beginning of varnish and paint deterioration. They pave the way for those larger scratches that wear through the varnish coats and allow the moisture to soak through to the paint to the detriment of the car. This moisture is the primary cause of the "checking" that results in the roughened surface and dulled appearance of many a motor-car.

When you are ready to wash and polish the car, the first step will be to clean the interior. Take a stiff whisk broom and go over the top to remove all dust. Then clean the upholstery and with a whisk broom or child's broom, sweep off the floor, first removing all carpets, these to be cleaned outside the car.

Then rub the leather upholstery with a soft rag and occasionally treat with a good leather dressing. If you have a closed car you may use the vacuum-cleaner to clean the upholstery or you may clean with a whisk broom. The instrument-board also should be cleaned and all nickel parts polished with a good nickel or silver polish.

You are now ready for the outside work. If you wish to use the hose—and

with due care this will be all right—remove the nozzle and turn the water on slightly, just enough that the water will flow gently from the open end of the hose.

Go over the entire surface, hose in one hand, sponge in the other, and gently loosen all dirt. Where mud has dried on the car, especial care must be taken. First loosen with the soft flow of water, then rub gently with the wet sponge until the dirt is washed off. In this operation use the same care that you would in cleaning your piano, for each particle of grit or dirt that is rubbed over the surface will leave its mark.

Instead of the hose you may use, if you desire, lukewarm water in a pail.

In this case, employ a very mild soap, being careful to rinse off all trace of soap immediately. Also change the water in the pail often, for after it becomes dirty it will leave scratches on the car surface. Next will come the rinsing. This may be done with the hose, replacing the nozzle and turning the water so that a gentle spray, scarcely more than a mist, may be played over the surface of the car. After thoroughly rinsing the car you will be ready for the polishing, an operation requiring as much care and patience as the washing.

The best polisher does not come in a can or bottle but is found in a chamois of good size. Wash the chamois frequently, during the polishing operation, in soapy water, rinsing thoroughly in cold water and wringing almost dry. Then rub the car, a small section at a time, with this chamois; remember to rub with a straight, not a circular motion. If you do this latter you will see that these circular marks show up on the finish. No other polishing will be necessary for many months other than that done with the chamois.

After that a good automobile polish may be used if desired but the application of this will be a tedious process.

After the polishing is completed all glass and nickel may be shined, leaving the car as gleaming as when new.

As to routine care, remember that the time to remove mud is while it is mud, not after it dries on the car. If you have not the time for a complete cleaning, wash off all mud before putting the car away.

And avoid sudden changes of temperature, either in operating the car, or in cleaning it. That is, do not use first hot and then cold water in cleaning. Rather use lukewarm and cool water, or cool water alone. Do not wash the car when it is hot but allow it to cool first. And in winter, if you keep the car in a heated garage, open the doors before taking the car out, that it may chill gradually rather than be taken into the cold suddenly, thus paving the way for cracked varnish.



WHEN your doctor tells you to dilute baby's milk with barley water make it with Robinson's "Patent" Barley. Eminent specialists in infant feeding specify Robinson's Barley. Over three generations of mothers have used it.

Tightly sealed in tin to keep out impurities. So finely milled it requires only 20-30 minutes' boiling to make it ready for use in baby's formula.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., [required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912]

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Apr. 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.
Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Co., publisher of McCall's Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 236 West 37th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor: None. Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del., (owner of The McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Oliver B. Capen, 250 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; H. Jones & Co., 10 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Piper Bros., Inc., 1205 1st Nat'l So. Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Sanford Robinson, 26 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.; Howard P. Whitney, 15 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; John P. Munn, 165 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Robert Cade Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.; Henry J. Fisher, 22 William St., New York, N. Y.; John R. Maxwell, Villa Nova, Pa.; J. K. Rice, Jr. & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Wm. B. Warner, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Daniel W. Streeter, 710 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Ada Bell Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.; Claude B. Branch, 15 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; Lucetta Gilbert Otley, Henry W. Sackett and Guaranty Trust Company of New York as trustees under the last will and testament of James H. Otley, deceased, for Frances H. Otley Trust; for Gilbert Otley Trust; for James H. Otley, Jr. Trust; for Lucetta G. Otley Trust and for Martha M. Otley Trust.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmatively full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. D. Hartman, Asst. Treasurer.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1925. Walter J. Boyle, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 206-A, New York County Register's No. 6856-A, Kings County Clerk's No. 374, Kings County Register's No. 6127. My commission expires March 30, 1926.

'Safe Ice Cream'



**"Don't Worry—
It's Home Made"**

"It won't hurt him a bit, Mary. I made this ice cream myself."

The ice cream you buy may be safe—you KNOW that the home-made ice cream is. You KNOW just how pure and wholesome the mixture—and how clean the handling.

Eat more home-made ice cream—feed it to the children—they like it and doctors recommend it—there is nothing you could give them with greater food value—and it is easily digested.

The New Design Triple Motion White Mountain Freezer

makes ice cream as smooth as velvet because every portion of the mixture is beaten quickly and persistently. There is no trace of granular consistency, but the ingredients are mixed and frozen to precisely the right degree to bring out the richness and flavor.

Home-made Ice Cream is better—
White Mountain Ice Cream is best—
Ask your dealer to show you



**High School Course
in 2 Years**

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H960 Broad St. & 54th St. © A.S. 1925 CHICAGO

Campbell's "RAPID" Electric Range and Fireless Cooker Combined

Exactly what you've been waiting for—the AUTOMATIC RAPID ELECTRIC FIRELESS RANGE has double electric grill for frying, 17" oven for baking, large electric fireless cooker for boiling. Electricity starts cooking. It automatically shuts off and fires cooler principle finishes the cooking. No special wiring required.

Special 30 Day Trial Offer
Write for FREE home science cook book.
Cash or easy payments. Low price will amaze you. A card will do.
William Campbell Co., 1087 Union St.
Albion, Ohio

Cut Me Out
and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 7L, McCall's Magazine, 250 W. 37th St., N. Y. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.
Mail Today!



These things should not be put into one home at the same time!

Have We a Menage—or a Menagerie?

BY HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

ANY home is the better for having a good, chummy dog in it. A nice, fattish cat adds a note of placidity. Any house is cheered by the presence of a merry little bird. A certain flavor of pleasing unconventionality might be given the home by the presence of a monkey, trained turtle or pet bear cub.

But all these things should not be put into one home at the same time! The spirit of collecting would better be confined to pewter or rugs or postage stamps. A piece of pewter is to be relied on; it doesn't jump from a mantel upon your shoulder and seek to bite a piece out of your ear. Nor will an old prayer-rug howl all night and have to have a veterinary at four A. M.

Take my own case. I live in a charming suburban neighborhood. Our house was designed for a small family—of persons. It has, at present, one dog, one cat, seven pigeons, eleven hens, and a squirrel which pays us weekend visits.

If you are an animal lover, you say that this is not much. Ah—but I have constantly to be on guard lest there be other animals added to the collection! For instance, one of the members of my family simply cannot get enough butterflies. Of course butterflies are not animals but they can be put into shoe boxes and observed from time to time. Believe me, it is startling to take the cover off a shoe box, to use it as a receptacle for twine, and have a horde of golden butterflies dart out!

There is another among us who plays Atlas for the birds; she carries the whole bird world on her shoulders. She cares not a whit about the poor sailors and children at sea on a terrible night; it's the birds. She would open the doors and bring them all in. And how she does worry about their getting enough to eat! She scatters crumbs and tid-bits all over the lot.

Sometime ago a child—a nice child but temporarily under the inspiration of Satan—presented us with a pure white dove. We called him Mike and showered him with gifts, including a small house and a variegated menu. Mike appreciated this and I'll say this much for him—he was supremely unselfish. He didn't keep the knowledge of this bonanza to himself. He went out and told the whole gang about it. And the gang comes and perches on our piazza by the hour.

I suppose we ought to give thanks because we live where we do. Now, a home-loving man in Africa must live in constant terror if the members of his household are inordinate pet-lovers. Imagine the old dear coming home some night, only to find his house crowded to the limit with freshly gathered animals.



"See here, children," he would say, "you simply can't have an elephant in my den!"

"Aw, Pa, he's so cute!" the children would reply. "We got him down by the Nile and his name is Pete. You just oughta see him sit up and beg. Hi, Pete, roll over for Papa! Aw, Pa, let us keep him!"

We really have to give this animals-in-the-home problem a bit of thought because one is constantly growing smaller and the other larger.

Some of our houses are about the size of the old dog houses. But our dogs are not smaller; they are much bigger. For instance, thirty years ago anybody who was anybody owned a pug dog. He was a small dog and made up for his lack of bulk by surliness and an excessive wheeze. What has happened? Why, this small dog's place has been taken by the police dog, the collie and the airedale, all several times larger than the pug. And they have been taken into houses which have dwindled tearfully in size.

People used to look around their homes and murmur, "Where is Brutus? I haven't seen him in hours." You see, there was so much house and such a paucity of dog that he was as a needle in a haystack. But now! Well, we try to look around the police dog and wonder where the davenport has gone.

I think our architects might try thinking up some place for the animals of the house. Take the case of my dog. Artistically he will go well with anything—and he has. First he slept under the kitchen sink. He had hardly become used to that nook when he was removed to the hall one flight up. This proved wrong; we figured he would be a better antidote against burglars on the ground floor, so his basket was placed in the front hall downstairs. Then he stayed in the bathroom for a short spell on account of needed warmth. Now, after several other changes of base, he sleeps in my room at night. The poor little chap has a hunted look.

A dog has decided homing instincts. Cats are different. I have a cat who has slept on everything in the house, including the piano and the refrigerator. Perhaps his favorite place is atop a pile of freshly typed manuscript. He just loves to sharpen his claws and shed his rich coat all over a good ripping South Sea Island tale.

This business of amalgamating animals with our home has just about spoiled touring. Only yesterday we called at one house where lives a cat who undoubtedly will soon give to the waiting world a litter of Angora kittens. We have been promised one.

The trouble is, my family simply cannot resist the appeal of a wee, fuzzy kitten or a cocky, merry-eyed pup. And, darn it, neither can I!



*What impression
does your skin create?*

HOW will those whom you meet today remember you tomorrow?—first impressions make lasting memories. Will they think of you as keen, alert, dainty, altogether charming, or will a bad skin make you seem sluggish, indifferent, careless?

Don't let people get a wrong impression of you. Guard your skin against those enemies—blackheads, oiliness, clogged pores, sallowness, etc.—which destroy its beauty and place you in a wrong light. Cleanliness is the chief source of a good complexion and among medical skin specialists cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.



Resinol Soap is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughness, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it. Resinol products sold by all druggists.



Dept. L, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Please write or print plainly



MRS. GENE STRATTON PORTER

Author of 'Freckles', 'A Girl of the Limberlost', 'The Harvester', and other well-loved books

And Now -
"THE KEEPER OF THE BEES"
One of her finest stories is to be immortalized on the motion picture screen.

THE lovable, human characters that Mrs. Porter drew with such fine, firm surety in "The Keeper of the Bees", are to become alive—actual, breathing, human beings through the medium of fine acting, fine direction and fine photography.

Nothing in the history of this company gives us quite the same pleasure as the knowledge that of all motion picture companies, F. B. O. (Film Booking Offices of America) has been chosen to immortalize Mrs. Porter's well beloved characters on the screen.

Of course, you'll want to see "The Keeper of the Bees" when it is shown in your community. You will want to re-live its gripping, human story. And you can.

The coupon below is the sure way to enable you to see this picture. Sign the coupon—send it—and we will tell the manager of your favorite moving picture theatre that you wish him to show "The Keeper of the Bees" at the earliest possible moment.

It's Clean, Fine, Wholesome

The cast will be announced shortly. It will please you as much as it has us. Send the coupon today to

FILM BOOKING OFFICES
OF AMERICA, Inc.

723 Seventh Ave., New York City

F.B.O.
PICTURES

Film Booking Offices
723 Seventh Avenue, New York City
I am very anxious to see the picture, "The Keeper of the Bees". Will you have it exhibited at

..... Theatre

Name

Street

City State

Sign and send this coupon Today

Jamie, "if I had used force, but I'm not given to using force on the ladies."

"So you cleared out and came over here and you turned over our property!"

"I'm afraid I did," said Jamie.

"I bet you just walked out like a milk fed turkey and never put up one warlike gobble!" said the Scout Master.

"I told her," said Jamie, "to tell it to the Probate Judge."

"Aw!" said the Scout Master in the hoarsest, roughest tone Jamie ever had heard issue from the small throat. "Aw, what's the use of the Probate Judge? You knew the Bee Master, and you know he wouldn't do anything that wasn't fair and right. You can give her your share if you want to, but believe you me, Mr. James Lewis MacFarlane, you will not give away my half of that bee garden." The little Scout thrust forth a hand and disclosed a dime. "I'm going to the grocery to get milk for her, and then there's 'fifty other errands.' 'Kiddo' is goin' to do the errands. 'Kiddo' is goin' to find out some way to get that Jane out of there, and get her out pretty quick. 'Kiddo' happens to know a whole lot of things that you don't, and 'Kiddo' is just beginning to get wise to who that party is!"

Both hands flew out, one of them wide spread, the other gripping the dime. "Let me tell you, 'Kiddo' owes it to the Bee Master to punsher her until you can see daylight clear through her! Maybe you think I ain't got her number now. Maybe you think I don't know who pushed little Mary and broke her spine and made her die! You watch me! If you ain't going to fight, I am."

Presently Jamie saw the Scout Master enter their front gate and go up the walk with the bottle of milk. After that he saw a bunch of papers and odds and ends carried to the incinerator. Then he watched the gathering of tomatoes and vegetables, the picking of fruit that was carried to the kitchen and when he went over to get a better idea of what was going on, he saw in passing a window that the Scout Master was standing in the middle of the living room fitting dresses over the Bee Master's coat hangers and hanging them up in his closet. Presently the little Scout came out to him. Jamie was surprised at the expression on the small face. It had become absolutely inscrutable.

Said the Scout Master: "She is trying every key in the house on my chest. That chest is just wadded full of things that ain't any of her business. That's got Highland Mary's things in it and little Mary's things. I know who she is. I know what she thinks she will do. And believe you me, she can do it if she gets that chest open, and that chest belongs to me. What are you going to do about it?"

"Where's the key?" asked Jamie.

"My Dad's got it," said the little Scout. "It's among the things the Bee Master had at the hospital. Judge gave 'em to Dad to keep till I'm of age. But she ain't going to unlock that chest with any key she'll find around the house, nor any key she will get made, 'cause that chest's got a private kind of a lock on it and there's a leaf in the carving where you've got to press a spring before the lock will work. Days when I had done everything else the Bee Master would let me work that combination and show me the things and let me look at the pictures and let me see the things that were in there that belonged to big Mary and little Mary. There's a picture of that Jane in that chest when she was little and she looked just about as measly as she does now. It's got a name and a date on it, too, that will kind of fix her if she don't look out what she tells the Probate Judge. She can't get in that chest unless she splits it with an ax, and if she ever does that!"

There was not a hint of mercy in the face lifted to Jamie; there was not a hint of tolerance. A cold shiver crept down Jamie's back. For the first time he addressed his small partner by name.

"Jean," he said, "Jean, be mighty careful what you do. I am not claiming that I haven't got an awful wrench in the prospect of giving up what the Bee Master meant me to have, but however much your share of it means to you it cannot mean what it would if you did some terrible thing and got yourself put in prison or blackened your whole life. There is only one way to manage these things and that is to let justice take its course."

The Keeper of the Bees

(Continued from page 55)

"Adzackly what I think!" agreed the little Scout. "I'm not believing that there isn't justice in this village, and I'm not believing it ain't goin' to take its course if I spring from ambush like Chief Running Horse at the right time. I told you before, I tell you now, you keep out of this and you watch my dust!"

The little Scout wheeled and went back to the house. Facing the interloper, in tones of suave politeness, this message was delivered: "Mistaw MacFarlane says to tell you that the keys of Mistaw Worthington's chest are in the care of Mistaw Meredith and that he will be out of town for several days and they cawn't be delivered until his return."

"Well, I have no time to wait," said Miss Worthington. "I've got to go through the papers that belong in that chest. I've got to open it if I smash it."

The little Scout smiled. "Mr. Worthington said that if you tried to break open that chest and damaged it, and if what you found didn't satisfy the Probate Judge as to who you are and what you are doin' here, you'd get yourself into pretty serious trouble."

"Say, look here!" said Miss Worthington. "Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm a kid round this neighbourhood. What's your next?"

"Drag that trunk into the bed room."

The Scout Master advanced and stooped to one end of the trunk, looked around and said politely: "Kindly take the other end. Your trunk is about twice my size."

Miss Worthington hesitated a minute and then took one end of the trunk and helped to carry it into the Bee Master's bedroom. So the Scout Master ran innumerable errands and watched with blood literally at the point of boiling while the house was searched from top to bottom.

Finally, "I'm done with you now," said Miss Worthington. "You may go home, but you'd better come around again in the morning."

"All right," said the Scout Master, "and I'll start home whenever you pay me for what I've done today."

"I'll pay you in the morning," said Miss Worthington.

"I'll take my pay now," said the little Scout. "I happen to be out of change and I'm hungry."

Miss Worthington produced her pocket book, and taking some small change from it, dropped it into the outstretched hand. The little Scout counted it twice.

"Say, you ain't throwing your change to the birds are you?"

But the inquiry was good humoured. The Scout Master had decided to be on the job in the morning.

"What time do you want me?"

"Better make it about nine."

"I'll be right here," said the little Scout, "and for your own sake, I'm just telling you before I start that you better remember how California feels about antique furniture."

The little Scout closed the door and went down the path and scaled the fence and said to Jamie: "I can't chase up a reason for staying there any longer and I'm about sick hungry. If you can hang out the night and do something to scare her off about getting into that chest until morning, I'll go on the job again and I'll stick at it until I see if I can't make something happen. If she gets desperate in the night she may try breaking my chest. Be a good idea for you to take the ax or anything she could pry with out of the tool house and fasten the windows on the inside and lock them on the outside. If she can't find anything that just suits her to attack with, maybe she will let it be until morning."

And that was what Miss Worthington did. She was tired herself, and went to bed early and she was still asleep when the Scout Master arrived in the morning.

Up until ten o'clock the little Scout served as kitchen maid, lady's maid, house maid, errand boy, anything the interloper required. Then a load of worthless paper was sent to the incinerator which stood in the middle of the lower portion of Jamie's side of the garden, half way between the hives of the Black Germans and the long row of the Italians. As the Scout Master scratched the match and then lighted the papers, an

ominous rumbling that came from somewhere in the direction of the Italians became noticeable.

"Um-hum-m-m," said the little Scout. "Dunno but I better call Jamie. Some of his bees are going to swarm."

Coming back up the walk there was a pause beside the hydrant. The heaviest hose was attached and stretched up the walk. The nozzle could be seen lying above one of the jacqueranda trees open enough to let a tiny stream drip no faster than the earth would absorb it for the watering of the tree. That jacqueranda tree happened to be particularly precious so the Scout Master turned the nozzle one faint degree wider open and laid it down in a new place.

As the nozzle touched the earth there came from inside the house a splintering crash. The little Scout straightened suddenly and covered the ground to the side window in one bound. The little Scout peered through the open window in time to see the lid of the antique chest wide open. An ax lay on the floor. Clinging to the window sill, the little Scout watched while the waste paper basket was filled with every paper that could be gathered from the contents of the chest. The basket was heaped to the top. Then Miss Worthington arose, possessed herself of a handful of matches, and picking up the basket, started toward the back door.

Deftly the Scout Master dropped from the window sill, raced to the jacqueranda, caught up the hose, and darted down the outside of the vine laden pergola until the hydrant was reached. There was a pause to shut off the hose and turn the hydrant until the hose swelled and writhed like a snake. Peering through the vines of the pergola, the Scout Master could see that the girl was not yet coming and again the soft buzzing called attention to the neighbourhood of the incinerator. Then in an ominous roar almost at one and the same time from two hives of Italians there came streaming swarms of bees that were leaving their hives to seek new homes.

The little Scout's eyes opened wider. The hose dropped from the small fingers, and small feet raced wild y up to the back porch and shaking hands grabbed the bee drum. One glance in the kitchen showed Miss Worthington on her knees beside the basket with nervous fingers sorting out the papers she had thrust into it.

"For a little time," said the Scout Master, grabbing up the drum, "I sure am thankful." And a wild race began for the region of the incinerator, and softly on the morning air broke the slow, rhythmic "Drum, drum, drum-drum-drum" and the bees that were swarming in the air began to gather. The drum led them first to an orange branch within three yards of the incinerator, then headed off another bunch and guided them toward a fig branch on the opposite side. The air was still thick with them, but it was apparent to experienced eyes that the queen of each swarm had settled.

"Drum, drum, drum-drum-drum," the eyes alternated between the bees and the back porch. There she came; the basket full of overflowing. Keeping under cover of the trees, stooping, on silent feet, the little Scout slipped back to the hydrant, and picked up the nozzle of the hose.

The interloper hurried down the back walk as fast as her feet would carry her and dumped the contents of the basket into the incinerator. On top of it the precious papers were thrown and then the match was scratched and held a second to make sure that it was blazing before the papers were touched off at the top. As the hand holding the match reached towards the papers, a stream of water that shook the incinerator on its base struck it and began speedily soaking its entire contents; and a shrill voice, keyed to the top note of wild excitement, shouted: "Look you careful there! You've got swarming bees on each side of you! You'll be stung to death in just about one minute!"

How much Miss Worthington knew about bees was debatable but she knew enough about them to be afraid. "Turn off that hose!" she shouted. "Turn off that hose!"

"Not on your life!" retorted the little Scout. "You ain't a-goin' to burn up those papers! They don't belong to you. Don't you touch 'em! If you do, I'll hit you with this hose until I knock you spang into the nearest of the bees behind you!"

(Continued in August McCall's)

Why the Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger

tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



But it's not nearly so bad as it *might* be

TIME was when an accident like this meant a ruined little frock. But today mothers are using certain marvelous new fabrics that keep their original beauty regardless of the countless washings to remove spots and stains.

How natural to want your children always dressed in pretty clothes! And now you may have them, practically and economically — as many, many mothers have already found — by using Everfast Wash Fabrics. These lovely materials simply will not fade, no matter what you do.

Boiling and washing with any soap or powder has not the slightest effect on their beautiful colors. Brilliant sunshine will not fade them. Nor will rain, salt air and uric acid. Everfast Wash Fabrics are fast color under all conditions. So completely has this been proved, that every yard, whatever its color, is guaranteed.

GUARANTEE: *If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason whatsoever, we will refund, through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but the making cost of the garment as well.*

Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.



There are more than fifty different Everfast materials, in dozens of exquisite colors and designs, from which you can make charming suits and dresses for your children's every need. Swanky little suits for boys, of Everfast suiting or poplin. Dainty checked or plain ginghams, Tubtex and Fineweave for girls. And when you plan clothes for yourself, you will delight in the wonderful assortment of Everfast voiles, broadcloths, linens and other favorite materials, as well as the striking fabrics, many of them novelties, exclusive to Everfast.

Soon you will be preparing for the next school session. Already physicians,

nurses and boards of health are broadcasting their message to mothers. "Dress the children in wash clothes all year round. It's healthier." And more and more women are heeding this sound advice. For this, nothing is so satisfactory as Everfast Wash Fabrics.

Everfast Wash Fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary cotton materials. And yet how much more they give you! Almost every good store carries a full assortment of Everfast weaves and colors. Many, also, have ready-made apparel of Everfast. If your dealer does not have them, write us, and we will direct you to one who does. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City.

LOOK FOR THE NAME EVERFAST ON THE SELVAGE

THE GENUINE Everfast Wash Fabrics

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

flower-wreathed hats. From the first moment there had been no doubt, to judge by the welcome accorded her by the men present, of her success. They gathered about her for tea in the late afternoons, and they flocked to her side in the evenings. And she flirted with them, one and all, most audaciously and delicately.

When Shawn Kincora, his business disposed of in short order, returned, it was to find that other men beside himself had yielded to the witchery of the Mid-Victorian age and Irmalee. He never noticed the rather quizzical little smile with which Myra Wayne favored him as he joined with alacrity the group about her surprising, small daughter.

And Shawn, never far distant from Irmalee, never quite winning her undivided attention, lost his heart to the tiny, many-hued slippers that peeped out from beneath her flaring frocks. He fell in love with the little velvet hands that she twisted through her curls; with the rose-laden hats that nodded above her pink lips; with her Watteau fans and her tiny, jasmine-scented lace handkerchiefs. She was Romance and Moonlight and Adventure to his soul; and following his years of experience with the sophisticated, young flappers of his acquaintance, she satisfied his hunger for sweetness and gentleness and sentiment. She made him feel important and dashing and dangerous—sensations which the jazz age had stolen from him.

An so the weeks sped by. On an evening when Myra Wayne was entertaining with a little house dance, Shawn Kincora had sent to Irmalee an exquisite corsage of pale pink bouvardia blossoms. With his flowers in her hands, Irmalee ran up to her room and curled up on the wide bed to think. She could not admit that her little game had met with unusual success. There could be no doubt now in young Shawn's mind concerning her existence! Yes, the Mid-Victorian scheme had worked very well, too well, she was now ruefully admitting to herself. For she had quite failed to take into account, when she planned it, one astounding fact: namely, that the girl who so carefully laid out her plan of attack and the girl who now sat there holding Shawn Kincora's flowers against her cheek were two entirely different personalities.

One thing only was clear to Irmalee now. She wasn't going back. She couldn't go back. What a lot in life she had missed—that girl who had been the jazz queen of her set! Another thought now flashed through her mind. Did she really want a man whom she had won that way? With a trick? But then, if she were not going back, need he ever know? No. But she would. She'd know that only by being a cheat and trickster had she caught his fancy and won his heart. The thought was distasteful. A cheat! If he ever found out the trick she had played, then surely he'd hate her. As she thought of the possibility of losing him, Irmalee's heart suddenly warmed to Shawn Kincora, as, back in the old days when she had admitted her infatuation to Judy, she had not known hearts *could* do.

PROMPTLY at one on the next day, Shawn Kincora took up his stand in the lobby of the Marx Hotel. He had asked Irmalee to lunch with him, and to his astonishment she had chosen the Marx. Glancing around at its smartly spectacular surroundings he was again perplexed that his Moon Princess should have chosen to lunch with him there. It was so noisily tawdry—so artificial; just the opposite of what he would have imagined would appeal to her. Yet at that moment he saw Irmalee coming through the large swinging doors. Her entrance sent a noticeably vibrant stir through the masculine occupants of the lobby—so vivid, so dashing alive and sophisticated was the vision that swept past them. From the crown of the daring little French hat that shadowed her eyes to the tips of her very high-heeled and pointed black satin slippers she expressed dash, verve, the breath of fashion.

Her eyes, fringed with lashes slightly mascaraed, sought out Shawn's face, and her lips—scarlet now—parted in an artificial smile. Gone was the Irmalee of the flower-filled orchard and the moonlit garden. Irmalee of the quaint, Mid-Victorian frocks and fans and furberlows. A moment Shawn stared at this ultra-modern young person who had displaced her—then stepped forward and greeted her with grave ceremony.

There were rough pine "stands," bunting-draped, where pies were stacked dozen-high and the delectable smell of frying "hot-dogs" smote the nostril with temptation. There were mothers, ranchers' wives, in cheap voile dresses, dragging babies. There were their husbands in store suits and gaily striped shirt sleeves. Automobiles crowded beetle-like under the trees outside the grounds. There were slim, silk-clad, bobbed-haired flappers with their eye-brows plucked and their lips painted, laughing at everything, with their anaemic escorts from the pavements. And above all there waited the smooth, bare platform, under its thatch of boughs, where the band would station itself after the contests. In short it was Rodeo—long may it prosper! West-coast freedom caught and crystallized!

At noon the baskets came from car and wagon; cloths were spread; women laughed, men made mysterious excursions and came back with color heightened and hilarity enhanced. And there was Sheriff Masters on his big blue roan.

The Rodeo began. Bull-riding came first, a brave, excitable performance. Then came the horses—the "buckin' ones," pride of every Rodeo. The pick of the cowboys le them—or tried to do so—and the work was fast and killing. They knew their stuff, these scrawny, indifferent-looking beasts, and the "sun-fishing" they put up, the cork-wing, the "side-winding," was a joy to Western eyes and vnder to unaccustomed ones. It was pretty work, it was so!

Irmalee and the Mid-Victorian Age

[Continued from page 18]

"It has set me at ease to see you come in through the doorway. Not till I saw you with my own eyes would I believe that you'd come."

She tossed her head arrogantly. "To tell the truth. I wasn't so sure myself."

"Poor little Princess! And were you that tired after the party?"

"Me, tired? Oh, forget that little-girl patter, old dear. A party, in my experience, that ends at three isn't worth the name. No! You see, I'd promised to have lunch with three other men, too, and I only decided about ten seconds ago to take you."

"I am of all most fortunate," he smiled wryly. "Come, shall we go in?"

Irmalee followed the head waiter to a table almost in the center of the room. Slipping from her enveloping cape she stood revealed in a frock that sent a sharp stab of envy to the heart of every woman present and drew a deep sigh of approval from every man. Carelessly, Irmalee reached into her bag, taking out a tiny, jewelled cigarette case. Remarking, "Guess you'll prefer your own," she slipped a cigarette between her scarlet lips and leaned forward.

She began a rambling conversation in the artificial, racy, half vicious manner of the unconventional young people of the day.

"It was too fantastic," she was saying, relating an incident of a recent party, "there were all of us piled into a car, somebody shouting to Monty to go slow—we were making forty-five—when he hit the curb and skidded half a block." And she went on with a racy story.

"Must have been funny, that," Shawn's tone was elaborately noncommittal. "And did you often find this Monty so excitin'?"

"Oh, Monty usually pulled something like that. I was mad about him right then. After a few drinks he was always either an angel or utterly impossible. It wasn't so funny then, but one has to do something, you know."

"Yes. I knew a girl who read Tennyson."

"Stage stuff," she laughed—a forced little laugh that had no mirth in it. "It went with the frock."

He caught her glance and held it with his own. "And so 'twas but a new line. It was most clever of you, Irmalee."

"Yes. We are good at most things, we now-a-days girls, if it's worth our trouble."

"And this new game? Didn't it pay, that you drop it so quickly?"

She spoke with a sudden fierce sincerity. "No, no. As a game it did not pay. Perhaps the price was too high for me. One doesn't overpay, even for one's sensations."

Irmalee, Irmalee, did you guess what a sorry business it would be—this disillusioning! Where were the quick resorts, the clever sallies, the slang of the moment that used to come so glibly?

She rose hastily, and gathered her cape about her. "Sorry," she murmured. "I must run along."

Without waiting for his astonished protest, she turned and started for the lobby. But he had seen the glint of tears on her lashes and the slight quiver of her lips, and with a new light in his eyes, he hurried after her.

Putting her into his own car, Shawn drove directly out to Cypress Lanes, a rather silent drive. Upon reaching the house, he left the car and followed her inside. In the hallway he stopped her with a light touch upon her arm.

"Irmalee,"—very gently,—"*I must talk to you. There's things that must be said between you and me.*"

Silently she turned and led the way to the little music room off the library.

"The game, Irmalee. Tell me."

Defiantly she met his gaze. "Tell you what? There's nothing to tell, Shawn."

He shook his head. "Ah, Irmalee, you might fool every other person in the world, dear, but never me. So don't pretend any longer. What is it you've been tryin' to do? Disillusion me?"

She flushed. "But there's no pretence. This is I, I tell

you, Shawn; please believe me this is the real Irmalee the other—it was all a cheat, Shawn. That's all she was—a cheat!" She dropped wearily under his hands. "Oh, what's the use of talking? I am what I am!"

"Thank God for that, Irmalee! You are—what you are. But, oh, my dear, it's not this." He touched her painted lips with a light finger. "I understand you better than you do yourself. A month or so ago, you were a very modern and reckless young lady, weren't you?"

She looked up at him with unwavering eyes. "I was just like all the rest of the crowd, Shawn."

"I'm not thinkin' you were. Irmalee, were you satisfied?"

"Yes, I was," she returned. "I was perfectly satisfied. I had everything I wanted: popularity, excitement, everything."

"Everything?"

The bright scarlet flooded her cheeks now. "No," she whispered. "Not everything. All but just one thing."

"And that one thing, Irmalee?"

She was confused now. "I—I—Oh, don't make me say it, Shawn!"

His eyes twinkled. "Tell me now, Irmalee. Was the one thing that you wanted the wish to teach me a lesson? Because I refused to lose my heart to your charmin' little self? You used to flirt with me brazenly, you know!"

She gasped. "Why, you didn't even know I was alive."

"Oh, didn't I now! Did you think I never saw you before that Sunday in the orchard? That I didn't remember then the shockingly mad little creature you'd been? Mad? You were only tastin' of each new sensation until you finally woke up and found the worth-while things in life. Sure, you might have been nothin' at all but a jazz girl. I didn't know then, nor was I carin'. Call it a game—the little Victorian dress. But it became more than that, you see. But you didn't cheat anyone. You couldn't have—for you didn't fake the new Irmalee. It was you."

"But, Shawn,"—protestingly,—"*you don't understand. I did it deliberately.*"

"Be honest, Irmalee. Have you hated it—the thing that took you farther and farther away from the old ways? Was it a disagreeable part you've been playin'? And do you want to go back to the girl you've tried to be today? Not very successfully, either, thank God; for I don't believe it's in you to do it now! But tell me, did you want to smoke the cigarette—and to tell about Monty?"

"No, I hated it!" she burst out passionately. "And I don't want to go back! I won't! I can't! But—"

"But you had to tell that you thought you'd been playing a cheating game. Oh, Irmalee, I could love you for that alone—the wantin' to be square. The wee Victorian girl, if she'd never been tempted to live in a world beyond her tiny fans and her picture hats, could never have been half so precious as you are. It's you—wantin' all that the game has given you, yet never carin' to take it when you thought you'd not come by it honestly—that's so fine."

Irmalee was looking up at him with starry eyes now. "Oh, Shawn," she sighed. "You've made it all right again. I felt like two people—and I didn't know which I ought to be. I only knew what I wanted to be."

Shawn laughed with relief. "Irmalee, lest you should change again into some other sort of a person, tell me how long the shortest engagement would have to last?"

But Irmalee was smiling now, and she shook her curly head at him.

"You talk of engagements. So soon?" She retreated toward the door. Her shocked eyes were round. "Do you imagine, then, that I am to be won so easily?"

He shouted. "So—you wee, fierce coquette! You'd make me contest for you!" He made a dash for her.

But Irmalee, throwing the last ounce of her Mid-Victorian modesty to the winds, picked up the skirts of her very modern little dress, and scurrying past him, was—before he could lay his hands upon her—but a flash of long, black, silken-clad legs, whisking out of sight up the long stairway!

Yet as he ran after her, from the dim shadows above, her voice floated back to him. "Yet, even if you would kiss the very modern girl, you must catch her first! And now she is gone—gone—gone!" Her voice grew fainter and fainter until a closing door shut it away from him, and Shawn was left alone in the emptiness of the hall.

Billings' Cora

[Continued from page 11]

One pair of bright blue eyes, beholding, shone black with joyous excitement. Far over at the side nearest the range hill a noticeable pair stood still: a slim slip of a girl on a magnificent horse—Billings' Cora on Silver King. The wild mop of her long hair was combed and braided into two long tails. The last year's gingham, too badly shrunk for convention, had been frankly split and sewed up the middle of the skirt, forming a remarkable riding garment. She wore no hat but held up her clear brown face to the surge of the sun. The shoes and black cotton stockings which covered her slender feet and legs were very clean and shabby. The King himself was in better case than the lady astride him, for he shone resplendent in his great beauty. Each silver hair of body, mane and tail had been polished by his beloved's hands. So they had come! With her "mammy's" connivance the girl had prepared for the merry-making, radiant with happiness.

Though she knew no single soul over there in the rainbow crowds, though her raiment pricked her pride, though she had not a five-cent piece with which to buy a single ice cream cone, she was wildly and deliciously happy.

This was Rodeo! Here was romance—life—excitement, and the starved young creature drank it in in soul-satisfying gulps.

She watched the broncos stir the dust; heard the cowboys whoop. She yelled when High Light dumped his rider and sniffed scornfully at those who "clawed leather" as two did, frankly, in trying to negotiate Princess May. And then the prettied-up boy with the megaphone was telling the crowd something which Cora could not hear. There was a clearing away of horses in the field, an expectant waiting on the far hillside sparkling with its assorted colors, and presently five horses trotted out upon the modest track. A thrill went down the girl's straight spine, an exquisite ache of excitement; for this was real stuff—the races!

The five entries lay out along the earth in a string of changing spaces and Billings' Cora leaned forward, clutching the King's mane, her mouth open, her breath stilled. And when one, a slender black, pulled hard away and came running in a length ahead, tears filled her eyes and spilled on her cheeks. She swallowed and laughed and trembled. She waited in hushed silence—and again the line of running horses—led this time by a big bay, who never lost his gain from start to finish, though a sorrel held on his flank unvaryingly. Then there was a longer wait, and when they came again there were but three—the black, the bay and the sorrel, picked for the finals. Over on the mottled hillside there was stir and movement. People drifted down to the fence about the track. Voices rose in a fine murmur. Inside Billings' Cora something was beginning to shake, like a heart filled with ecstasy. The slim hand [Turn to page 78]

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Prepare baby's food according to the **Mellin's Food** Method of **Milk Modification**



George Maher, Media, Penna.

Mellin's Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

Mellin's Food Company
177 State St., Boston, Mass.

LEARN PIANO

at home by new, easy method. Graduates play or no pay. Successful students in all sections. For FREE sample lesson write to
AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSIC
601 Raystone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

For sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores.

IRON GLUE

ME CORMICK & CO.
BALTIMORE



Be a Nurse

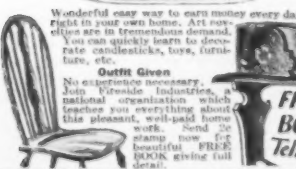


Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn \$30-35 a Week
Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn While Learning
If you are over 18 and under 65 years write for illustrated catalog and 22 Sample Lesson. Learn with FREE details of money-back guarantee and FREE NURSING EXAMINATION.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 97 • 425 South Ashland Boulevard • Chicago

Make Art Novelties at Home

for Profit and Pleasure



FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 187, Adrian, Mich.

Mary Todd and was elected to Congress in 1846. Then came his exile from politics till 1858, when he returned to the fray armed to the teeth, and waged his celebrated forensic duel with Senator Douglas. On May 16, 1860, he was nominated for the Presidency and elected to that office November 6th of the same year. He was inaugurated March 4th, 1861, re-elected for a second term in the autumn of 1864, and assassinated on Good Friday night, April 14th, 1865. These are the notable landmarks in the history of a Chief Executive whose later phases bordered on the superhuman. Lincoln presents a first class example of intellectual and moral pre-eminence which few of our kind have equalled and none can profitably neglect. For reasons not always made clear to the general mind, it is universally admitted that he shares the tranquil distinction of the few Immortals who are nearest the Throne in Heaven because they were closest to its aims on earth. A reverent gratitude encircles what he was and what he did. Gifted and prosaic authors have indited his praise; tongues eloquent or halting have set forth his matchless worth. His personality defies the grave's oblivion and radiates an ever-enlarging influence. Further tributes to him would seem superfluous. One asks what is yet lacking in the interpretation of this heroic figure? The answer is: the apparently insuperable task of really understanding him. Who he was, and of whom, and how he bore himself in a crucial epoch, we well know. But what he was baffles the keenest research. What invests Lincoln with his resistless and moving strength? Wherein lies his pathos, his power, his tragedy, his triumph? How are we to explain the gradual growth of his supremacy, which now bids fair to dominate that of any modern statesman? Who shall tell us why the country lawyer of 1860 has been transformed into the paladin of 1925?

Glance backward for a brief retrospect not at his earlier developments, but at his matured manhood. There, if anywhere, one may pick up the clue to his monarchical strength. During his enforced retirement from public life, which lasted for at least ten years, he cogitated daily upon the growing national crisis. A defeated politician at a period when politics was the main avenue to influence, he did not despair either of himself or of his country. He resorted to the slow, painful but pregnant thinking which was afterwards expressed in his debates with Douglas and his Cooper Union speech. Problems which had vanquished the titanic efforts of Clay, Calhoun and Webster to solve them in the Senate, were now tackled by a comparatively unknown lawyer in his dingy office at Springfield,

Mystery of Abraham Lincoln

(Continued from page 12)

Illinois. Entertain no delusions about Lincoln. He was no mental magician: no second Hamilton, with intuitions that outbid reasoning processes: no Beecher, to browse on his audience while thinking out and phrasing his thoughts on his feet. Every bullet with which he hit the billet was steeped in brain sweat.

Then came the second scene, when he launched this logical and decisive deduction into his famous speech at Springfield. It crashed down like a bolt from the blue into the camps of opposing and ardent partisans, arousing their alarm and recrimination. I own that I cannot write the quotation that follows without a thrill. No more momentous utterance was made in our ante-bellum history.

"A house divided against itself can not stand."

"I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

"I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I don't expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided."

"It will become all one thing or all the other."

This was the fundamental principle with which he set out from Springfield in 1858, after securing the nomination as the Republican candidate for Senator. Conscience has seldom made a more intimate contact with saving truth, or courage received a delayed but greater reward. Lincoln's supporters protested against the announcement because they were men of the day. He persisted in making it because he was the selected man of tomorrow. Meanwhile Lincoln left the issue on the moral plane to which he had elevated it. It was never pulled down again; there it stayed until slavery had ceased to exist in the United States.

His third decisive scene was dramatized at Cooper Union, New York City, where he returned to the attack and grappled afresh with the quarrel which had rent the nation. His speech on this occasion stripped the issue of its cleverest disguises, and ended with a statesmanlike plea for national one-ness! His final self revelation which space permits me to mention is found in the First Inaugural. The world awaited his words, yet they contained no reference to slavery. All his concern was for the Union. With rhythmic sentences which still leave "emotion in the heart and music in the memory" he advocated its claims and entreated a common allegiance to its beneficial sway. The Civil War followed for four years and the nation's destiny trembled in the balance. It seemed probable for a time that the sixteenth President of the United States would be the last. He had come up from

humble birth and rude surroundings. He had felt the stirrings of a slowly ripening genius that made him the equivalent of an inexorable dilemma. Now he was solemnly pronounced a disastrous failure, and even worse than this, by millions of his countrymen. As his first term drifted toward its finish, he trod a way overshadowed by gloom and tortured by doubt; harassed by unscrupulous onslaughts from the daily press, he steadfastly clung to the Union, and to the determinative idea that it could never remain "half slave and half free," until victory crowned his contention.

I am well aware that this survey seems to leave the mystery of Lincoln's being unrevealed. Yet its true nature is discernible, if at all, in his fathomless spirituality; his basic religiousness. His type of Christianity could not be confined to sectarian or creedal boundaries. But it is immortalized in the Parable of the Good Samaritan and receives Christ's sanction from that transcendent tale. The creative and ennobling functions which ethical affection exercises in the realms of thought and action were manifested by Lincoln. The priceless values of his mind, the fascinations of his style, the play of his humanness and his humor upon the dreariest horizons, are alike traceable to his catholicity of spirit. In him the prophets of Israel were reincarnated. The lawgivers of God's ancient people have had no truer exponent.

One is not surprised that he went to the Old Testament for his guiding tenets and to the New Testament for his charitable temper. No man of his eminence read less or thought more. But what he read from his youth up was the choicest food of the mind. Next to the Bible, Shakespeare, to whom he was akin in several ways: Bunyan, whose superb imagination fertilized his own; and half a dozen other but lesser books held him in a grip as ineluctable as gravity. His almost immaculate prose was inspired by these masterpieces and by his marvellous truthfulness, love and simplicity. Spontaneously religious in the original sense; wedded to the Scriptures; in himself a sort of special creation of the Eternal Heart of honor and of tenderness; what more need be said of Lincoln? All his contradictions and complexes have been blended into fadeless beauty and permanence by tragedy. His coronation came in his murder. As the last and the greatest victim of the strife, he died for the causes he had espoused, and left the Country reunited and forever free. In the interval Lincoln's star has steadily ascended, and now it is our guiding light. It encourages us to believe that God can ordain for an obedient nation another great prophet of His name if the need should arise. In that belief let us cherish the memory and pursue the course that Lincoln bequeathed us.

What Can You Do To Earn Extra Money?

(Continued from page 49)

pet recipe, original with me, for sandwich filling made of crushed nut meats combined with salad dressing, chopped olives and pickles. Occasionally I prepared a quantity of this—for it keeps well—and this had a good sale to housewives as well as for the young man's sandwich trade.

"A few months before Hallowe'en, he persuaded me to make some novel favors and other timely things. We had more orders of this sort than I could fill.

"I have used part of my earnings to hire my laundry done. I don't like to wash. I do like to cook. So I do what I enjoy and pay someone else to do what I don't enjoy. And, in addition, my money has bought a piano; a used one, to be sure, but a very good one. We shall have other luxuries, as time goes on, bought with the extra money I intend to earn. It all makes us very proud."

I know another woman who, before her marriage, was a stenographer. She earns something now by doing typewriting for a lawyer who occasionally has documents to be copied. I know another woman who was a bookkeeper before she married. She lives in a city; and she adds to her income by occasionally going over the accounts and books of small shop-

keepers who do their bookkeeping—and usually do it very badly.

Still another wife and mother, an ex-teacher, prepares boys and girls to enter college; tutors them in the subjects in which they are backward.

In another case, a woman, whose children had married and left home, found herself and her husband with a house which was entirely too large for their needs. She had an extra bathroom put in and rented two of her bedrooms.

Two women of my acquaintance make several hundred dollars every winter giving bridge-lessons. Both are society women. But they have the modern point of view; they capitalize their special ability.

We women need to realize that ability of any kind is an asset; and that it is right for us to use it, for our own good and for the good of our families, provided we can do this without neglecting any higher duty. I often visit in the town where I was brought up; and my old friends are always saying to me: "I envy you of your chance to earn money!" Yet practically every one of these friends of mine has some ability which she could use. Many of them actually are doing things outside their homes—but they are doing them for nothing! That is right. We all owe service to the community. But, as in their case, this community service need not take all one's leisure. If you use some of your spare time to gain advantages for your own family, you should do it—and do it proudly.

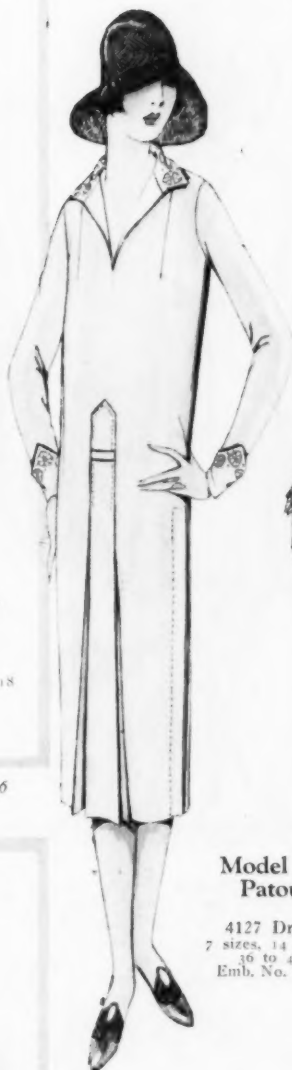
Importations from Paris via McCall's



Model by
Chanel

4132 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

For other descriptions see page 76



Model by
Patou

4127 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1350



Model by
Renee

4136 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1296



Model by
Drecol

4147 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



Model by
Lanvin

4126 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



Model by
Vionnet

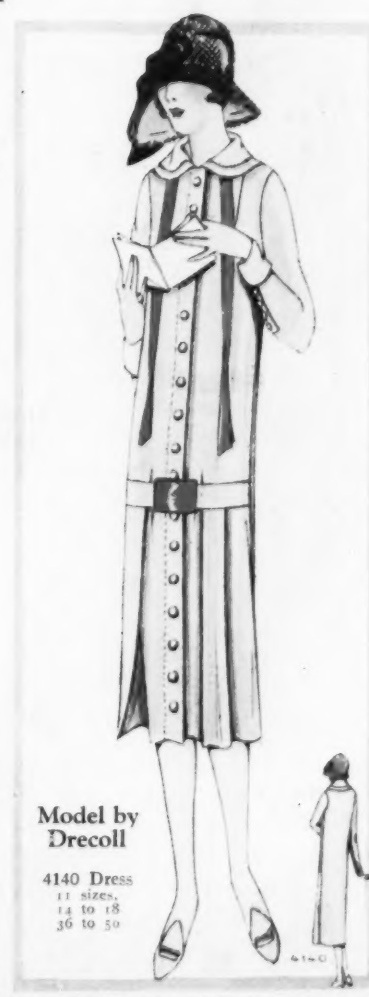
4148 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

THE OUTLOOK by Anne Rittenhouse

IT is summer and we want clothes. Economical as we are in winter, hibernating in our warm covering as it were, we leap to extravagance in a fresh supply of clothes when warm weather comes. No reason for it, unless it is the old one, that the sun is stirring the sap in us as in the trees. And the world is full of such a number of fresh ideas for clothes this summer! The tight chemise frock, such as Cleopatra wore, has been entombed as she was. In its place has come the rippling one. It represents what is called the flying movement. Clothes now stir in the wind—they no longer appear to be cut out of pasteboard—they no longer cling to the body as the skin to a peach. They cling now and then, in their rippling movement, but clothes are no longer quiescent. Today we attempt to look like leaves in a breeze. Hips and



busts are deftly concealed, and we are given a touch of lightness with flowing petals and pleats and panels. The effect is less of solidity and more evanescent. This new movement makes clothes more interesting, but it demands care in choosing and in wearing. No longer can a woman slip a sort of coffee sack over her head, through a slit at one end, and consider herself well-dressed. This change to the rippling movement was not made in a moment. Paris moves slowly. We move more quickly, but we wait until she has established her position before we go ahead. We are fearful of caprices. The French dressmakers show us what is new in the ateliers of Paris, but being a practical people, we give the new a chance to show its worth. After that we accept it whole-heartedly and enthusiastically, from ocean to [Turn to page 76]



Model by
Drecol

4140 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50

Original Paris Styles



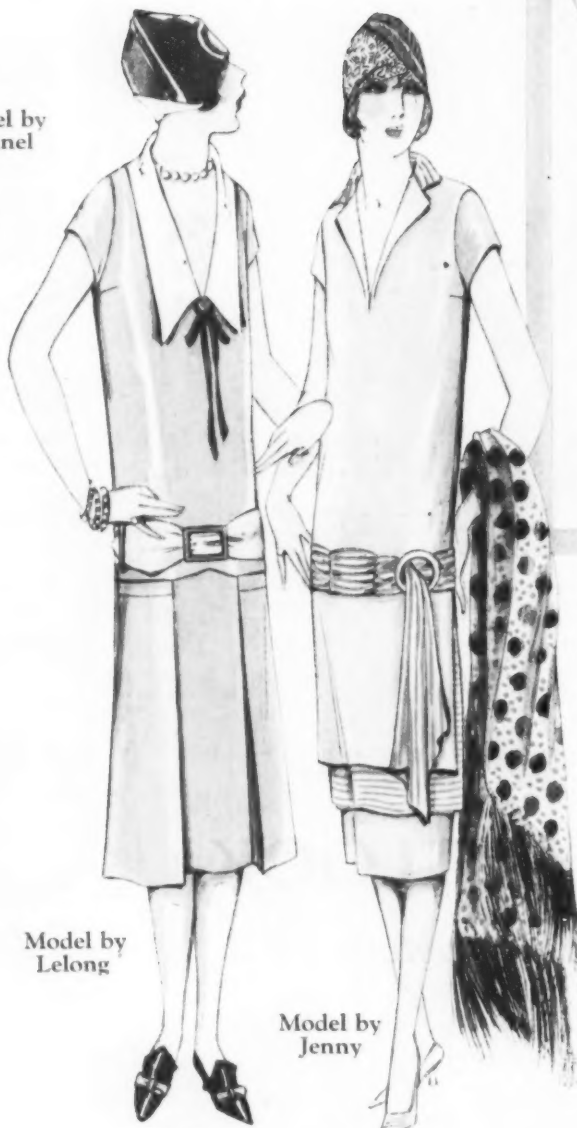
4129
Dress
9 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46

Model by
Chanel



4137
Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

Model by
Chanel

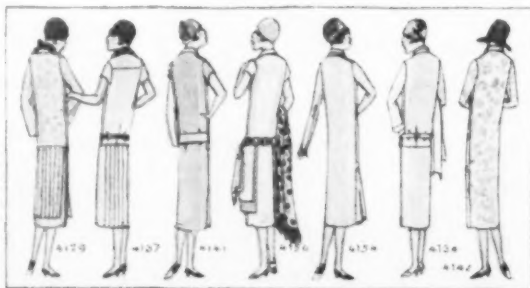


Model by
Lelong

Model by
Jenny

4141 Dress
9 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46

4150 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



Model by
Premet

Model by
Renee

4154 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

4134 Dress
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 44
Emb.
No. 1377

No. 4154, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with underfront. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting vest and cuffs, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 4134, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS WITH CAPE. Size 36 requires $5\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; lining, 2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1377 suggested for monogram.

No. 4129, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse with pleated panels; two-piece separate skirt. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4141, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 32-inch or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4150, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with front tunics. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4137, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; four-piece skirt pleated at front and back. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4142, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with set-in sleeve. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch or $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

Model by
Premet

4142 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



From the French Ateliers



4153 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

Model by
Renee

4146 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50



Model by
Patou

4139 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50
Emb. No. 1452

No. 4146, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with circular front tunics. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 5/8 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4153, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; front drapery. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4151, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with pleats set in. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; bands, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/8 yards. Motifs may be made in darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1450.

No. 4149, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material; collar, 1/4 yard of 54-inch; vest, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 4135, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36 requires, coat, 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch; dress and lining, 6 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 4152, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch; binding, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

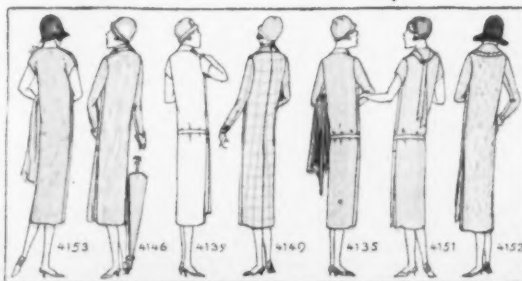
No. 4139, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material or 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/8 yards. Cross-stitch Embroidery No. 1452 suggested to trim.



Model by
Vionnet

4149 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

4135
Ensemble Suit
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



Model by
Premet

4151 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb. No. 1450



Model by
Lelong

4152 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

Flares, Pleats and French Chic



Model by
Renee

4146 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50
Emb. No. 1450



4063 Dress
5 sizes, 12 to 20

4043 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50



Model by
Jenny

4143
Ensemble Suit
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



Model by
Drecoll

Dress
4140
11 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 50

No. 4043, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; closing, at left side of front. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4063, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder; two-piece tunic. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4146, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest. Size 16, 3 yards of 36-inch material; vest and collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Motif from Embroidery No. 1450 would be smart.

No. 4140, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. An easy frock to make.

No. 4060, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with dropped shoulders. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch bordered material or 4 yards of 32-inch plain material. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4143, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT; coat in hip length. Size 16, coat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; lining, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; dress, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

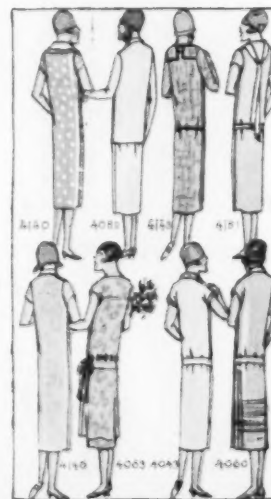
No. 4151, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch; bands, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A smart and practical tailored frock.

No. 4089, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOUSE DRESS; slip-on blouse. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Soldier motif in cross-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1453.

4060 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



4089 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1453



Model by
Premet

4151 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46

Paris inspired these simple frocks

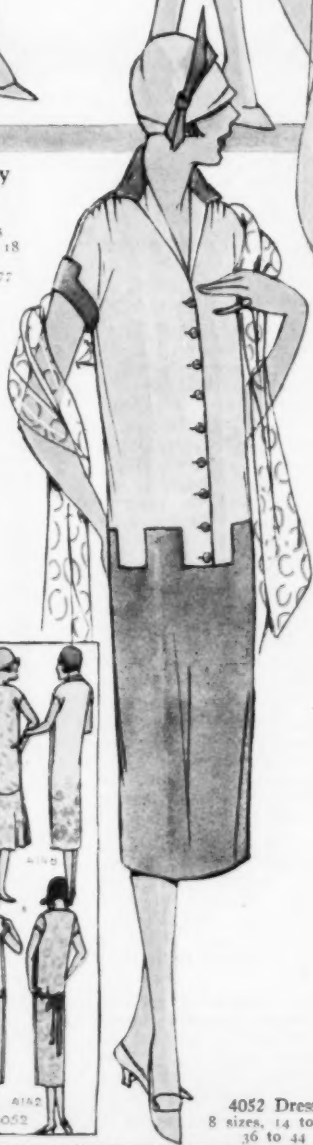


4059 Dress
5 sizes,
12 to 20

4035 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

Model by
Patou

4139 Dress
11 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 50
Emb. No. 1377



Model by
Premet

4142 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



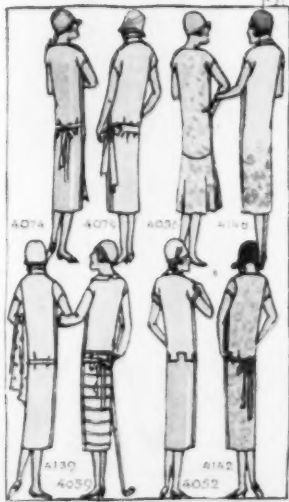
4074 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1450

4074 Dress
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



Model by
Vionnet

4148 Dress
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



No. 4142, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4059, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, upper dress, 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; lower dress, 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4139, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 3 yards of 32-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. An effective monogram may be made from Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4052, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, waist, 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 2 yards of 32-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4074, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; pleated front tunic. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4079, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1450 may be used.

No. 4035, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch or 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 1/2 yards.

No. 4148, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



Put yourself in a popular girl's place

Banish those

Freckles

Bring back the milk white skin of childhood

NOTHING brings out a girl's charm and beauty more quickly than the fading away of her freckles. She quickly finds herself more popular, more sought after.

The most freckled, sallow, tanned or blotchy complexion is quickly whitened and freshened by Stillman's Freckle Cream. One jar will prove it to you. Smooth this cool, fragrant cream on your skin each night at bedtime and you will be delighted at the rapid improvement.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Satisfied

Stillman's Freckle Cream has a double action. Freckles gently fade away and the skin is whitened at the same time. It has been the world's standard remedy for freckles for 25 years. Guaranteed to make freckles fade or money refunded. At druggist and department stores, 50c and \$1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Free booklet tells what your particular type needs to look best. Introduces other Stillman toilet articles to you. If you buy \$1 worth, other than freckle cream, we give you \$1.50 bottle perfume, free. The Stillman Co., 4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

*Don't! Make Freckles Fade Away
Action Whitens the Skin*

Stillman's

FRECKLE CREAM



Maybelline
DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES
EYELASHES AND BROWS
INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and curled. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or water-proof liquid. 7c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.



Rinsing Ruins

Your Hair—Stop It!

make free test



This Quick New Shampoo Ends the Rinsing Evil

Used privately for 20 years by fashionable hairdressers, this non-rinsing shampoo is now offered the American woman on a special trial offer.

In 10 minutes Cleero washes your hair. 15 minutes more dries it. Your hair is clean, sweet and fresh. It gleams with new life and sparkle.

Cleero makes shampooing safe. It actually benefits your hair and scalp. The big reason is that you don't rinse with Cleero.

You will never catch cold from shampooing with Cleero. For this reason many hospitals have adopted it as the standard shampoo for their patients.

Cleero brings your hair new life; leaves it soft and silky. But don't take our word. Send 10c in stamps for trial bottle. Then note the difference.



Special Offer

Van Ess Laboratories, Inc.
161 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me trial bottle of Cleero. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Vacation Sports Attire



4016 Dress
7 sizes, 12 to 20
Emb. No. 1377



3972 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42



4030 Dress
9 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46

4158 Skirt
7 sizes,
30 to 42

4159 Blouse
7 sizes,
34 to 46

4165 Blouse
5 sizes, 34 to 42

No. 4165, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; with raglan sleeves. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4159, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4158, LADIES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT. Size 34, with panels, 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch; without panels, 1 yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 4030, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/8 yards.

No. 4016, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, waist, 1 1/8 yards of 32-inch; skirt, vest, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 1377 may be used.

No. 3972, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4034, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16, 3 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Embroidery No. 830 would be smart worked in darning-stitch.

No. 4031, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch; collar, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

4031 Dress
7 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 42

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

The Going-away Ensemble



4162 Coat
11 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 50

Model
by
Renee

4134 Dress
with Cape
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 44

Model by
Jenny

4143
Ensemble Suit
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42

No. 4143, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36, coat, 2½ yards of 40-inch; dress, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4162, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4134, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS WITH CAPE. Size 36, 5¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1¼ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4084, LADIES AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36, waist and lining, 5½ yards of 40-inch material; coat and skirt, 5½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4082, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36, coat and dress, 5½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4155, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4135, LADIES' AND MISSES' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Size 36, coat, 4½ yards of 40-inch material; dress, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.



4084
Ensemble Suit
9 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 46



4155 Coat
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44

Model by
Renee

4135
Ensemble Suit
8 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 44



4082
Ensemble
Suit
8 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 44



SUN-FAST FABRICS

We have prepared three fascinating fabrics, which are distinctive in character, very attractive in appearance, and each guaranteed to be absolutely fast color. The entire cost of any garment made from these cloths will be refunded if the cloth fades from any cause.

PAMICO CLOTH

is similar to beach cloth, but woven from two-ply yarns and has a permanent mercerized finish—is 36 inches wide and dyed in twenty-nine wanted shades.

MEADOW LANE

is a light-weight cloth that looks like silk, gives long wear and is unsurpassed for children's outer garments, intimate wear, etc.

YEOMAN CLOTH

is similar in construction and appearance to dress linen, and is as carefully woven and finished as the more expensive cloths. Dyed in twenty superb fast colorings.

If you do not find these at your retailer's, send to Mrs. Chas. R. Small, 24 Federal Street, Boston, for samples and price. They will both please you beyond measure.

PACIFIC MILLS

24 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON

Mills at
Lawrence, Mass., Dover, N. H., Columbia
and Lyman, S. C.





Your EYES Never Have a Vacation

Vacation-time brings needed rest and relaxation—except to your EYES. Not only does travel expose them to cinders, smoke and coal gas, but days spent in the open result in irritation by sun, wind and dust.

Protect and rest your EYES this summer with **Murine**. It instantly soothes and refreshes irritated EYES—encourages a clear, bright, healthy condition. This time-tested lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 92, Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Maternity STYLE BOOK FREE

Igné Bryant Address Dept. 91 347 St. at Fifth Ave. New York

"HUMAN TALKER"

"I'll talk to you"

Written guarantee to learn to talk. Satisfaction assured. Limited, selected, number imported this year. Take advantage of price now.

The best bird I have seen in this part of Pennsylvania," says W. G. Hendricks, Juniata, Pa.

FREE BOOK CATALOG, PROOFS, ETC. WRITE FOR IT TODAY

Max GEISLER BIRD CO. EST. 1888

Address 111 GEISLER BLDG., OMAHA, NEB. or 50 COOPER SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Girls Clothes after the French Idea



No. 3341, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE ROMPER. Size 4, 1 3/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1310 may be used.

No. 4019, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Scallop may be made from Embroidery No. 317.

No. 3941, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 6 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 4092, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8, upper dress and bloomers, 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch; lower dress, 1 1/8 yards of 32-inch.

4133
Middy Blouse
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 833

No. 4133, GIRL'S MIDDY BLOUSE. Size 10, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Emblem may be made from Embroidery No. 833.

No. 3997, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoning under leg. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.

No. 3962, CHILD'S RAGLAN COAT. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch; lining, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

No. 3777, GIRL'S CAPE; with yoke. Medium size, 8 to 10 years, requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 1/4 yard of 54-inch; lining, 1 1/8 yards of 36-inch.

No. 4066, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS. Size 10, skirt, 3/4 yard of 54-inch; guimpe, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1418 in cross-stitch and lazy-daisy may be used.

No. 4075, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32- or 36-inch material. An effective trimming in darning-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1450.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

Servicable Styles for Miss 2 to 14



4144 Dress
4 sizes,
2 to 8

3892 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8

4157 Romper
3 sizes, 1 to 3
Emb. No. 1446

4083 Dress
5 sizes, 2 to 10

3996 Dress
4 sizes, 2 to 8

No. 4157, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1446 would be effective to trim.

No. 3892, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4144, CHILD'S DRESS; with bloomers. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch or $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

3955 Dress
5 sizes, 2 to 10
Emb. No. 1449

3955



4063 Dress
5 sizes, 12 to 20

No. 4063, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

No. 4083, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; yoke and short sleeves in one. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 3996, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with trimming bands. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material.

No. 4056, GIRL'S RAGLAN COAT. Size 10, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1438 in darning-stitch may be used.



4056 Coat
5 sizes, 6 to 14
Emb. No. 1438

4163 Coat
6 sizes, 2 to 12

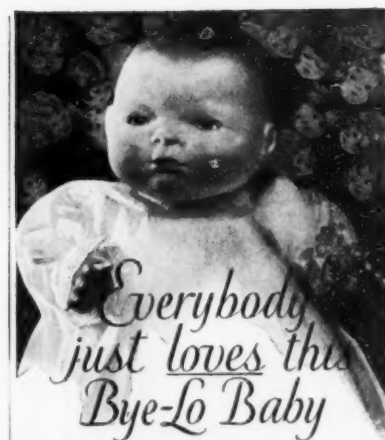
No. 4161, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3955, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 4, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1449 would be smart.

No. 4163, GIRL'S COAT. Size 10, 3 yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch.

4161 Dress
5 sizes, 6 to 14

4161



Everybody just loves this Bye-Lo Baby

IT'S so life-like—different from any other baby doll you have ever seen. Just a wee, cuddly little "three-day-old" mite, simply begging to be taken up and mothered. No wonder every child wants it. They love it because it is so real. And it sleeps and cries.

Grace Storey Putnam, the well-known sculptor, studied hundreds of babies and worked for many years to achieve this marvelous, lifelike doll. Now we can hardly bring out enough Bye-Lo Babies to meet the demand.

Your little girl will just love this Bye-Lo Baby. To be had in five sizes, 13 to 20 inches high, at leading toy and department stores. You can tell the genuine copyrighted doll by the sculptor's name imprinted on the back of the head and her facsimile signature on the identification tag. If your dealer hasn't it, write and we will tell where you can get it.

Grace Storey Putnam.
Originator of the Bye-Lo Baby Doll

Sole Licensee and Distributor of the
Genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. New York
119 East 16th Street



Keep Sweet
with
EverSweet
THE DAINTY
DEODORANT

This smooth, white unscented cream neutralizes all perspiration and body odors. It is soothing and very comforting. It is a harmless antiseptic. It is a splendid emollient. No particular woman can be without it. 25c and 50c a Jar. Sample 3c

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH

A Liquid Face Cream
Revives the freshness of youth. Bottle 75c

PHROSTEEN For Sunburn & Rough Skin 25c bot.

At Drug and Department Stores
EVERSWEET CO., Dept MC 62 Cliff St., N.Y.



Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Korb Co., 642 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

**Golden Glint
SHAMPOO**

don't do unnecessary work



It is not necessary to scrub the toilet bowl. Sani-Flush will do this unpleasant job for you. And it will do it better than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush cleans and sanitizes the toilet bowl. Marks, stains and incrustations disappear, leaving it spotlessly white. It cleans the hidden, unhealthy trap. It destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

BIG PROFIT DAILY Selling Selfthreading Needles, Needlebooks. Your Cost 3c to 5c each. Sell 25c. Three samples 25c. Catalogue Free. **NEEDLEBOOK SPECIALTY CO.** Dept. 104. 661 Broadway. New York

Malvina CREAM Booklet FREE

Don't cover up a poor complexion with rouge, paint and powder! Develop and preserve a clear, lovely skin. Bring out your natural beauty by using Malvina Cream, Lotion, and Malvina Ichthyl Soap as perfected by

PROF. I. HUBERT'S FAMOUS SECRET FORMULA Malvina preparations have been in use over 30 years. Thousands of testimonials from women everywhere. For sale where toilet goods are sold. Write for free booklet. "She Won a Husband"—contains many beauty hints. Prof. I. Hubert, Dept. 375, Toledo, Ohio

PRICES:
Cream, 50c
Lotion, 50c
Soap, 25c
All, \$1.40
Postpaid, Semi-Money-order



BOURJOIS JAVA

The Wonderful French Face Powder

A Tint for Every Type. DEMAND it at your druggist's. Send 10 cents for samples of JAVA® with either Ashes of Roses® Rouge, dark and rich, or Rouge Mandarine®, light and bright.

Paris **A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.** New York 237 West 34th St.

*REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Practical Clothes for Small Boys



3764 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 833



4160 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8



3877 Suit
3 sizes, 2 to 6



3831 Suit
3 sizes, 2 to 6

3902 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8



3913 Coat
6 sizes, 2 to 12



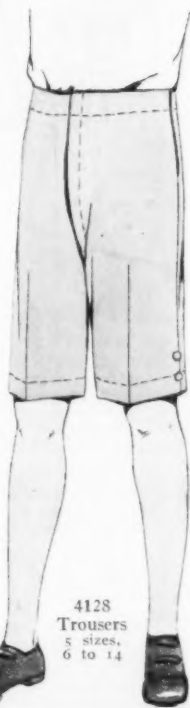
3985 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8



3813 Suit
5 sizes, 2 to 10



3083 Blouse
6 sizes, 4 to 14



4128 Trousers
5 sizes, 6 to 14

No. 3913, BOY'S REEFER COAT. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3764, BOY'S SUIT. Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Emblem may be worked in satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 833.

No. 3083, BOY'S TAPELESS SPORTS BLOUSE. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32- or 36-inch material. Cool and comfortable for summer.

No. 3985, BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3813, BOY'S SUIT; with flapper trousers. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3902, BOY'S SUIT; with knee trousers. Size 4, waist, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch; trousers, collar, cuffs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 3831, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with sailor collar. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3877, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; romper style. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4160, BOY'S SUSPENDER SUIT; separate blouse; knee trousers. Size 6, blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch; trousers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 4128, BOY'S KNEE TROUSERS. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material; band and pocket lining, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

THE VOGUE IN SHEER EMBROIDERED APPAREL

By Elisabeth May Blondel

4072 Blouse and
Emb. Design
5 sizes, 34 to 424071 Blouse and
Emb. Design
4 sizes, 34 to 403742 Chemise and
Emb. Design
3 sizes,
Small (34-36),
medium (38-40),
large (42-44)(Below) 4131
Nightgown and
Emb. Design
Small, medium, large(Below) 4130
Nightgown and
Emb. Design
Small, medium, large

NO. 4071, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE AND SMOCKING DESIGN. An essential member of the smart girl's wardrobe is the new smocked blouse of sheer voile, silk, or cotton crepe. Effective in pastel shades. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

NO. 4072, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE AND EMBROIDERY DESIGN. Every girl feels the fascination of cross-stitch especially when it is done in the peasant colors that are fashionable. The peasant model in size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material.

NO. 3742, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE AND EMBROIDERY DESIGN. Delicate butterfly motifs worked in satin- and lazy-daisy-stitch with French knots, add a chic Parisian touch to fine lingerie. Size 34-36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material.

NO. 4130, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN AND EMBROIDERY DESIGN. Tiny rambler-roses and lazy-daisy leaves are worked in silk floss or cotton as becomes a silk crepe or voile garment. Narrow lace edging and a cute little pocket add piquant touches. Small size (14-16 years), 3 yards 36 inches wide.

NO. 4131, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN AND EMBROIDERY DESIGN. Ribbons, lace and discreet touches of handwork on sheer voile or silk crepe make this dainty ensemble. Embroidery in rambler-roses, French knots, etc. Small size (14-16 years), $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

*Handiest
thing in the
house*

For Sunburn

After a day at the beach or on the water, a picnic or a motor ride, sunburn will be relieved if you gently rub "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly into the affected part. It is soothing, healing, and takes away that burning sensation.

Keep "Vaseline" Jelly in the medicine cabinet. It keeps the skin velvety and improves the texture of a harsh, dry skin.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline"
It is your protection

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
State Street, New York



Write for free
Booklet:
INQUIRE WITHIN

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

FRECKLES



Don't hide them with a Veil; Remove them with Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in making freckles fade away and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and see them fade away. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back proposition.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Vanitie for
your favorite
Loose
Powder

It Cannot
Spill

Norida
Vanitie
for Loose Powder

Not a Sifter

Securely locked in this dainty vanitie is the loose powder of your choice—the very powder you use in your boudoir. Just a slight turn, and your loose powder comes forth. Think of it! A real, non-spilling, loose powder vanitie at last! No more cake powder necessary. Now, wherever you go, you can safely carry the dainty fragrant loose powder you like best. It cannot spill.

So Easy to Refill
When Norida is empty, you refill it yourself in a few seconds with your favorite loose powder.

Buy Your Norida Today

The price is \$1.50 for the single, filled with Wildflower Poudre. The double costs \$2.00 filled with loose powder and rouge cake. At all toilet goods counters, or mailed direct if your dealer cannot supply you.

Norida Parfumerie 630 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

**Teach Children
To Use
Cuticura**

Soothes and Heals
Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear



WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn \$15 to \$50 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today.
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. D-8, 2800 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Free Trial Till OCTOBER

If you write NOW! The old house of Wing wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home until October 1, free. Return if you wish. Easy terms arranged.

Founded 1868 The Famous Wing 57th Year

Hear the rich inspiring tone, the secret of which for three generations has been held in one family. Save from \$150 to \$200 at reduced prices.

\$245
40 year guarantee—Direct to you—at Factory Price—
For "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 140 pages. The New York World says "Every one should have this book." Mailed free and prepaid. Write today.

WING & SON, 13th Street and 9th Avenue, Dept. B-208 NEW YORK, N. Y. Also Player Pianos and Grands.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick
Director

Year Opens
September 17, 1925

Located in the Music Center of America
It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities for students. Dormitories for women students.

Complete Curriculum
Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training

In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers. Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of School Music degrees granted.

The Free Privileges

Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra

Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department

Practical training in acting.

Address **RALPH L. FLANDERS**
General Manager

NARCISSUS

Daffodil-Jonquil Bulbs
SPECIAL
"Sampler" Offer

The reputation of Lawler's American-Grown Outdoor Narcissus: Daffodil-Jonquil Bulbs, is an enviable one. Hardy as trees—colonize almost like weeds. Glowing editorial tribute is heaped upon them by such outstanding publications as Garden Magazine. For beautifying city lot or large estate, no other flower has quite the charm of the Narcissus: Daffodil-Jonquil. After months of persuasion, Mr. Lawler has consented to pack an assortment of 100 of his very choicest early and late varieties of these bulbs and sell them for \$5.00, F.O.B. Tacoma. Number of orders that will be accepted is limited—this offer is a "sampler" that will lead, it is believed, to much additional business. Late Summer and early Fall is the ideal planting time. Make certain of securing an assortment of these very choice bulbs by mailing your order today to George Lawler, Gardenville, Tacoma, Wash.



KOLD-OR-HOT
UTILITY GLASS



KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY



Fischer PROTECTOR

Hides irregularities of foot form, affords instant relief for bunions and large joints. Can be worn in any style of shoe—outside or under stocking. No larger size shoe required. Sold by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores for over 15 years. Over one-half million in use. Write for free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.

425 East Water St. Dept. 60 Milwaukee, Wis.

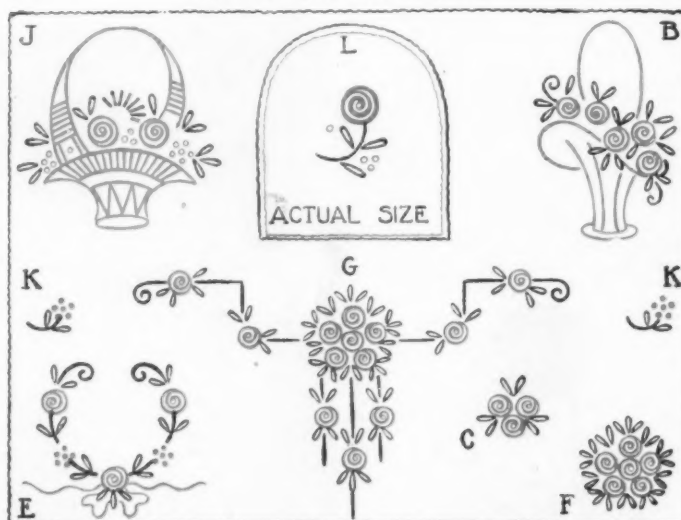
HIDES LARGE JOINTS

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

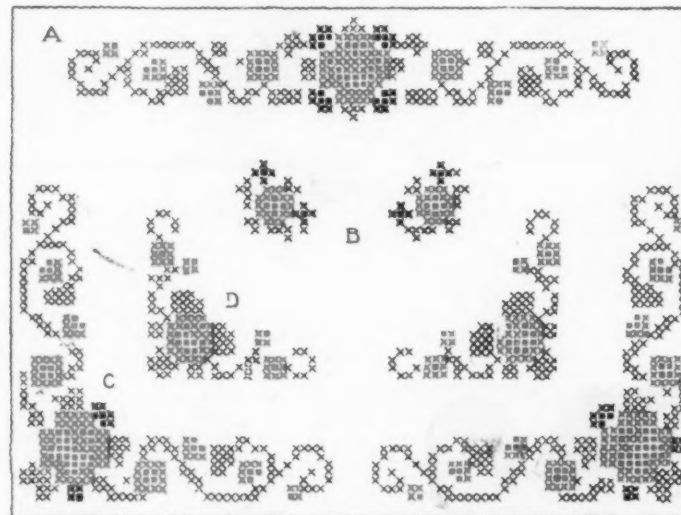
Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. **W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N. J.**

THE NEW MULTI-COLOR DESIGNS

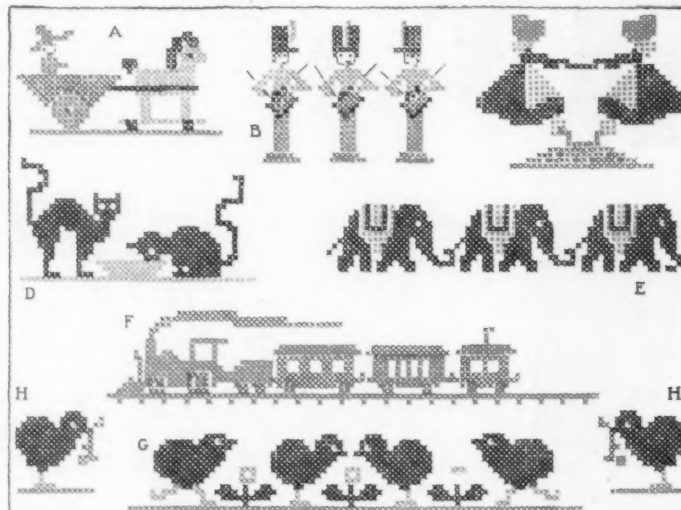
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 1446, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR TRIMMING MOTIFS. An ideal design that comes in the actual colors you would choose for the embroidery, making it a simple matter to settle the question of a color scheme. Stamping in pink, blue and green, the design contains 4 baskets B, 2 of J, 3 wreaths E, 2 x 2 3/4 inches, 2 of F, 1 yoke G, 12 each of sprays K and L, and other motifs in assorted sizes, all charming on lingerie, children's dresses or household linens.



No. 1452, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH MOTIFS. The large roses of this design stamp in rose color, small flowers in blue, and leaves in green. You simply follow the colors of the transfer in the embroidery, colors which you would naturally choose for decorating your table-runner, scarf or vanity set. The design contains 4 motifs A, 8 3/4 inches across; 8 roses B, 4 corners C, 4 7/8 inches, and 4 smaller corners D, 2 3/4 inches.



No. 1453, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH MOTIFS. These motifs stamp in full colors, rose, blue, green, yellow, making a convenient color guide for working the embroidery. The juvenile motifs are adaptable both to ladies' blouses and children's garments; an elephant motif worked in gay colors on sleeve or blouse front is one of the season's smart novelties. The design is adaptable to 1 pair each of motifs A, B, C (2 3/4 by 3 7/8 inches); 1 motif each of D, E, F (8 1/2 inches across); 2 each of G and H.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

SMART EMBROIDERIES FOR SUMMER

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



4030 Dress
9 sizes,
14 to 18
36 to 46
Emb. No. 1450

4101 Dress
7 sizes, 14 to 18
36 to 42
Emb. No. 1449

2739 Dress
5 sizes, 2 to 10
Emb. No. 1451

3764 Suit
4 sizes, 2 to 8
Emb. No. 1448

No. 4030, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two styles of collar and sleeve. The slim lines of this model respond favorably to a decorative treatment such as the fashionable long motif and pockets in darning-stitch adapted from Embroidery No. 1450.

No. 4101, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Bands of colorful cross-stitch are quite the simplest and yet the smartest trimming to put on this youthful looking frock. Embroidery No. 1449 is adapted to three styles of bandings.

No. 3764, BOY'S SUIT; with long or short sleeves. Deft touches of embroidery freshen the little fellow's holiday suit. The detail shown above of the pocket motif contains stitches that also appear in the tiny banding. From Embroidery No. 1448.

No. 2739, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; with long or short sleeves. Gathered necks are frequently trimmed with fancy smocking which, worked in bright colors, is all the style. One of three designs contained in Embroidery No. 1451.

No. 3892, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; long or short sleeves. A trimming that is as smart as her big sister's above is quickly worked in cross-stitch. Banding adapted to yoke, sleeves and pockets from Embroidery No. 1449.

3892 Dress
4 sizes,
2 to 8
Emb.
No. 1449



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 76.

Blackheads

Enlarged Pores—Blemishes

Quickly Yield to this Simple Treatment

Today it is either a sign of neglect or of improper care to have a skin marred by blackheads, enlarged pores and similar complexion faults. With proper treatment these unnecessary skin defects can easily be corrected.

In the past thirty-five years, millions of women the world over have found that Ingram's Milkweed Cream not only quickly relieves these annoying troubles, but when used regularly prevents their reappearance as well.

Cleanses, Protects, Corrects

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is more than a thorough cleanser, more than a protection and powder base. It combines certain remedial properties which correct blackheads, blemishes, roughness, tan, freckles and such imperfections. The purpose of these nourishing, beautifying properties is not to cover up defects but to remove them.

Understand Your Skin Then Give It the Proper Care

There is a booklet "Health Hints" wrapped around each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream which tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream most effectively in treating these common skin faults. This booklet is written by specialists to make sure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit. Go to your druggist today and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty cent or the economical dollar size. After the first treatment you will find these troublesome defects begin to disappear. Start at once to improve your complexion.

Frederick F. Ingram Company
Established 1885
Windsor, Canada. 261 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
A new idea in rouge perfection. Mail two-cent stamp for liberal sample of American Blush.

"I Used Milkweed Cream

according to directions for about a week or so and I noticed a great difference. My face was smoother, whiter, no freckles or blackheads. I shall use your cream hereafter."

This is just one of thousands of voluntary appreciations that come to us every year from women everywhere in society, in business and on the stage.

There is Beauty in Every Jar



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Keeps Complexions Clear



Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations



TOOTHACHE
DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM
WILL STOP IT
All Druggists



Fill Up Bare Walls
Pictures beautifully a room, and you can easily display them by using
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
For heavier pictures use
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
Note the angle the point enters the wall
10c pkts. EVERYWHERE
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



BATHASWEET

To Keep You Lovely All Day Long

The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it entrances her senses, but because it adds so greatly to her loveliness throughout the day. With it she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pores as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin radiantly healthy and smooth as velvet to the touch. Then for the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive. In cans 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Beautiful glass package \$1.50 at drug and dept. stores. 10c can sent FREE if you write the C. S. WELCH Co. (Dept. K. F.) N. Y. C.

For Hot Tired Feet

Sterizol footbaths take out the ache, soreness and odors, and give tired feet a clean refreshed feeling. \$1.00 jar makes 40 pints of effective antiseptic solution. (3c a pint.) Booklet mailed FREE. At your druggist or by mail enclosing \$1.00. Satisfaction or money refunded.

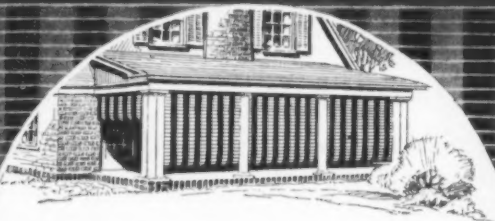
THE STERIZOL COMPANY, 107 Water St., Ossining, N. Y. **STERIZOL** THE ANTISEPTIC

Learn DRESSMAKING at home

Have a \$35 dress for only \$12, a \$10 hat for only \$3 or \$4, a \$30 wrap for only \$13.50. Thousands of women and girls are now learning right at home in spare time to make smart, distinctive clothes for a half or a third the usual cost. New easy Woman's Institute method makes every step as plain as A-B-C. Write today for Free Booklet which tells how you can have more and prettier clothes and save and earn money besides.



Free Booklet
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. S-U, Scranton, Penna.



BRING new beauty to the American home with Verticolor, the new type Porch Shade by the makers of Aerolux. Broad vertical ribbons of contrasting color are hand-blocked in tan and green, and green and French grey, on clear grain linden wood. Colors are water-proof, forced in under great pressure.

All Aerolux Porch Shades give the owner complete privacy with full length ventilation. Equipped with rust proof fittings, and exclusive Aerolux mechanical features, that make these shades as easy to operate as they are to install. Watch for local announcements.

The Aerolux Company, 2527 Oakland Ave., Waukesha, Wis.

[VENTILATE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM]

AEROLUX
NO-WHIP
Verticolor
PORCH SHADES



See these new Verticolor Porch Shades at your dealers. Write for Free Booklet illustrated in color "Better Porches."



Perfect Jams and Jellies every time

By following this simple, easy method

NOW you can be certain of success every single time you make jam or jelly.

For Certo gives you the natural substance in fruit that makes jelly "jell." Some fruits have none of it or very little and in all fruits it gradually disappears as the fruit ripens. But because Certo itself supplies this necessary jelly-making property you can now be sure of delicious jams and jellies from any fruit in any form.

Your jam and jelly will be better-flavored and better-colored, too, when you use Certo and you will make one-half again as much with the same amount of fruit.

Because with Certo you can use the ripest, most flavorful

fruits. And one minute's active boil is all that is needed. You save all the delicious flavor and color and all the precious fruit juice that used to boil away.

Order Certo today; your grocer has it; millions of women use it. Mail the coupon today for a trial half-bottle—enough for 10 glasses—with a booklet of nearly 100 recipes. Douglas-Pectin Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



Douglas-Pectin Corp.
Granite Bldg., Room 187
Rochester, New York

Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with recipe booklet. I enclose 10 cents in stamps.

My name is _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The Outlook

[Continued from page 63]

ocean, buying gowns and more gowns. The French woman may indulge in caprice; she may be the first to exploit the newest fashion, but she buys only one complete costume at a time, choosing each and every accessory to that costume carefully and thoughtfully. The American woman, however, buys many gowns. For this reason she must exercise still greater discretion or she will have a conglomeration of wearing apparel utterly lacking in harmony. We will like the new fulness as much if not more than the previous Egyptian parsimony in dealing with fabrics. First, because there is cleverness in its cut and swing; and second, because there is so much variety in it.

The models given in this issue of McCall's are guides to this new and graceful feeling in dress. They have gone through three processes. The French dress-makers thought them out, inch by inch, and built them into fabric. They were painstakingly selected out of a bewildering mass presented at the Paris openings, and brought to America. They were laid before the engineers of dress who cut patterns, and copied identically. After these three processes the patterns are placed at your disposal and the sketches made to show you how they should look.

No one who has not sat through the exhibitions of new clothes in Paris realizes what a task it is to select the gowns that will stand before the bar of the American woman's judgment. Fashions which are to be translated into paper patterns must be carefully and wisely chosen. The value of a pattern that is made from an actual garment fresh from the workroom of its designer and maker, and not from memory or a sketch, lies in the fact that it is not an experiment. It is an actuality. The woman who realizes that important process has a sense of security at once.

Think of the difficulties of this selective work! There are twenty odd houses that exhibit clothes to the American purchaser and each of them shows more than two hundred models; sometimes over three hundred models. The selection of these must be made as they are paraded by mannequins. They exhaust the eye and weary the brain. They cloud the judgment until one is like a gasping fish thrown upon the beach by a strong surf. A trained eye is needed. There are caprices and novelties, and models complex in decoration. The French dressmakers admit honestly that the American demand for something new every few months sometimes drives them from the straight path of artistry. Out of this kaleidoscopic whirlwind there must be chosen, by good

judgment and Yankee sense, the clothes to satisfy us. It's quite a task.

Anyone who attempted to cut a pattern of these French dresses from memory would give you a garment that had difficulties you could not surmount. The lines, proportions, and all the little tricks that are French would be lost. However, when the actual Paris models are purchased and copied by expert pattern makers, who are as reliable as engineers, you are sure of a gown that Paris is wearing; one which preserves all the beauty of line and chic of the original.

The models in this magazine were selected with a view to the American woman's needs and for a fine regard for her taste and preference. In them is the deviation from the too-severe line. Fulness here and there at every available place gives the new rippling movement, the light touch that makes them so much more graceful than their tubular predecessors. They show the partiality for the two-piece frock, or its semblance, achieved by seaming together the upper and lower parts of the garment, somewhere near the waistline. They show the abandonment of the low oriental hipline and a suggestion of the normal waistline. It is the cause of much comment among those who know, that the placement of the new waistline in frocks, will govern its placement in underwear and corsets.

The long sleeve and the cap sleeve are shown, because both prevail. The soft and careless collar is featured as well as the line of buttons down the front, and the hip-length jumper and coat. Revers and jabots at the front of gowns are insisted upon, and the apron fulness, either pleated or gathered, is one more method by means of which the model makers have contributed to the new flaring movement. The cape is shown for a covering because France has shown partiality for it for the summer season, but then she has always loved its enveloping gracefulness. There is the slim long coat that narrows the shoulders and hugs the arms with its long tight sleeves. There is also the coat dress which can be worn over a slip, and the girlish frock with a soft belt and fulness at sides. The latest silhouette, the slight suggestion of a molded line, all the little tricks of the trade are there, because they were made in Paris. There is no genius equal to the French when it is a question of clothes. To be a French woman is to be smartly dressed. Her clothes sense is unimpeachable. McCall has presented to you an opportunity, through the McCall pattern service to wear the same clothes that Paris is wearing.

Descriptions for Page 63

No. 4132, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4127, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1350 would be effective in buttonhole-stitch and French knots.

No. 4136, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; collar, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1296 may be used to make rosettes.

No. 4147, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4126, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; vest, collar, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch; tie, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4148, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; bands, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4140, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

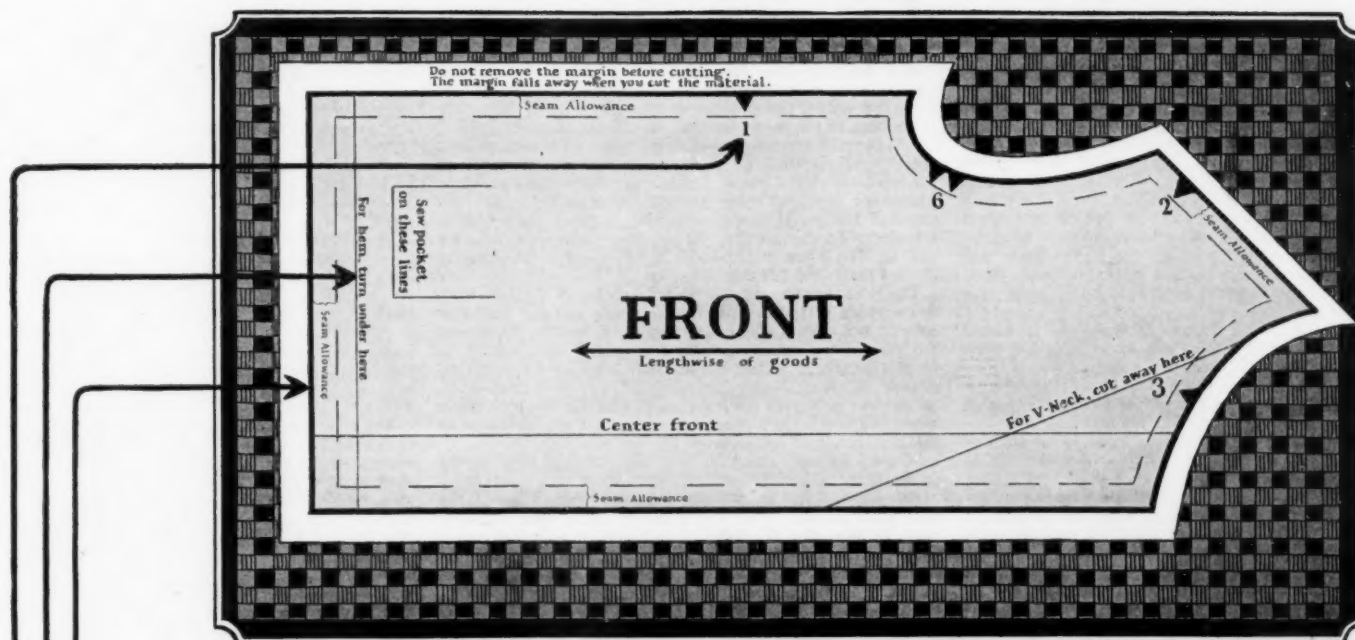
Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 79 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3083..25	3902..25	4016..45	4059..45	4082..45	4130..35	4139..45	4148..45
3341..20	3913..30	4019..25	4060..45	4083..30	4131..35	4140..45	4149..45
3742..35	3941..25	4030..45	4083..45	4084..45	4132..45	4141..45	4150..45
3764..25	3955..25	4031..45	4086..35	4089..45	4133..25	4142..45	4151..45
3777..30	3962..25	4034..45	4071..35	4092..30	4134..45	4143..45	4152..45
3813..25	3972..45	4035..45	4072..35	4126..45	4135..45	4144..30	4153..45
3831..25	3985..25	4043..45	4074..45	4127..45	4136..45	4146..45	4154..45
3877..25	3996..25	4052..45	4075..35	4128..25	4137..45	4147..45	4155..45
3892..25	3997..25	4056..35	4079..45	4129..45			

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
317....15	833....15	1310..25	1377..30	1438..40	1448..25
830....20	1296..35	1350..30	1418..25	1446..35	1449..30
				1450..40	1451..25
				1452..35	1453..35



Printed Cutting line

Reproduces exactly the outlines of the master pattern and is protected by the margin of accuracy.

Inside guide lines

The markings on the piece itself in exactly the right places.

Numbered notches

Notches are matched by numbers, making the successive sewing steps easy.

While imitation is the sincerest flattery—

The exclusive features of McCall Printed Patterns are patented and cannot be copied

THE mere printing of a pattern may or may not be important—it's *what* you print!

It is the *printed cutting line* on the McCall Printed Pattern that makes it an *exact reproduction* of the master pattern—every dimension, every inside guide line within that printed cutting line is fixed and unvarying.

McCall is the only pattern with a Printed Cutting Line, protected by a margin—features which do away with the inaccuracies necessarily characteristic of all other patterns.

McCALL

PRINTED PATTERNS

on the King's mane shook. The bare black head flung itself up: "H'm," said Cora, "H'm!" She leaned down sideways and kissed the warm white shoulder at her knee.

A cheer floated over—the three had come away. They were neck-and-neck, a beautiful start. All eyes were fastened on them and none saw what began to happen across the oval of the track where the flimsy fence came close to the face of the range hill—none save Sheriff Masters who saw everything.

A great white horse came down from its vantage point in long leaps like a deer's, struck the fence's level and kept along it for a while. The horses on the track were coming close—they were abreast—were flashing past—and then the white horse rose into the air in a mighty arc and landed on the track two lengths behind, and running; on its back a small figure, head nestled in its mane. Breathless silence held the crowd at that spectacular entry. The three ahead were streaming to the three-quarter post. Behind them a silver streak was closing up. At the post it overhauled them all together. Then it curved out to the edge of the track and sailed around them, curved back into center and came thundering down, the home stretch: long, low, level, white nose lying flat, mane a whipping flail that hid its rider, long tail streaming straight behind, it came—a horse-god. It flashed under the wire amid yelling that split the silence and went on, bound for the farther hillside once again.

But men and horses at the chute gate barred the way. A babble arose. Excited faces, or bewildered red or angry faces of horse owners and riders crowded about.

"Great guns an' glory, girl!" cried a cowboy to Billings' Cora, "Where'd you come from?" "How did she get in here?" "Who's th' skirt?" "What horse is that?" "She ain't qualified,—not by a darn sight!" "Won't count—not entered!" And in the midst of it Billings' Cora sat up straight, with lifted chin, hand on hip, happy young eyes changing their fire to high-and-mighty rage.

"Who?" she mimicked, "an' what! Who wants t' be qual'fied? An' what with? These here pore skates?" She waved a grandiloquent hand at the panting horses, "H'm! We jest thought we'd show you somethin'—me an' King. We did so."

"She don't come in for no money—" began a truculent rider, but Sheriff Masters shoved his big horse in. He raised his broad hat, bowed and smiled, and the angry blue eyes melted into instant beauty.

"It's not a question of money, is it, Miss Billings?" he said. "The band is moving to the dance platform. Would you like to come on over?"

"You—you ask'm?"

"Sure," said the Sheriff quietly.

Cora whirled the King, regardless of whose booted toes were in the way, and in a moment she was riding down the open track beside the man with the silver star on his vest.

"I braided up my hair," she said.

"So I see," said the Sheriff, smiling, "and you did come, after all!"

"It took toll of my pride," she said honestly, "but Mammy said if we made this here gingham to look like a ridin' skirt, why no one would think I was tryin' to fix up—an' couldn't."

"Just so," said the Sheriff.

At the edge of the crowd about the platform Cora slid from the King's back and dropped her worn reins over his head. He was tied for the day, and would stay tied, despite the curious mob that soon engulfed him. The girl, brown as a young Indian, so poorly clad, went toward the magic spot like one in a dream, though her left elbow was acutely conscious of the first man's hand that had ever guided it. She was not afraid, or embarrassed—just "still-hushed" with a drunken ecstasy.

"Great whiffs o' smoke! Look what Tom Masters's got!" said a man from Star Valley. Many were already looking. The Sheriff stood with his hands under Cora's elbows, facing her, swaying as the slim, shabby creature caught the rhythm. She caught it, as naturally as a savage caught that same rhythm in a jungle, and the next moment she was dancing—for the first time in her life—and with the Sheriff of the county! The ecstasy that flooded her was so acute as to be a pain; pride was in it—Billings' Cora was showing the world!

THE sun was going down across the rolling slants, tinting their gold of dry-cured grass with a thousand elusive colors. At the foot of the long rise that went up to the log house Cora sat on Silver King and her long blue eyes clung to the cool grey ones of the man beside her. They were the adoring eyes of the shepherd at its master's feet, the wondering eyes of youth, potential woman's eyes, and they were beautiful as stars.

"Mister Sheriff," she said, "I wouldn't be afraid of you now—not even if I was wicked as hell."

"Mammy," she told her mother the next morning, "there won't be nothin' better in th' Land of Rest—there couldn't be."

But her father was in an ugly mood. "Hear you went to Rodeo?" he asked, reaching for his morning biscuit.

"Did so," said Cora defiantly.

"An' did I hear you say you danced with that there blaggard, Masters?"

"Did so," said the girl again—flaming up, "an' who calls him that tells lies."

Chet Billings pointed a trembling finger at her.

"Goin' agin yore own blood, that's what you be! On-grateful brat!"

"There, Chet! There—" said Nance, mollifying as usual.

"He's good!" cried Cora, her voice shaking, "an' kind! He danced with me—in my ol' ridin' dress—before th' whole of Star Valley assembled! He made th' race-horse men let me alone when I beat 'em—an' he brought me four ice cream cones! Which same I ain't had sence that there Fourth o' July—"

"Never-less, missy, he's th' Sheriff an' my borned enemy—"

Billings' Cora

(Continued from page 61)

and so be I ketch you with him agin I'll tan yore hide!"

But the slow-witted Chet did not catch his daughter, nor know what was in her wild young heart.

Not even Sheriff Masters himself knew what he had done by a day's kindness to a ragged waif of the foothills.

But Billings' Cora knew what had befallen her as instinctively as wild things know when Spring has come: The flags and music, the running of the Silver King, the heady excitement of the merry-making, would not alone have lifted her to Seventh Heaven that enchanted day. There went with her everywhere the kind grey eyes of the steady man near her own—or lifted above her on the blue roan—or—near again—the touch of a big hand closed about her own—the shine of a silver star, the creak and smell of shiny leather trappings. So she sailed across the lonely slants on the King and lay for hours in the gulch beside the spring, dreaming dreams that were too fine for words.

The next time she met the Sheriff was beside the high wire fence which surrounded the Peters' land, and the next was over on the ragged edge of the south pine woods. Each time she flushed and trembled under his smiling gaze, but spoke to him haughtily. Once she became a gifted coquette and slid off the King, pretending to look for a mounting place, so that the man must lift her up again astride the bare white rock. She was a slight thing, he noted, thin and wispy, with the long bones of her close under the lean young flesh.

"Cora," he said abruptly, "tell me—do you have plenty to eat at your house?"

She blushed red as a June morning. "Say, Mister," she said with gravity, "we jest have so much that Mammy feeds th' scraps to th' dogs."

He held her a moment, studying her peaked small face, and the heart inside her thumped so hard she had to swallow twice. She did not need to help herself, but, again instinctively, her arms went round his neck where the blue flannel shirt-collar was buttoned so trimly, and the Sheriff had to lift a mighty listless weight. He was telling her that a race-horse man from Bellow was enquiring for the King with a view to purchase, but Cora did not hear.

"Your eyes are just th' color of Mammy's gray alpaca dress," she said profoundly. And then she became conscious of the last of his words. "Sell the King?" she cried, straightening up like a young Indian, "you tell that there man to go straight—Why, there ain't nothin' in this world could get him from me! Not nothin'!"

But Billings' Cora did not know the human heart with its strange and pitiable inhibitions, its codes and unwritten commandments.

The summer drowsed away. Chet Billings gambled twice a week now at the Corners store, and his wife, starved and bitter in her bare log house, sat through the lonely days in terrible idleness. Cora was her only comfort and she would not stop the girl from her riding, since it was her all of youthful pleasure. And then, out of a clear sky, out of the lethargy of useless peace, there fell the bolt of change, utter and irrevocable.

It was late afternoon of a golden day, warm with sun, and windless. Billings' Cora lay on her back in the shade of a singing pine with Silver King drowsing above her. She was out of her domain, on the Peters' land, having come far around by the new wire gate, and just beyond her ran the country road on the edge of the little cliff that rimmed the lower land. It was hidden from view by the fringing young scrub-pines, a safe spot for dreaming her dreams. Into them presently came the far hum of a motor car. Just above her hiding place it slowed and stopped; then there was the stroke of hoofs in the dust.

"Hello, Tom," said a man's voice, "I've just come from th' Billings' place. It's him, all right. If you go up there quick you'll catch him with th' goods—look up th' gulch back th' house." There was a long silence. Then the Sheriff's voice, strangely grave and reluctant. "All right, Pete. And I thank you for the tip. I'll have to go."

The girl in the shade of the pine tree lay still as the dead for a shocked and dreadful moment. She must be dying,

The Story of Woman

(Continued from page 22)

that the development of female education has risen to an extraordinary degree. For instance, in the universities and colleges, according to the latest returns, there are two hundred and twenty-four thousand male, and one hundred and fifty-two thousand female students.

We may look forward in another hundred years to a considerable broadening of women's opportunities, but progress will be very slow because the prejudice of man against woman cannot in a hundred years be wiped out. There recurs to the writer's mind the picture of the Chinese woman taking from her feet the swaddling bands imposed upon them by the centuries. There cling today about women's feet many swaddling bands; but of one thing the writer is convinced, that, though in the days that approach, women, thus hampered, may still trip slowly, no period which now lies in the womb of time will add new bands to woman's feet, as she pursues her unknown course into a greater future.

(Note: Mr. George's bibliography, showing the authorities from which he drew most of his historical facts is too long to be included in the magazine. For those interested, the Editor wishes to say that Mr. George's work is being published in book form by Harper & Bros., and, besides containing the bibliography, will give a far more extensive treatment of the entire subject than was possible in serial publication).

sure! And then something snapped in her like a strained wire and she was up, her hands clawing at the King's white mane, her bare toes gripping at his foreleg. In one more second a white bolt shot from the pine trees, lay out across the levels, headed for the log house high on the hill skirts.

The county road came down from the little cliff and ran away on the rolling slants in a great half moon, circling the Peters' place and turning at last down to the far valley, losing itself to this lonely neck of the woods. But around the corner of the Peters' fence a by-road turned, a pale ghost of a road in the dry grass, trodden only by Chet Billings' sorry team and democrat. This wide half circle was all in view and so was the broad space which it bounded.

And so it came about that Sheriff Masters, frowning and oddly disturbed at the turn events had taken—a turn which he had long dreaded, looked to the left across his shoulder. What caused him to do so he could not have said, but something drew his eyes that way. What he saw was beautiful: It shook even his law-calloused nerves. Long, low, level, his great tail streaming, his splendid head outstretched the Silver King lay down to earth and ran. The blur beneath his shining body was his wonderful legs, reaching and doubling, reaching and doubling. And the little dark thing that lay along his back flat as that back itself was Billings' Cora, without a doubt. They were headed for the log house on the Billings' holding, as a crow flies, and they were doing the best there was in them. For a moment the Sheriff forgot to drive on. Then he flung a sharp glance backward, calculating.

The other end of the bee-line was the sheltered cliff below the road! The spot where he had met his deputy! The quiet mouth closed in its accustomed line and Sheriff Masters stepped on the gas. Down to the end of the Peters' place he went at wild speed and skidded in a half circle, turning. The white streak was eating up the open. He settled into the pale by-road but here he must slow down a bit owing to its roughness. Would the girl beat him, he wondered? Was it possible? She was sure gaining time,—it looked a lot like she would!—And then the man behind the steering wheel stiffened, actually flinging his body back against the cushions in the shock of realization. *The fence!* The new wire fence around the Peters' place! A wire fence! And horse and rider were going straight for it, blind as a bat! Sheriff Masters shouted at the top of his voice, then groaned aloud. If it was a board fence, no matter how high—but this thing was thin, invisible, a snare, a web of wire stretching across their path—a thing to send them both tumbling to their death!

He shot his throttle wide open, and clinging to his bounding car drove by instinct, his eyes on the glorious pair. Silver King was not ten yards from the fence—going like the wind! He did not slacken pace—he did not see the danger. Once more the man groaned. Then his breath failed him altogether, he sank weakly against the wheel. It was over. He had seen the white horse, thundering up to the brink of destruction, rise in the air like a white plumed arrow and sail in a beautiful arc across the wire fence! Had seen him land on his feet, running, and shot straight ahead to disappear among the pine trees which marched down from the Billings' cabin—Gallant Silver King! Keen-eyed, fearless, faithful: the one great possession of the sorry family had proved his lealty! Brave little rider, true to her blood!

The Sheriff stopped and wiped the cold sweat from his face, and at the trembling of his hand a certain knowledge came to him. If Silver King had not seen and taken the hazard of the fence—if the little flat figure in the ragged overalls had gone down in a jumble of flying hoofs the glory of his silver star would have been done-for, life itself would have been done-for, with all its hope of happiness.

It was a full hour later that Sheriff Masters drove up to the Billings' cabin. On the door-sill a woman sat, a weary-eyed woman in faded calico, with her hand on the shoulder of a thin wisp of a girl who rocked back and forth on her knees, weeping as if her heart were broken.

The man came forward, his face a trifle grey, his eyes on the woman's face, questioning. "Billings?" he said, moistening his lips.

The woman nodded across her shoulder. "Gone," she said succinctly, "for Texas, I guess. Ain't any use to follow him. Sheriff. He's got the King—and in them hills . . ."

"I'm sorry—I did not mean so serious a thing as this—only to stop him from . . ."

"I'm no sorry," said Nance Billings savagely, "he was making hard liquor to sell at the Corners store—and his wife and daughter have been outcasts for fifteen years! I'm glad!"

Sheriff Masters stooped and lifted the weeping girl in his strong arms. He held her hard against his heart, put his lips against her ragged, wind-tossed hair. "Cora," he said gravely, "little Cora—I never dreamed you loved the old man so—I'm sorry—"

Billings' Cora raised her tear-wet face. The long blue eyes were beautiful as stars through rain. "Him?" she panted scornfully, "my dad? Him? Huh! But oh, I'll never see th' Silver King again—not never, so long as I live!" And the quivering young face went down on the Sheriff's breast while the wails redoubled.

For a long time the man stood, silent and wondering, stroking the rough black head. The heart of a woman, of even a woman-child was beyond him. Presently he looked at the mother.

"There's better for you both than this," he said. Nance Billings nodded. Then the man raised the girl's face to his. "Cora," he said gently, "do you think you could love an old man like me? Could you marry him?"

Billings' Cora frankly wiped her streaked face on her sleeve. "I ain't done nothin' else but love you," she gulped. "From th' very first time I set eyes on you, Mister. No man ain't ever kissed me—an' if—if you—it would help me to think of somethin' else beside th' King."

She raised trembling lips, soft and sweet as a dew-wet rose, and Nance Billings turned back into the empty cabin.



"SUFFERING FROM habitual constipation and weak from a recent operation, it was impossible for me to continue my social duties and club work. So despondent did I become that I dropped out of everything. I felt fagged in the morning and was nervous and irritable. I knew I was a bore to everyone, self included. Finally our family physician prescribed yeast. In three days I noticed an improvement, while in three months' time with stomach trouble removed, habitual constipation conquered, vitality restored, I felt like a new person. I have now resumed all social and club activities—singing the praises of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. D. H. Webb, Anderson, S. C.



"OUR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. We tried many remedies with only temporary relief. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

Mrs. G. A. VIELE, Costa Mesa, Cal.

(RIGHT)

"INVALIDED from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

HERBERT J. PARROTT, Calgary, Alta.



What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines

*The evils of digestive troubles
and disfiguring skin eruptions*

The tragedy of lowered vitality

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-18 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



"AFTER I GAVE BIRTH to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I lost weight, was very anemic; food would nauseate me, had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. I tried all kinds of remedies. I finally went to an eye specialist. He prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes a day. I am mighty grateful to Dr. S. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer sit down at the table with an aversion for food. In spite of all the ups and downs in life, I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. SARAH STEINHARDT, New York City




"I AM IN the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure undoubtedly did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch."

"At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. Truly the result was marvelous: the mid-afternoon fog disappeared; I was again keen and alert; my color took on a clear and healthful glow, an out-of-doors look; and I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."


JAMES F. BROWN, Allentown, Pa.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



HUMAN beings get into the same emotional tangles and get out of them in amazingly unlike ways. From the same plot, six novelists would shape tales which little resemble each other. This month I am fortunate in possessing a number of authentic confessions of an ancient kind of temptation. While a single theme runs through them, the variations are classic or jazzed as those who lived the plot reacted to it.

First is a recital of a wife's attempt to get "the masculine view-point." I cannot, in my reading of letters from women, recall a more enlightening story.

Dear Winona Wilcox: One of those "nice girls" we read about today chose my husband for her friend. Disillusionment came for her. For me a bitterness of spirit I never shall overcome. All this horror because my husband explained that the intruder was nothing to him and never could be. Further, he informed me that all men do likewise!

With my ideal of loyalty thus outraged, I lived two years in a terrible mental state. You see, I loved my husband. And it seemed to me that if he loved me as he protested, he could not possibly be untrue. But his diversions, he explained, had nothing to do with his love for me! If this mysterious attraction which took him to other women was the normal experience of a man, well—I would study other men and find out. Perhaps I was not too stupid to comprehend my husband's theory. Dazzling ideals mine had been. I had looked upon life without seeing it. But now I perceived that married women flirted with bachelors; young girls married men old enough to be their fathers. And I wondered if the decency I had believed in were obsolete. Then came an opportunity for me to know myself, such as I hope shall be given to few. When I married, I stopped dancing. My husband disliked it. Now I took it up again. I suppose good dancers are born. I discovered one who fitted all my moods. We danced much, talked little. For the first time, I forgot the ache my heart had carried for months.

Well, I never can recall just how events followed each other. But one night I found myself in a car beside him; fresh air on our faces, an arm about me, and the whispered, "nice kid!" Now I am thirty and not hard to look upon but it had been years since my husband had called me, "nice kid!" I shall not, I need not go into details. Suffice it is to say that I still am living with my husband and that we get on fairly well now for he says, "You're such a sensible woman! You understand!" And I do! Oh, perfectly! Yet something fine and beautiful has gone out of my life with the understanding. I advise no girl to follow my steps. But for me it was the only way. I had to know. I am not happy but there is peace between my husband and me. I "understand"—but I'd give worlds for the oldtime confidence I had in my husband—and in myself.—E. H. S.

Another idealist writes below. She also has found out what "man understands" about vagrant love, she has adopted his cult, but finds no profit in it.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am afraid there's no hope of God's forgiveness for the sin I have committed. I, who am married to a loyal husband and have children, love a married man who has children. That this thing could happen to me, seemed incredible a year ago. As a girl, I was called stubborn and spunky. I dreamed of a wonderful love and determined to be worthy of it. I never pelted, nor deceived my parents. I believed I could go through any temptation unharmed.

My family approved the man I married. He is fine, everyone likes him. But I am sympathetic while he is stern. He reads, I sing. He cannot understand temptation. He loves me but the thrill which should be in my lover's kiss is forever denied me. In my marriage, something was missing which I must have. So I worked harder, played harder. Yet life's meaning wasn't fulfilled.

Well, the other man and I met at dances and in business. One day, without premeditation, our hands touched and we were in each other's arms! No one can guess the agony of that moment. I was the wife of a good man, yet I adored another! We have met since many times, I have fought but couldn't resist. It is a love which glorifies the world, it makes us kind, we argue that it must be right.

Still we know that the others concerned would not think so. We cannot deceive them. We cannot be divorced. So we have decided not to see each other alone. But we meet by chance; and we wonder how it will end. X—says he has played at love often without conscience but I arouse his better self. Everywhere I hear that she who steals another wife's husband is bad. Doesn't the world know that if a man feels a love for his wife, or a wife for her husband, no one else could steal that love away? I cannot tell my husband. It would ruin his life. He could not understand. I am forced to live a lie.—Zella.

I fancy the future holds more than Zella expects. For un-

Do You Believe That Open Confession Is Good For The Soul?

Because it is a relief to minds by telling them
lize our convictions
down in words—
to explode before
runs too high—
to confessions and
as inquiries and opin-
be answered by mail
dressed envelope is enclos-



cox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

get our troubles off our
—Because we crystal-
when we set them
Because it is good
nervous tension
This page is open
explosions, as well
ions. Questions will
when stamped and ad-
ed. Write to Winona Wil-

less the man she loves differs from the average philanderer, he will some day return to "love as a game." Forgiveness? That's for her husband to grant and he's not to be tested just now. All passion cools with time. I can't help wishing I might read a sequel to this romance, dated 1930.

The Flirt Who Has Learned Her Lesson

The next is a naive revelation of an attempt to go so far in adventure—and no farther.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Once I rather scorned women who had problems. Now my eyes are open. I'm married, a mother, my husband and I are not thirty. I'm thrown in men's company daily, often I'm alone with them. I've always liked men but I've been reserved.

Men have flattered me: "How young to have a child as tall as yourself!" Over and over I've heard it and still I blush! Six months ago, this wish struck me: "How thrilling to have a nice man make love a while, then drop it and forget!" Now my husband is young and handsome, bless him! Still that secret desire nagged me. I was starved for more flattery. So that little fire started which now is a conflagration.

I picked one from the many who had complimented me. Understand, Mrs. Wilcox, I was aware that I was doing wrong. I tried to make the man comprehend that I was not immoral, just wanted to be petted. I was determined to be pure. I'm still trying to prove to him that I am a lady, that I can play the game as I started it. He persecutes me, tries to make me jealous, says he will bestow his admiration on another, unless—etc. I'm amazed to find myself in such a sordid affair. A theme for scandal, if this town knew! I don't need advice. I know the way back. But I had to write to tell good wives how slippery is the broad path, how fast one toboggans to the edge of perdition!

We wives are hurt, perhaps, by a husband's careless speech. Then we dream of the tenderness we think we are entitled to and can find elsewhere. The rest is—as I have told you.—Bee.

Tragedy Through Trifles

Inconsequential is the beginning of much trouble. That's a popular literary theme. Frivolity leads to calamity as often as does some terrific emotion. To the wife who writes below, tragedy came through trifles.

Dear Winona Wilcox: My husband being nine years older than I, was a settled person. I craved some one to fuss over me. My husband traveled three weeks each month. I stayed with our child. Naturally, I wanted my man to take me out when he was with us. But he preferred to read. I explained; he told me to go to entertainments without him. So I went; met men who danced; and we all liked to be young together. One especially attracted me. We were open about our friendship. We did nothing to require deceit. I told my husband. He asked me to end it, he agreed to take me out himself. But instead, he shut me up. I couldn't go to the store alone. Life became unendurable. I took my child and went back to my parents.

Now he has applied for a divorce. And where am I? Drifting along with no port in sight! I find myself suddenly outcast from all that had value and I do not know how this ever could happen to me! If we could but see into the future! Where shall I find myself in six months? I'm afraid, for I do not know! But I shall write and tell you. Please hope that my story may have a happy ending.—F.

Entirely different is the tone, the atmosphere of the letter which comes next. It echoes with inherited restraints against which beat our human urges according to Freud.

Dear Winona Wilcox: In my teens, I was engaged. We loved intensely but my parents disapproved. And I was raised to give what is due one's parents. He sailed for Europe. I married a man whom I respected. Within a few months, I was a widow. My son was born a posthumous child.

After years of absence, my first love came home. He had married two months after my wedding. Like myself, he has a son. But he has found no happiness in his marriage. And we have discovered that our old affection lives. And we are helpless. We have hiked, dined, danced, attended concerts and plays together until recently we decided that it is foolish to make ourselves subjects of gossip. Neither of us relishes running around dark alleys to escape Mrs. Grundy.

Formerly, to me, the girl who sought the company of a man legally bound to another woman was contemptible. She didn't play the game! But now, strive as I will, I can't blame myself for my desire to be with him. I love him. My existence is enriched by his devotion; even though I do not see him any more. So much sorrow has been my portion that I clutch at this happiness.

But I cannot cause another sorrow. Happiness does not come by that road.

Would it be wise for him to tell his wife of our love? By her own admission she is indifferent to him and I question, as he does, whether the knowledge would hurt her.—A. B. C.

One should have more information about what the wife feels, thinks and wishes before forming an opinion concerning the above very sorrowful tragedy. The husband must know fairly well how his wife's mind works. Isn't he the only person qualified to decide about telling her?

Where the Tables are Turned

The unique letter in this collection comes in two parts. A woman writes first of her marriage and divorce. Then she finds herself the aggressor, not the aggrieved, in another triangle, and with interesting reactions.

Reel One: Dear Winona Wilcox: I had for ten years a wonderful home and I believed the best husband on earth. When I discovered that he was "stepping out" with girls, I did not tell him. I tried to please him. We never had a quarrel. But I could always tell when he was making love to a girl, for he was jollier, never could do enough for me, and his money flowed freely. When an affair ended, he stayed at home, he saved his money.

Finally he found one so dear that he asked me for his freedom. After six sleepless months, I decided that I did not want any human being to be miserable for life on my account. He has married the other girl. I believe he is extremely happy. I have but one regret, that I did not free him sooner.—A.

Reel Two: Now I am divorced, not yet thirty, earning an honest living. And I am in love again. But the man is married, living with his wife, and very unhappy. He wears the loves me more than he ever has loved anyone else in this world; that my love is making a better man of him; he gives his wife all he earns; he cares for nothing except me; is content with the love I give him. I'm sure his wife does not know about his unfaithfulness. If she did, how could she stay with him? From my own experience, I feel sure any woman can tell when her husband is untrue, if she uses her intelligence.

I want the man I love but until he can take me in an honorable way, I shall continue to support myself. But I pity his wife, as I pity every wife who prefers to stay with a man who is unfaithful rather than earn her bread and butter for herself.—A.

In conclusion, a little comedy. And the hope for happier endings to conflicts like the above in a better time when we shall know more about what makes us fall in love—and fall out again.

Dear Winona Wilcox: It didn't seem wrong at all to go for a ride with my husband's best friend when my man was in Alaska. And so we had a lovely time that first ride. The second, he demanded a kiss. I refused. I was dumb-founded. Before the third ride, I thought a good deal about it but banished a too urgent curiosity. This time, he drove far from town, then said that he wouldn't turn back until he had that kiss. So we sat, both silent, until the sun went down. Then I gave in. But I was disappointed! It was such a tiny, timid kiss not at all like my husband's.

Husband came home, our crowd has gay times, of course his chum comes along. He hasn't forgotten, I can tell by the way he watches me. But that little skid now means nothing to me. I'm not going to agonize over, nor regret nor dream about a flirtation which was such a dismal failure.—H.

I was
parents
what is
rope. I
a few
born a

came
ter my
he has
we have
nd we
danced,
ntil re-
our-
relishes
rundy.
e com-
woman
e! But
elf for
exist-
ough I
ow has
piness.
come

By
ion, as

the wife
ncern-
must
ne the

arts. A
n she
er tri-

won-
hen I
ot tell
could
ollier,
reely.
oney.
or his
I did
n my
s ex-
e him

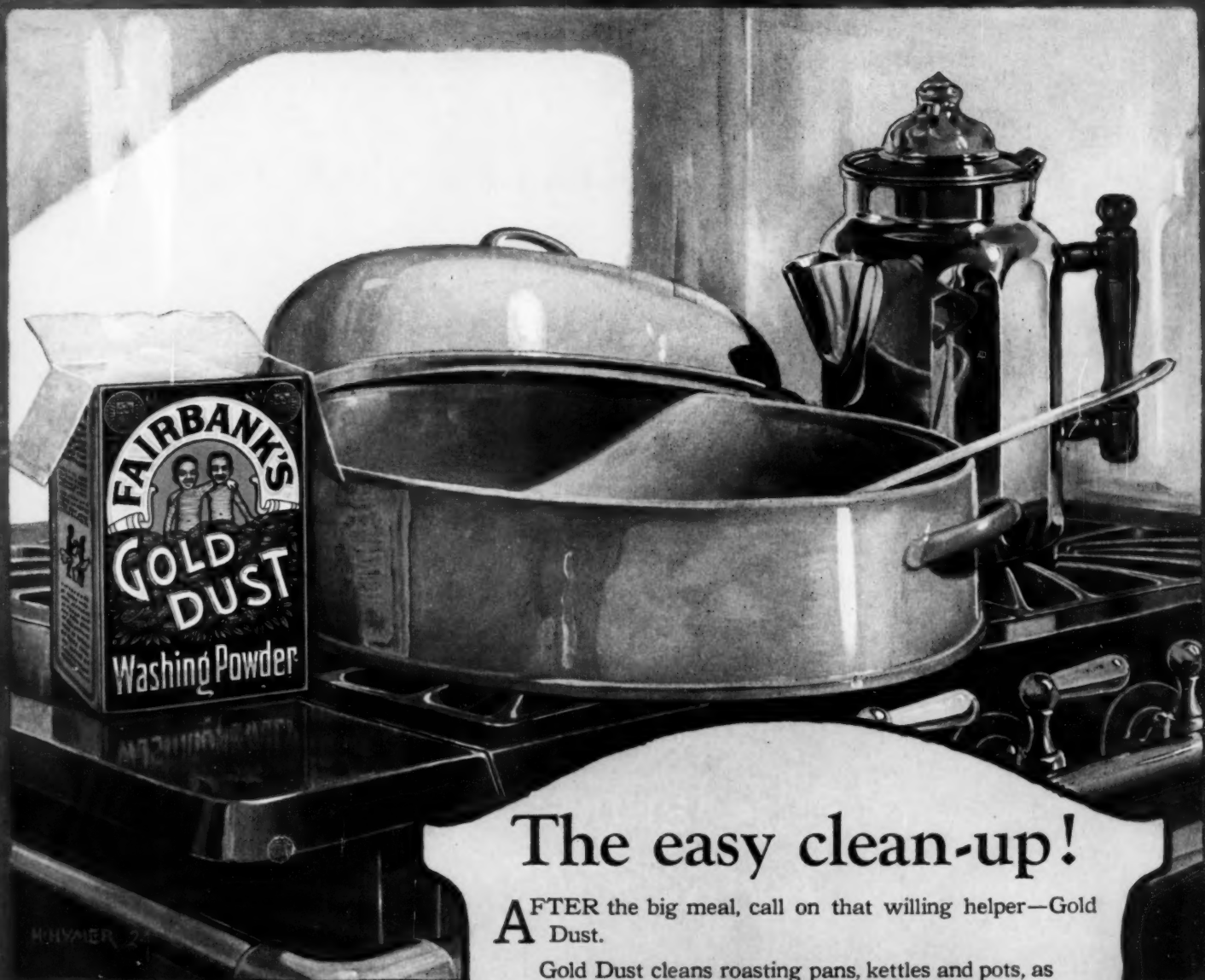
g an
rried,
es me
at my
ll he
love
faith-
own
nd is

onor-
y his
man
for

ppier
a we
-and

o for
us in
cond,
e the
too
said
both
was
my

e his
way
me.
ut a



The easy clean-up!

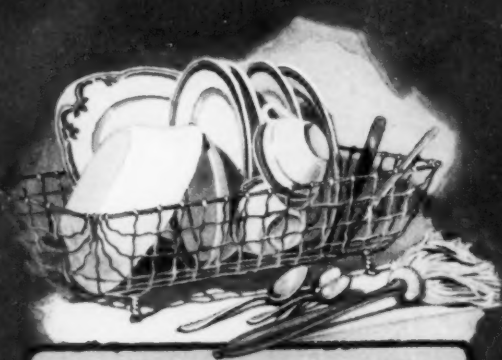
AFTER the big meal, call on that willing helper—Gold Dust.

Gold Dust cleans roasting pans, kettles and pots, as well as dishes, with least effort—for it *dissolves* the grease.

And the coffee percolator—give it a thorough and *purify-*ing cleaning with Gold Dust. You'll see an improvement in the coffee when next the percolator is used.

The kitchen range—see how easily and quickly Gold Dust cuts the grease and grime and makes it shine like new.

Gold Dust is a stubborn foe to dirt and grease. Use it everywhere around the house for real sweet cleanliness. It adds a touch of newness.



Save your hands!

Gold Dust, hot water and a dish mop! The easy, sanitary way to wash dishes. Leaves your finest china, silver and glassware sparkling with newness.

Save your knees! Use a floor mop and Gold Dust—the modern successors of the scrub brush, for cleaning floors and linoleum.

GOLD DUST CORPORATION
Factories in United States and Canada

Let the Gold Dust  Twins do your work

GOLD DUST

Actual Size

For all fine
laundry

LUX

For all fine
laundrying
For washing dishes

Now

the Big new package

No more rough, red hands from strong soaps — Lux keeps the busiest hands white and smooth and soft. Women use it for fine fabrics, dishes, family laundry, rugs, babies' bottles, porcelain, paint, linoleum, shampoo.

TODAY women are using Lux all over the house!

In the bathroom, of course, where for years their filmiest silks and treasured woolens have been whisked clean in the basin.

Lux left their hands so smooth and soft—they tried its big brimming suds for washing dishes. Gone were the rough, red, dishpan hands!

Each year clothes and household linens got nicer—and more expensive.

They deserved the same care as the finest fabrics—and were washed ten times as often! So women began doing the family laundry with Lux and were repaid in longer service from everything they washed. With Lux not even this

job left their hands red and sensitive.

"Lux for everything we wash with our own hands", women vowed. So many, many uses—upstairs and down—they wanted a bigger package. So now you may have the regular size or the big new package for general use. Lever Bros., Co., Cambridge, Mass.

A SINGLE TEASPOONFUL does the dishes —no more rough red hands!



All your things last longer when Lux-washed, so... Lux for the family laundry as well as for the sheer, delicate fabrics!

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it